









REV. J. J. COTTON AND LADY

Rev. J. J. Cotton, Minister of the Gospel.

yours truly
A. J. Cotton

A. J. Cotton

COTTON'S KEEPSAKE.

POEMS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

By REV. JUDGE A. J. COTTON, PHILOM.

TO WHICH IS APPENDED

A SHORT AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AND A CONDENSED HISTORY OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENTS,
INCIDENTS, AND IMPROVEMENTS OF THE COUNTRY, FROM
THE EARLY SETTLERS THEMSELVES, AND FROM
OBSERVATION AND EXPERIENCE IN IT, FOR
THE SPACE OF FORTY YEARS LAST PAST.

"My little book
Go forth, with serious style, or playful grace,
Winning young gentle hearts: and bid them trace
With thee the spirit of love through earth and air
On all the children of our mortal race.
So do thy gracious work; and do it full and fair,
Leaving, like angel guests, a blessing everywhere!"

MARY HOWITT.

"POETRY is itself a thing of God;
He made his prophets poets; and the more
We feel of Poesy do we become
Like God in love and power."

P. H. BAILEY.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

ALTHOUGH the subject of most of my Poems, and the incidents recorded in my little book are mainly located in Dearborn county, Indiana, yet those incidents being common throughout the Great West, it is thought and intended to be a work of such a general character, as to merit a liberal patronage and a wide-spread circulation. Such a picture of human life, *as it is*, has never before been presented to the public, from Adam down to this time. Read it and see.

Accidents and sudden deaths, suicides and murders, turkey, deer and moose, bear, wolf and panther, rattlesnake, copperhead and Indian stories, with which the Historical portion of it will abound, are always interesting, everywhere, and to everybody—which, together with its originality, its oddity, its variety, and its truthfulness, will, it is confidently hoped and believed, make it emphatically “the book for the times,” and “the book for the multitude.”

THE AUTHOR.

INSCRIPTION.

My dear and venerable mother, I am about to publish a little volume of my own original poems, together with an autobiographical sketch of my somewhat honored, eventful, and (I would fain hope) somewhat useful life, and such other matters and things as I may deem most useful and interesting, which I design as "a keepsake" for my very numerous and very kind "kindred and friends," as well now as after I shall have passed from earth away. And to whom should I *inscribe* it but unto thee, my precious and good mother; for my earliest and most cherished remembrances are of thee.

At thy maternal knee I early learned to fold my little hands, and use my infant tongue and lips in prayer; to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" in fine, to "remember my Creator in the days of my youth." The early moral and religious training which I received at your hands (in unison with my lamented and ever cherished father), has exercised a restraining, saving, holy influence over me in all my wanderings "to and fro in the earth, and up and down in it," at home and abroad, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity, in honor and in dishonor, in life and (as I once verily thought) in death; and now is my stay and staff through grace, while bowed down with infirmity I stand upon the crumbling, trembling verge of "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

Mother, thus early instructed I early sought God, and found Him precious to my soul; and for more than forty years I have lived in the hope, and it has been my daily prayer, and now is, that

When the closing scenes of life prevail,
 And health and pleasure all shall fail,
 All that a foolish world admires,
 Or passion craves or pride desires—
 At that important hour of need,
 Let Jesus be my friend indeed;
 His soft hand smooth my dying bed,
 His arm sustain my drooping head,
 And when the closing scene is o'er,
 And time with me shall be no more,
 Bear my triumphant soul away
 To fairer climes of endless day.
 For such a hope, so full of bliss,
 I give to God my all in this;
 I would be His in every part,
 Nor give Him less than *all* my heart.

Had my moral culture been neglected, had I been raised in infidelity, this hope and these joys, peradventure, would never have been mine; nor the world itself made any thing the better, but rather the worse for my having been introduced into it. O, then, what a rich legacy you thus bequeath both unto me and the world in which “I live, and move, and have my being.”

Yes, mother! mother! thou art dear to me;
 Thy name, how sweet!
 And oh! how much I long again
 With you to meet.

And O, how can I ever adequately express to you my heartfelt obligation and gratitude for your tender solicitude and care in thus “training me up in the way I should go?” O, I can never do it—never! But as a faint memorial of that unuttered and unutterable gratitude and love I owe you therefor, my little book is now, with my own trembling and feeble hand, most respectfully, most sincerely, and most gratefully INSCRIBED to you, by your long-afflicted, very feeble, and perchance, your dying son,

THE AUTHOR.

MRS. MARGARET COTTON, aged 85 years.

A. J. COTTON, aged 58 years.

DEDICATION.

My wife, my son,* my sisters dear,
Brothers, kindred, friends far and near,
I DEDICATE this book to you,
In token of my friendship true.

There's nought in it of the sublime,
Those lofty hights I ne'er could climb;
Plain as it is, perhaps some friend
A pleasant hour with it may spend.

A medley mess I here present,
Not worth, perchance, a single cent;
A few odd lines addressed to foes,
In humble verse and simple prose.

The little gift I have for rhyme,
I have improved from time to time;
Since sixteen years and not before—
Have written much and might have more.

And to preserve from total waste,
What I've thus written in great haste;
I here present what I think best,
And to oblivion throw the rest.

Some cherished friend may look it o'er,
When I on earth shall be no more;
And as they read they can but see
I loved my friends most tenderly.

*My children all, save one son, are slumbering in the peaceful grave. Peace to their memory and their dust.

I should be pleased to name them here,
Pay them the tribute of a tear;
But have not space, they are so many,
Can not name *all*, and so won't any.

My book and pen, those precious aids,
Afford me joy that never fades;
And peace and pleasure thus I've found
In great profusion to abound.

The haunts of vice I thus would shun,
And peace and honor I have won.
Young men, I trust, will learn from me,
Those sinks of woe in time to flee.

May this memento of past days,
Tune all our hearts to grateful praise,
Till we shall meet to part no more,
On Canaan's bright and blissful shore.

We have dear friends already there,
Where are our babes? our kindred, where?
Far, far above the azure dome,
They wait to hail us welcome home.

Thrice happy, holy, blessed day,
There we shall ever, ever stay,
With saints and angels ever dwell,
Nor once repeat a sad farewell.

THE AUTHOR.

N. B.—As my lady and family have suffered many privations and hardships, in consequence of my public gratuitous services, I have thought it due to them to be first in the dedicatory list of friends, and thus I have dedicated it; my heart and my judgment approves it well, as I trust the reflecting reader will also.

PREFACE.

PREFACE, indeed! Pshaw! who cares for the preface? Let us into the merits of the work, at once. Now, see here, kind reader, you don't know half as much about this little book as I do, nor how to read it with the greatest interest, pleasure, or profit; and, therefore, you would do well to hear what I have to say, before you further proceed.

In the first place, don't begin to shuffle over the leaves to hunt the pictures, for there are no such embellishments and adorning in it, because suitable engravings are utterly too expensive for a work of this kind. Beside, one good picture to the mind is worth many to the eye, and with pictures of this kind the work will abound. Read it carefully and see. The portraits of myself and lady you will see, are necessarily upon a small scale, rather smaller than I should like, rather smaller than is strictly necessary, but it is the best that I could obtain. The features are tolerably perfect, and true to the life.

On introducing an old and esteemed friend to my lady the other day, he pleasantly remarked, "Upon my word, Judge, she looks young and fair enough to be your daughter." "Doctor I take that compliment

to myself, because I have had her in my special care and keeping for forty years, and you see how tenderly and carefully I have treated and kept her." "Ah, sure enough," said he. Now the truth is, that my lady is a little the oldest of the two, though looking so young and fair.

As for myself, I am lank and lean, with a protracted illness, seventy-odd pounds below my ordinary weight. The beholder now can make such allowances for my lank appearance as to him may seem proper. I never considered myself beautiful, but portly and comely, and that was quite enough for me. Those, however, who knew us both, said that for form, size, features and complexion, I strongly resembled "the old man eloquent," that they could never see the one without thinking of the other; and children often call the portrait of John Q. Adams, Judge Cotton. Well, we are alike, in more particulars than one. Both acknowledge much of our greatness and our goodness from our good mothers; both poetize readily when aroused by any particular emotion, and if similar circumstances had surrounded both, who knows——. Pshaw, I reckon I don't look much like him nor any other man, and would not if I could. And, in truth, don't look much like myself, although the portrait looks much like me. My hand, you perceive, is not held in a writing position. My simple object was to exhibit and take along with me my old familiar friend and favorite, "the quill." And for the same reason I concluded as my good lady and I had traveled hand in hand together for forty years, if I must go down

to posterity in a picture, I would still keep her at my side, and hope to live together in "that better land," when the duties and the conflicts of life are o'er.

And right here I will frankly acknowledge, once for all, what you will readily perceive, that I have occasionally enriched and beautified my pages with "gems of thought" from other and abler pens, my prefatory remarks not excepted.

Well, now I have something else to say to you, and that is, if you are not very careful, and very charitable too, you will be very apt to think that I have got "the big-head," and got it bad at that, because I say so much about myself throughout the entire work. Why, bless you, kind reader, one of the main objects in writing my little book is to show that from a little ignorant and obscure boy, I have come up to be quite "a man among men" by close and hard application, a correct moral principle and moral conduct. And if you have the patience to follow me through all I have to say about that, I think I shall make that appear as clear as—*mud*—at least in my own estimation. See here, reader, if it were not for the pronoun *I* what would be the use of *Me*? I intend to show that I am *some* for the encouragement of poor obscure little boys and young men, and if I don't "make out my case," as a lawyer would say, then "there's no gumption in me," that's all.

Seriously, in a work cast in the autobiographic form, (as mine really is throughout, poems and all,) the writer always has much to apologize for, much indulgence and forbearance to ask at the hands of his

readers. With himself for his subject, he not unfrequently tells more than he really ought, and more than he really intended to say, as understood and interpreted by his readers. I, too, may have fallen into the same error, and find myself in the same predicament. And if so, it will be gratifying to me to know, as I do, that my aims and aspirations are honest and praiseworthy—and I therefore cast myself with confidence and hope upon the charitable indulgence of the reader. But be that as it may, if any are amused and profitably entertained by the perusal of my little book, I shall not deem the ordinary penalties of the autobiographer a penalty or price too severe or too great for the accomplishment of ends so honorable, so praiseworthy and so useful.

I have already intimated that I look just like no other living mortal you ever beheld, nor would I if I could; my friends could pick me out of any crowd, and my book will be as peculiarly itself among all the books in the world as I am among all the men in it—such a book as no man ever did write—could if he would, or would, perchance, if he could. And if you do n't find it so by the time you get through with it, just tell me—will you? “Variety is the spice of life, which gives it all its flavor.” Nor am I insensible to the fact that both the preface and the book will furnish fruitful themes for “carping critics.” But, then, who cares for critics?—not I, indeed. Who writes for critics? not the honest man, for he writes for *truth*, please or offend who

it may. Not the good and benevolent man, for he writes to instruct, interest, and benefit others, cost him what it may. Not the *brave* man, for he writes with a fearless determination to effect and accomplish some definite purpose, though all the world be up in arms against him; assured that he is *right*, he *nobly dares* to "go ahead," as I now do. And beside all these considerations, as "barking dogs seldom ever bite," so noisy, self-conceited, whining critics seldom do much harm, after all—they simply let you know that they are on hand, and *can* bark, if they can not bite. Well, every dog ought to have that privilege, *surely*. So, gentlemen critics, you are at perfect liberty to *bark* away, and thus amuse yourselves to the full of your capacity to enjoy. And with this single suggestion, that "it is much easier to find fault with any performance than it is to produce a better one," I leave you to enjoy, unmolested, the luxury of your own vain imaginings, and pass. Those who have no taste for poesy, would do well to remember that all my poems are historical narrations, that they are all parts and parcels of real life, *just as it is*, a peculiarity, an originality, and a *merit* found in no other volume of poems the world ever saw, or, perchance, ever will again—read them, and see. The general reader will best enjoy the work by reading it through, in course, just as I have arranged it, from beginning to end, and in small portions at a time. It is just as absurd to devour any thing like a good-sized book at one sitting down, as it is to gulp

down, unmasticated, all that is set before you upon a well-spread and a well-filled table. Take your time—read sparingly, and masticate your thoughts as you would your food, for health or pleasure. The citizens of Dearborn will find most to interest themselves and their friends in the historical part of the work, which will be found by reference to the Index. So that if they choose, after completing these prefatory remarks, they may skip over and read at once, and take their time for the balance. But one turn more before you go.

In this book-making age, various are the causes which induce men to turn authors. Ambition, avarice, revenge and *vanity* have furnished the main promptings. Now, every body who knows me, will, of course, acquit me of all the *vanity* incentives, because my great modesty is proverbial, even to a fault, perchance, for one of my brilliancy of intellect and classic and poetic fame—a weakness of my youth which I am now too old to correct. But by a great and herculean effort, I have, on this occasion, so far mastered myself as to say, what is really true, that it would gratify me exceedingly to leave behind me, when “the curtain of life falls,” a memorial that I had once lived—something to be remembered by—something to speak for me in the behalf of truth and benevolence—of virtue and religion—that, in after times, it may be said of me, as of one of old, “he being dead, yet speaketh.” Yet *necessity*, which is the mother of inventions, has rather forced me into its execution at this time.

Having spent much of my whole life in gratuitous public services, as lecturer, orator, and minister, (see biography,) and utterly broken down and prostrate with a protracted illness, without health, and measurably without means, I cast about me what I should do to provide for myself and family, without being burdensome to my kind and generous friends who had so promptly rallied to my relief, and really had overcome me with their liberality and kindness. And in the midst of my pensive musings, the thought, for the first time, occurred to me, that, as I had been poetizing all the days of my life nearly, upon all the most important occurrences that had transpired in our midst for nearly a half century, that perhaps I might collect my poems together, add a short sketch of my humble, somewhat honored, eventful, and, I would fain hope, somewhat useful life—together with the incidents, history and improvements of the country—and publish them in a little book, which might be an acceptable offering to my friends—worth more to them, perchance, than the price of it—and, at the same time, relieve myself a little by the small profits I might realize by the sale thereof. This is the true history—these, all considered, are the motives and the objects I have in view in sending my little book abroad into the world. If these objects and these reasons meet your approbation, it is fondly hoped that you will second my efforts, not only by your approbation, but by your influence and your dimes.

The reader, who has the time and the patience to peruse these pages calmly and thoroughly all through, can not fail to see that he, whose life and labors are herein briefly sketched, has lived more for virtue and correct principles—more for his friends and for posterity, than he has for himself. His motto has ever been—

“——— to live well

How long we live, not years, but actions tell.”

The work, humble and imperfect as it is, will, he fondly hopes, prove an acceptable offering to his friends—a guide to the youth—a staff to the aged, and a fondly-cherished memento of himself, after he shall have ceased his personal connection with earth, and been “gathered to the land of his fathers.”

Reader, be patient, and hear me through, if you can.

From the bosom of obscurity and poverty in which I first drew my breath, and in which I spent my early years, I have, as all know, (with becoming modesty,) raised myself to some good degree of celebrity in the world, and honest fame among mankind. And, reader, are you desirous to know what were the means used, the expedients resorted to by me, that have proved so eminently successful? Read my works and my history thoroughly, thoughtfully, and carefully, and you will learn it all—and in the mean time, will, I trust, find it a pleasant pastime, and derive much useful information and lasting profit from the perusal.

If mine has been a life of gratuitous toil, it has also been a life of pleasure, tranquillity, and peace. And I sometimes say to myself and to my friends that I would not swap myself off for any mortal man that I ever knew—large possessions and all. And as one has said before me, instead of falling out with life, and cursing the day that I was born, I bless God that he ever created me; and, were the offer tendered to me, I would engage to run again, from beginning to end, the same course of life. All I would ask, as said Franklin, should be the privilege of an author, to correct, in the second edition, the errors of the first. But since a repetition of life can not take place, there is nothing, in my opinion, which so nearly resembles it as to call up to mind all its cherished remembrances, its incidents, conflicts and triumphs, and write them down in a little book, such as I am now furnishing to myself, my friends, and my country. By thus employing myself, I have also yielded to the inclination, so natural to old men, to talk about themselves, the sights they have seen, the sounds they have heard, and the marvelous and wonderful exploits they have performed. And, as I do it at my own expense, I may thus freely follow the bent of my inclination, without being either tiresome or troublesome to those, who, from respect to my age or infirmity, might feel themselves bound to listen to me, however irksome or inconvenient it might be to them, as they are *now* at perfect liberty to read or not, just as it may suit their taste and convenience.

Ordinarily, however, I do not consider myself over talkative in the private circle. There I choose rather to hear than to be heard. My friends often chide me, therefor — say that I am too taciturn than otherwise. Well, if I say the less, I think the more, and my friends get the full benefit of my thoughts and reflections in my public Addresses. “Hear much and speak little,” is a time-honored adage, and full of wisdom. A man who always leads off the conversation, whose tongue is all the time upon “the clatter,” leaves his friend or his company none the wiser or the better for the interview. Boys, think of that, will you?

Well, now, as “open confession is good for the soul,” perhaps I might just as well avow it at once, “openly and above board,” (since no one, perhaps, would believe me were I to disavow it,) that in the publication of my little book, I have, more or less, sought to gratify my exceedingly *modest* vanity—(let me take breath.) Well,

“’Tis pleasant sure to see one’s name in print—

A book’s a book, although there’s nothing in ’t,”

and if the reader shall deem me personally partial and unfair, because I use so many *big* I’s and *little* you’s, I trust at least he will do me the justice to say, that in all the sentiments and reflections that have fallen from my pen, I have been fair and true to truth, to philanthropy, to patriotism, to virtue and religion—all of which I have honestly and diligently sought to do from beginning to end. How

far I have succeeded, the reader and time must determine. But see here, now—"Lest you should be weary and faint in your minds," it might be well to remember, that the *preface* is a part of my book, and the key that is to unlock it—and, of course, you want the preface, and I'll give you one, with a good long handle to it, "so I will."

I had originally intended to submit my work to the revision of an esteemed literary friend, but, upon more mature reflection, as that would make the work more his than mine, I have concluded to send it abroad with all its errors and improprieties, just as it has fallen from my own pen, that it may be essentially and emphatically mine; that my friends may see me in it all, and exclaim, from time to time, "that is just like Judge Cotton;" and I venture that you have said that more than once already, have n't you?

These things premised, my little book must *now* be left to work its own way upon its own original and intrinsic merit. It is, in all human probability, the last "labor and work of love" of a frail, feeble, old man, laudably desirous to serve and please his friends and his fellow men, and thus, in some sense, to better the human race, and who, for the great blessing of life and all its rich and profuse enjoyments, feels himself gratefully, morally, and religiously bound to

Make and leave this world the better
For having once been in it.

And he here repeats that his highest aims, wishes,

and anticipations will be amply and fully met, if his little offering shall aid himself a little—

 ("He wants but little,
 Nor wants that little long")—

and its effects and influences be to encourage to noble and virtuous actions—to rescue from oblivion names and scenes worthy of lasting preservation—to raise the general standard of morals, and to impart strength and vigor to virtuous and holy resolutions.

As I write with a trembling hand, which may be difficult for the compositor always to read or make out, and as it will be inconvenient for me to correct all the proofs, some errors, doubtless, will appear, which, when detected, the good taste and the good sense of the reader must correct; or, if he be not able to correct, he may say, at least, there is an error at any rate, and pass as though nothing had happened. Yet, notwithstanding all, it is confidently hoped that errors,

 "Like angel visits, will be few and far between."

I will say no more—I could not well have said less; and if my preface, like many of my poems, is lengthy, I trust that you will say that

 "It is as good as it is long,"—

and gooder too. Do n't read too much at a time; it will last the longer. Reflect well upon what you read, and it will do you the more good. And thus you will realize a purer pleasure and a greater pro-

fit from your investment, both of time and money—
“so mote it be.”

And now, in conclusion, dear reader, if you have had the patience to follow me thus far in my introductory and prefatory remarks, I will tax your time and patience no farther, but will forthwith introduce you to the work itself, which is now your own; so turn over at once, and read at your leisure, whenever you may think best, wherever you may find the most pleasing and profitable entertainment. My blessing and my prayers abide you!

THE AUTHOR.

RUM AND TOBACCO.

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend."

THIS page falling blank in the "due order of publication," I fill it with an estimate of the expense of "rum and tobacco," at an average of two cents per day, or \$7 30 per year, which I loan out at compound interest; and the lad who commences at the age of twelve, will, on his freedom day, find his bill footed up at \$83 00—all worse than thrown away, to keep up a very *unnatural* and a most *filthy* and *ruinous* practice. *Unnatural*—because if "dame nature" had intended that men should be tobacco chewers, she would have taught them to swallow it as they do other nutriments; or else she would, no doubt, have hung a kind of slop-bucket to their chins, in which they could *roll* the *filthy* quid, and *squirt* the *filthy* saliva; fill up, and then retire and empty, and thus be *decent* about it, and not convert kitchens, parlors, and churches into sickening "pools of filth." If she had intended men and women for smokers, I think she would have created them upon the "low pressure" principle, or else she would have inserted a kind of projected flue in the back of the head, which they could protrude through a broken pane, or some prepared orifice, and then they could suck away and not annoy all within the room with a poisonous and sickening atmosphere. And, surely, if she had intended the ladies to be snuff-takers, she would have turned their *pretty* noses the other end up, and then one good filling would do.

If the weed be *filthy*, rum is *ruinous*; and so ruinous, that nothing could induce me to aid the traffic. If I had a pile of corn as large as the largest Egyptian pyramid, not one grain would I sell for ordinary distillation; and if I had a white oak as big around as all Lake Erie, and so tall, that it would overtop the moon, without a knot or limb—plumb as a line, strait grain, clear rift, and sound to the core, and I could get a corresponding price for it to be made up into whisky barrels, no man should put the first *hack* into it. I would preserve it as a "flag-staff" upon which to unfurl "the banner of temperance," when her conquests were complete. If that is not "a big heap" of corn, and a getting into the "tall timber," I should like to know what is. More anon.

N. B.—From twelve to seventy years the bill, as above, amounts to \$3,500.

RELIGIOUS POEMS.

EXPERIMENTAL.

THE following lines were written shortly after I was happily converted and joined the church, at about the age of sixteen, the first poem I ever composed or thought of composing, since which time I have never found much difficulty in poetic composition. I give it in its original simplicity and imperfection. My soul was exceedingly happy, and I desired everybody else to be happy too, and in the transport of my soul, said

COME all my friends by land or sea,
And I'll tell you what's done for me;
I'll tell you how the Lord did say,
Come, follow me without delay.

The Lord did by his spirit call,
His invitations are to all,
His servants,* too, did woo and plead,
That I should to my ways take heed.

If you do not in this good day,
The Lord will cast your soul away
Into that dreadful fiery hell,
With all the nations that rebel.

*The Rev. Daniel Plummer, and others.

Awakening thoughts appeared to me,
In every object I could see ;
And oft I heaved the deep-felt sigh,
And felt that my poor soul must die.

Ingratitude, my grievous sin,
Protecting care had round me been,
Mercy on mercies I'd received,
Yet, the good spirit often grieved.

Though very moral and well trained,
To sinful pleasures I was chained ;
With God, my heart was ill at ease,
A thought enough the blood to freeze.

Then I did read with great delight,
The word of God both day and night ;
Turning it over, leaf by leaf,
To find some word for my relief.

But as I read, more guilt I felt,
Mine eyes to tears did often melt ;
Oft I retired for secret prayer,
Conviction seized me stronger there.

My life I strove then to reform,
But could not keep my purpose long ;
Ere I's aware I'd sinned again,
And faster bound in Satan's chain.

I groaned and wept, and wept again,
And often thus did I complain—
“Wretched, I cried, with every breath,
Who shall deliver from this death ?”

Thus musing, I to meeting went,
To seek the Lord was fully bent,
And, oh! the fountain I did see,
While CALEB FOGG* did preach to me.

From "Revelations," twenty-two,
He preached to me a doctrine true;
Text, seventeenth verse, I will just say,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

Then glory, glory, I did sing,
My soul was happy, bless my King.
Yes, this I do remember well,
So now the time I will you tell:

'Twas February, thirteenth day,
Eighteen sixteen, (1816) here let me say,
I drank from free Salvation's well,
My burden then from off me fell.

'Twas thus I sought and thus I found,
And feel that now I'm heaven-bound,
And hope beyond this vale of tears,
To spend unnumbered happy years.

O, my young friends, come go with me,
Such ample fullness I do see;
It grieves my heart to leave you here,
Come go, I pray you, now give ear!

*The Circuit Preacher in charge.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY,

COMPOSED at the age of 18, on board a vessel at sea, bound to the then "Far West," where I ever since have resided peacefully and happily.

SINCE first my sins were all forgiven,
And I enjoyed a hope of heaven,
I've wept and prayed that Adam's race
Might taste the sweets of pard'ning grace.

I feel I have a special call
To woo and warn both great and small,
To shun those paths that lead to woe—
I tremble—still the voice is—go.

Go in my name and you shall find
Me always near, and always kind
To aid, direct, protect, defend,
And I will love you to the end.

Go blow the Gospel Trumpet loud,
Go warn the gay unthinking crowd;
Go comfort those who are distressed;
And sympathize with all oppressed.

Nay, even weep with those who weep,
And feast on joy with all my sheep;
This is my duty now I know,
For still the voice to me is—go!

Well, gracious Master, here I say,
I freely give myself away:
O make me, Lord, an instrument
To lead poor sinners to repent.

And woe is me unless I do,
So all my friends, I bid adieu :
And journey to a distant clime,
Whence we may meet no more in time.

Farewell ! my parents here below,
My Master calls, and I must go ;
Farewell ! my brothers, near and dear,
For you I've shed many a tear.

Farewell ! my loving sisters too,
A duty now I have to do ;
Farewell ! my friends of every kind,
I'm called to leave you all behind.

Farewell ! my brethren in the Lord,
Love's tie is not a feeble cord ;
Farewell ! poor mourner in distress,
All heaven is ready you to bless.

Farewell ! ye thoughtless, prayerless crew,
O ! think what will become of you,
When God shall set this world on fire,
And make you feel his dreadful ire.

Come go with me, there's grace in store,
Enough for all, and millions more ;
With glory's port now in full view,
I say to all, adieu ! adieu !

LOVEFEAST HYMN,

COMPOSED AT ABOUT THE TIME THE PRECEDING VERSES WERE.

BRETHREN and sisters all around
What a dear Savior I have found,
That ever has been dear to me,
And tells me Canaan I shall see.

Yes, even now it heaves in view;
Say, brethren, is it so with you?
Methinks I hear you say 'tis true,
You view this heavenly Canaan too.

Then let us for each other pray,
That God would strengthen us to-day,
And help us on our journey too,
That Canaan we may ever view.

O blessed be the Lord of love,
Who freely helps us from above;
In spite of all our foes can do,
The land of Canaan heaves in view.

Let us be faithful unto God,
By virtue, point them out the road
Which leads to Christ and glory too,
That they with us may Canaan view.

And when we find our long-sought rest,
May they, with us, be fully blest.
To pain and sin, each bid adieu,
And range fair Canaan through and through.

CLASS MEETING HYMN,

OF RECENT DATE, IN THREE CANTOS.

CANTO I.

O ! HOW I love to meet in class,
This garden of the Lord :
Where brethren all in union dwell,
And meet with one accord.

I love it more than feasts of mirth,
My brethren love it too :
And, oh ! how rich my sisters dear,
Its blessings are to you.

How oft dear friends should we despond,
And weary in the way ;
Had we no Classmates whom we love,
With whom to sing and pray.

But as we hear them shouting, tell
What grace for them has done ;
We feel like pressing on afresh,
'Till we the prize have won.

O 'tis a precious, happy hour,
From care a sweet retreat ;
Where we may sip rich drafts of bliss,
And sit at Jesus' feet.

Oh ! ye lukewarm, what folly then
To turn your feet aside ;
Not from the world such pleasures flow,
As from Immanuel's side.

CANTO II.

LET us recount what all have said,
As we have passed along;
One rises, and he says, my soul
Doth in the Lord feel strong.

I pray that God would keep my soul
For ever feasting so,
That when I've done with this vain world,
I may to glory go.

Another says I'm very weak,
But I intend to trust
In Him, who's able to supply
Each soul that is athirst.

I'm sorely tried, I hear one say,
But on I mean to go;
And others say, I feel a spark
Of heavenly love below.

Thus all have passed the story round,
Of all their cares and fears;
And songs of melody produced
A rich repast of tears;

One speaks quite loud, and one quite low,
Another very strong:
Upon the whole, each one doth say,
I mean to keep along.

Keep on, keep on, ye valiant souls,
The Lord is on your side:
Those "long white robes" ye soon shall wear,
For you're the Savior's Bride.

CANTO III.

Now to the strong just let me say,
Leave not the weak behind,
But in your bosom take the lambs,
And to the "sick" be kind.

The young shall be like "polished stones,"
The old like angels bright,
When we shall walk no more by faith,
But all shall walk by sight.

Oh! how shall words from mortal tongues,
Such heavenly bliss declare,
But soon, if faithful, we shall prove,
And tell the story there.

Thrice blessed, blessed, holy hope,
Who would forsake his class,
When here so much of heaven we know
So sweet the moments pass?

But, oh! the joys that us await,
On yonder blissful shore;
In our sweet home high up in heaven,
We've Crowns laid up in store.

Our Classmates dear, who used to join
With us in humble prayer,
Shall fly to greet us as we come,
And hail us welcome there.

Then let us all with holy hope,
Press on—we'll win the prize;
And plunge, and bathe, and bask, and swim
In bliss that never dies.

PRAYER-MEETING HYMN.

SELECTED AND IMPROVED.

I LOVE it, I love it, and who shall dare,
To chide me for loving the house of prayer,
I have prized it long as a holy place;
Where my gracious Lord shows his smiling face.
Do you ask me why I linger here;
Why the place to me is so sweet and so dear?
Here my soul feels safe from the fowler's snare,
And a precious place is the house of prayer.

A place of peace, and a place of rest,
And of all the world this place is the best;
Here we feast on love and abound in joy,
Our hearts beat with hope, while our tongues we employ,
In the praise of Him who came to save
From the guilt of sin and the power of the grave;
His loving truth we here declare,
Hence we love to dwell in the house of prayer.

Here the meek and the lowly in heart agree,
To raise the voice and to bend the knee,
While gentle showers of grace distill
Our hopes to cheer and our hearts to fill;
Let the vain and the proud this place pass by,
Let them scorn the thought to linger nigh;
But I love it, I love it, and do declare,
That there is no place like the house of prayer.

No place like this beneath the sun,
But there'll be a place in the world to come,
Where the wicked shall not trouble the blest,
Where the weary soul shall for ever rest;

When the prayer of faith meets its great reward,
And the faithful ones shall be with the Lord;
But until my soul shall enter there,
You will often find me at "The house of prayer."

LINES,

UPON the happy death of JOSEPH, brother of the Rev. DANIEL and Captain LUTHER PLUMMER, so extensively and so favorably known throughout this entire community, and far abroad, pronounced at the close of his funeral sermon by the author, from 1 THESS. iv: 16, 17, 18.

AND now afflicted friends, permit me here to say,
Man's days on earth are few, and full of trouble they;
Just like the morning flower, he cometh forth to life,
And is cut down and withered, amid the mortal strife.

Or, like a fleeting shadow, he passeth soon away,
And here continues not, in any certain stay.
These solemn truths to you are amply verified,
And but for which, you know, your friend would not have died.

What evil lies concealed beneath each earthly good,
How kind the ways of Heaven, when rightly understood;
Our stay on earth is short, our good with evil mixed,
The joys of heaven are pure, lasting, holy, fixed.

More wisdom then, by far, the pious do display,
In making sure that treasure, that fadeth not away:
Such was the early choice of our lamented friend,
And O, thrice happy he, his toil is at an end.

What glories he beholds, to Christ made priest and king;
How lofty are his notes! methinks I hear him sing.
His pious kindred dear, who have before him gone,
And those who follow after, shall join the holy song.

With pure angelic rapture shall walk the streets of gold,
Thrice happy, happy be, nor can their joys be told.
How oft he used to say, while groaning under pain,
I feel my Savior precious, O, bless his holy name.

I call to mind his goodness, in days long since gone by,
My soul is happy, happy, I have no dread to die.
'Tis better to depart, I long to soar away
To wear a crown of glory in realms of endless day.

Come, then, ye weeping parents, your dearest friend give o'er,
With Christ he reigns immortal, nor shall he suffer more.
How can you murmur then, or wish to call him back,
God's precious word declares, you shall not suffer lack.

O, may you each obtain, the sanctifying grace,
Nor need I only add, that then you'll see his face.
There, with the blood-washed millions, on that immortal
shore,
Meet all your pious kindred and reign for evermore.

Ye weeping friends and neighbors, O, lay these things to
heart,
And choose the path of virtue, and ne'er from it depart;
Sore trials yet await you, but if these things you heed,
You shall find grace to help you, in every time of need.

And when life's sands have run, and measured out your
span,
O! 'twill be joyful then, a pious life to scan;
To rest your fainting head on your Redeemer's breast,
And sing your conflicts o'er, and enter into rest.

There wait for nobler joys, till the last solemn day,
When Gabriel's deep-toned trump shall wake your slumb'ring
clay.

Then raised immortal all, and from corruption free,
Fly up into the clouds, your Savior there to see.

There cast your "crowns of glory," with rapture at his feet,
Bask in a sea of pleasure, and walk the golden street;
And on the harps of God, the sacred pœan raise,
And through all eternity sound forth his loudest praise.

A POETIC SERMON.

ISRAEL NOYES, my father-in-law, and a most pious, holy man, and for years, one of the most faithful and beloved class leaders in all the regions hereabout, died somewhat suddenly, with a painful affliction. At the same time his son Hugh, a young man, was thought to be lying at the point of death, and it was deemed expedient to dispense with the ordinary funeral services for the present. The young man however, contrary to all appearances, survived for many years. The result was, however, that Father Noyes, sleeps his last long sleep without a formal Funeral Sermon. To supply that seeming neglect, or rather necessary omission, I sat me down and wrote out the following substitute, and presented it to my good mother Noyes, much to her comfort and satisfaction, and which she has carefully preserved until this day, for she still lives, and lives with me, at the advanced age of 85 years. Father Noyes died in 1826, aged 51 years. What a long widowhood and separation! And, oh! how sweet and happy will be their meeting, "In that better land above."

TEXT, HEB. IV : 9.—"THERE REMAINETH THEREFORE, A REST TO
THE PEOPLE OF GOD."

THERE is a rest, as my text saith,
Remaining for God's people,
Which doctrine we shall further see,
By tending to the sequel.

God's people are, we should be'ware,
All those who do obey him,
Whose hearts are pure, and who endure,
Until their race is ended.

Rest does imply toil and fatigue,
Or labor, grief, or sorrow;
The Christian's fate I here relate,
Nor have I need to borrow.

For if I'm right, they have to fight,
And travel through deep water;
And every day must watch and pray,
Nor have they time to loiter.

They bear the Cross, and every loss,
By faith, and hope, and patience;
But their minds soar, where these no more,
Shall ever gain admittance.

There they shall dwell, and ever tell,
To each the pleasing story;
How they o'ercame through Jesus' name,
To reign with him in glory.

From toil they rest, and all are drest,
In a white robe prepar-ed;
True happiness and endless bliss,
They equal all have shar-ed.*

Nor is this all, for thus saith Paul,
(Which helps me on my story,)
That every pain they here sustain,
Adds to their future glory.

* According to capacity and improvement.

Saith John, each tear which they shed here,
Is vial'd up in heaven ;
God's word 's at stake, he'll ne'er forsake,
In troubles six or seven ;

But for each grief he'll work relief,
And all shall work together ;
For their best good when understood,
Cheer up my weeping mother.*

O joyful news these Gospel truths,
Yes, now they do support me ;
While I do bear my common share,
Of what I've laid before thee.

Here let me say, for well it may,
Be said of our departed ;
Husband and friend, while tears we blend,
With those who're mournful hearted.

Faithful he was to Jesus' cause,
My dear attentive reader ;
He lived and died his brethren's pride,
A kind beloved leader.

I'm pleased to say, he used to pray†
At night and in the morning ;
He bore his Cross, counted all dross,
And gave to sinners warning.

Though cruel foes did him oppose,
And gloried in his sorrow,
He now is blest with peaceful rest,—
No troubles need we borrow.

* In law.

† In the family.

There in sweet lays he sings the praise,
Of Jesus his Redeemer;
He's called away from th' evil day,
To weep no more for ever.

Why should I try more to descry,
Or lengthen out my story?
I need but say, I hope one day
To meet him in bright glory.

A word to you his "*consort true*:"
You're called to wade through sorrow,
Your husband's gone to tarry long,
But troubles do not borrow.

God does declare you are his care,
And he will ne'er forsake you,
He'll give you grace to run the race,
Though griefs you're called to wade through.

You've lost a friend, a faithful friend,
And well you may bemoan him,
With streaming eyes we sympathize,
With you on this occasion.

You'll only know as on you go,
The loss you have sustain-ed,
When cares and tears shall crown your years,
And earthly joys have faded.

Full many a thought with interest fraught,
Will bring him fresh before you;
As down you glide "time's rapid tide,"
And still I must detain you.

Your kindred all are far away, *
And you are left to wander
Alone awhile, but how you'll smile,
To meet again up yonder.

Your children may, I hope, will pay
To you that kind attention,
Which shall relieve you when you grieve,
And this in faith I mention.

Children to you a word or two,
As I fill up these pages :
The loss to all both great and small,
Can't be replaced in ages.

No more he'll pray for, and I'll say
No more he'll give us counsel ;
No more he'll call to see us all,
Nor urge us to prove faithful.

Come let us here shed each a tear
Unto his memory sacred ;
And all prepare to meet him there,
Where partings will have ended.

I well might write from morn till night
To do his memory justice ;
But will forbear, hoping up there,
With him to see King Jesus.

I'd wisely choose the words I use,
To tell you all my feelings ;
My speech's too faint, to fairly paint
To you the Lord's kind dealings.

* In Maine.

The depth and hight, the blissful sight,
That opens now before me:
So tempts my heart with life to part,
That here I end my story.

A SONG ON THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

THIS IS THE TRUE GOD AND ETERNAL LIFE.—I JOHN, v: 20.

YE Christian friends of every name,
Give ear to me while I explain
The wonders of redeeming love,
Which lifts my thoughts to things above:
Jesus, my Lord, from heaven he came,
To wash our sins and purge their stain;
Sure he is God, 'tis clear to me,
Hence, I believe divinity.

For when I felt the weight of sin,
'Twas Jesus smiled and took me in;
'Twas Jesus spake my sins forgiven,
And bade me lift my eyes to heaven:
Then in his name I did rejoice,
I've made his ways my lasting choice;
Jesus is all in all to me,
For I believe divinity.

Through grief and pain, and sorrows too,
By him I have been brought safe through,
In him I've taken sweet delight
Many a day and many a night;
And none but God, and his great might,
Can change the darkness into light—

My mind once dark he's made to see,
Hence I believe divinity.

And when Messiah was on earth,
Saint Matthew citing to his birth,
He spake the truth I humbly trust,
Emmanuel is God with us;
To see the wonders that he wrought,
The deaf and blind to him were brought,
He gave them power to hear and see,
Enough to prove divinity.

He said to sinners more than seven,
Arise, thy sins are all forgiven.
The Jews did murmur and complain,
They called him devil with his train;
They said that God, and God alone,
Can do such works; and be it known,
These Jesus did, as you may see,—
How can you doubt divinity?

He said to Simon, lovest thou me?
And Simon Peter answered, yea:
Thou knowest all things answered he,
Thou knowest Lord, I do love thee,
He knew all men, nor need be taught
What was in man nor what he thought;
He knew their thoughts, now own with me,
Jesus and his divinity.

He spake—ye winds, be calm, be still,
They were obsequious to his will;
He knew when virtue from him went,
He taught all men they should repent.

Said Jesus, where but two or three
Meet in my name and do agree,
'Tis there I am, and there will be,—
How clear it proves divinity.

When to the grave where Lazarus slept,
Our Savior came, he groaned and wept,
He spake—and he that had been dead
Four days, and buried, raised his head.
These, and like works, my Savior's done,
'Twas ne'er so seen said many a one;
His godlike power in all we see,—
Who dare dispute divinity?

Show us the Father, answered some;
I and my Father are but one:
The mighty God and Father too,
Are, by Isaiah, termed His due;
The Word was God, but I can't span
How 't was made flesh and dwelt with man:
Go read the first of John and see
If it do n't prove divinity.

The twentieth chapter of the Acts,
And twenty-eighth you'll find these facts,
The Church of God bought with his blood.
(Of the like texts there are a flood,)
When he was bleeding on the tree,
He told the thief that he should be,
To-day in paradise with me,
Which goes to prove divinity.

The Savior, though, would sure have died,
If he had not been crucified;

No man, said he, my life doth take,
My life I give for my sheep's sake;
I've power, said he, to lay it down,
To take it up, the whole to crown;
A clearer proof there can not be,
In favor of divinity.

To see him rising from the tomb,
The doors give way to make him room—
Ten thousand things I would rehearse,
Could I insert them in this verse—
To his disciples then he went,
And a few days with them he spent,
They did believe unwaveringly
The truth of his divinity.

But Thomas said I wont believe,
Like many people who now live,
Then Jesus said, stretch forth thy hand
And own that I am what I am;
He thrust his hand into his side,
My Lord, my God, then Thomas cried.
Hence, he's constrained to own like me
The doctrine of divinity.

He is the first and he the last,
Now hold you to this doctrine fast,
And neither add nor take away,
Lest ye repent in the great day.
I feel that I am on the wing,
My heart grows warm while thus I sing;
This theme sets all my soul on fire,
In heaven 'twill tune my golden lyre.

A SONG UPON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

BY SPECIAL REQUEST.

“FOR WE MUST ALL APPEAR BEFORE THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF CHRIST.”—*Scripture.*

YE nations all, on you I call,
Come lend a listening ear,
The judgment day without delay
Will by-and-by appear.

The lamb once slain will come again,
And at his sacred nod,
A heavenly throng will come along,
And blow the trump of God.

In flaming fire he will draw nigher,
Bright angels him attend;
And Gabriel dressed in awful vest
Will down to earth descend.

With one foot he upon the sea,
The other on the shore;
With voice profound, shall shake the ground,
Shall shout with dismal roar

That time is done, to judgment come,
Ye sleeping dead arise;
The sun retires, the moon expires,
The stars forsake the skies.

The grave, 'tis said, will yield its dead,
The sea with surging wave,
Shall wake the dead from their low bed
Who sleep in coral grave.

And thus they all, both great and small,
Shall stand before the throne;
Shall hear at last their sentence passed,
And Time's expiring groan.

The earth shall quake, the mountains shake,
And all on general fire
Shall then recede with awful speed,
And in the smoke expire.

Yes, this broad world by thunders hurled,
And lightnings' fiercest glare,
Shall quake and roll from pole to pole—
Hark! hear the sinner's prayer.

Rocks on us fall, and hide us all
From Jesus' awful face;
The judgment's come and we're undone
Without a hiding place.

But all in vain will they complain,
"The day of grace" has flown;
The rocks they try will pass them by,
And in despair they groan.

While thus they gaze in wild amaze,
The Judge will frowning say—
Depart all you accursed crew,
And downward bend your way.

And down they go to endless woe,
Must bid the saints farewell;
With demons they are doomed to stay,
Where endless burnings dwell.

But to the rest, come up, ye blessed,
The Judge will smiling say,
And dwell on high, no more to die,
And sing my praise for aye.

Then all who are by "faith and prayer"
Prepared that hour to meet,
Shall mount and fly up to the sky,
And all the angels greet;

Shall praise the Lord with one accord,
And swell the anthem high;
And not one tear shall there appear,
No grief extort a sigh.

Yes, there shall we for ever be,
Shall shout our conflicts o'er,
Through boundless grace see face to face,
And reign for evermore.

Where streets are gold we shall behold
Our pious kindred dear;
And shout and sing to Christ our King,
And to his throne come near.

Yes, perfect joy without alloy
Awaits the pious there;
Lord help us all to hear thy call,
And stir us up to prayer.

CRIMINAL.

EXECUTION OF FULLER,

AUGUST 14, 1821.

THIS, like many other of my poems, is rather lengthy. It is designed to be a full and perfect narration of the tragic scene of which it treats, in poetic numbers. Bear this in mind all through, that my poems are mostly narrations, or poetic addresses, and consequently, lengthy, but when viewed in this character, they can not be deemed unreasonably long, shorter they could not well be, and accomplish their aim and mission

ALL ye kind people pray draw near,
Attend to me with listening ear,—
While solemnly to you I shew
An awful scene but surely true.

And thou, my soul, come meditate
Upon the scene transpired of late;
Lord help my mind and pen and heart
To give to each their proper part.

Now I'll proceed and will relate,
Near how and what took place of late;
Two of our fellow-mortals fell,
But whither flown no tongue can tell.

AMASA FULLER I'll first name,
Who from the East to this place came;
In Lawrenceburg he did reside,
And there made choice for him a bride.

Then up to Brookville he did go,
His business there I do not know;

Nor will it do for me to say
Much about this, lest I should stray.

But while he was absent from her,
One PALMER WARREN was the sir
Who sought himself to be her groom,
And whom she chose in FULLER'S room.

Forthwith she wrote a line to him,
In which she put the pledge—a ring,
Which he had given her most free;
“Take it,” he said, “and think of me.”

The sight of which, his feelings hurt,
To think she thus should him desert;
It pierced him to the very heart,
When back to her he soon did start

To seek the cause or seek relief,
But neither found, is my belief;
Which raised his wrath to such a hight,
He sought revenge both day and night;

And went about from place to place
In open day with open face,
Seeking for pistols sure at mark—
The sequel hear, O hark ye, hark!

Poor WARREN, then, his victim-prey,
He brooded o'er both night and day;
At last he traced him to his store,
Rushed quickly in and shut the door

A paper, then, he did present,
And said to WARREN, “I am bent
That you shall sign it or shall die,
And to escape is vain to try.”

The 'mount of which was thus and so,
You've lied on me and now may know,
That you must here your seal set to,
'Tis all I ask or wish to do.

Alas! poor Warren did refuse,
Then Fuller said you now may choose
One of these pistols and we'll see,
Which one shall die, or you or me.

Poor Warren, filled with hope and fear
His course toward the door did steer,
When outraged Fuller aiming well,
Discharged his piece and Warren fell.

He groaned and sighed upon the floor,
In his own blood and streaming gore,
And Fuller saw his latest breath,
In the cold arms of cruel death.

'T was Thursday, and upon this eve,
He was to marry I believe,
But view his plan—his happy scheme,
All proved to be a fading dream.

But to return to Fuller's case,
And his sad story farther trace,—
E'er he had passed the fatal door,
In rushed some men—say half a score,

Ah, Fuller, Fuller, can it be,
That you have done what we now see?
"I've slain the *reptile* you see bleed,
And much I glory in the deed."

I now submit myself to you,
With me your pleasure you may do,
Thence they conveyed him to the jail,
To stand his trial without fail.

Soon he was tried, and "guilty" found,
While anxious friends thick cluster round,
The *verdict* was, of course must be,
For "murder in the first degree."

To hear the judge his sentence read,*
Would cause a heart of stone to bleed,
"On March the eighth and twentieth day,
You must be hung without delay."

Petitions then for his reprieve,
Were drawn and sent—who can but grieve,
One hundred just and forty days,
Was all he gained to his amaze.

And when the time had fully come,
When he most surely must be hung.
Thousands of people crowd the street,
From every quarter here they meet.

The soldiers, too, all had to come,
With musket, uniform and drum,
Nor dare one single one to fail,
They must guard Fuller from the jail.

The sheriff† summoned them 't is true,
This painful duty he must do,
Not that he liked the painful job,
But to prevent a cruel mob.

* Hon. Miles C. Eggleston.

† Thomas Longley.

The soldiers formed a "hollow square,"
Then to the jail they did repair,
O how must Fuller feel, while bound
To hear the people crowd around.

Poor man he did free grace implore,
'Till he perspired from every pore,
O what shall I, what shall I do?
Lord help me to repent most true.

He was brought forth, O what a sight!
To see a mortal in such plight;
He was, indeed, most ghastly pale,
As he came forth out of the jail.

His arms were pinioned to his back,
Another rope was round his neck,
And thus he went with humble pace.
Along unto the fatal place.

The soldiers marched on either side,
Good order all—all must abide,
At length they reached the gallows there,
Which Longley did for him prepare.

The scaffold now he did ascend,
As though he knew God was his friend,
He had o'ercome his guilty fears,
Yet bathed his cheeks in manly tears.

The preachers, who felt for his soul,*
Prayed for him here and in the goal,
And him they did at once baptize,
Before a crowd of weeping eyes.

* Lambdin, Plummer, Fuller and Sefton.

The "bread and wine" to him were given,
The symbol and the seal of heaven;
In duty all should be beginners,
Since Jesus died for "chief of sinners."

He chose a hymn which then was sung,
This is the way it was begun:
"Father, I stretch my hands to thee,"
"Methodist hymn book" you will see.

An exhortation now was given,*
Like thunder pealing down from heaven,
To male and female 't was direct,
No better one could you expect.

The preachers and the sheriff too,
Now bade him their last long adieu,
'T was 'nough to rend each feeling heart,
To see how loth they were to part.

Now Fuller like a penitent,
Told us how vain a life he'd spent,
All tremblingly to all did tell,
That he had lived an infidel.

But as I lay in yonder jail,
This poor foundation did me fail,
I now conceive there is but one
Men must believe on, God's dear Son.

And if I'm saved 't will be through grace,
Reflected through my Savior's face,
Nought but his precious blood alone,
Can ever for my sins atone.

* Rev. Daniel Plummer.

A solemn warning to young men,
Will follow now my trembling pen,
"O, do not do as I have done,"
Is what he said just as he swung.

The sheriff now to him did say,
You have not long on earth to stay,
Five fleeting moments, less or more,
Will launch you from this mundane shore.

Swift did he travel to and fro,
So loth to strike the fatal blow,
At fifty-nine past twelve o'clock,
Poor Fuller felt the dreadful shock.

When Longley struck the fatal stroke,
Quick was the surge, and the rope broke,
All feeling hearts it did appal,
Flat on the ground to see him fall.

Help men—help! the sheriff cries,
The broken rope who ties—who ties?
Gather him up before he struggles,
Be quick, be quick, and close his troubles.

Two active men went up—they fly,
The parted rope they splice or tie,
Again he swung, all clear from earth,—
Be veiled in grief ye sons of mirth.

To see him heave, O hardened heart!
When life and breath asunder part;
That can not feel for human woe,
With some 't was thus, 't is often so.

Yet many prayers in his behalf,
Were offered up, while some few laugh,
The shrieks and sighs all through the crowd,
Were heard distinctly, faint or loud.

If you 'd been there, or stood near by,
'T is thus you would have heard me cry,
Have mercy Lord, on his poor soul.
Let heaven be its final goal.

He 's struggling, gasping, dying—gone,
In vain for him, his friends may mourn,
Nor do we know that he has need,
We trust from pain he now is freed.

Young men and maidens look around,
To you indeed, a solemn sound,
O make your proper vows all true,
Lest sin and pain are caused by you.

Could we but know, could we but hear,
The sorrow of his mother dear;
When unto her the news shall come,
That her dear son is surely hung.

A lamentation she will make,
Enough the heart of stone to break,
How shall I drink this bitter cup?
And give my son for ever up.

His brothers dear, could we but spy,
And sisters, too, hear how they cry,
Alas! poor brother, fare you well,
Our sorrows surely none can tell.

O could we know what parents know,
When their dear children from them go,
They mourn, they weep, they sigh, they grieve,
When children take their friendly leave.

They view the world, filled up with cares,
Temptations here, and yonder snares,
I need not dwell—you all can tell,
Who love their children wish them well.

Come children ye, from parents borne,
Lest they for you should weep and mourn,
Come seek, and serve God day and night,
That they in you, may take delight.

Tis now high time, I must forbear,
And I will close with this short prayer,
Lord help us to obey thy call,
Preserve us here—then save us all.

EXECUTION OF JOHN BENNETT,

AT VERSAILLES.

As bad boys are apt to be bad men, and come to a bad end, I must say that the end of Bennett was just such an one as might rationally be anticipated. I say it not to wound his friends, many of whom are highly honorable. But as an admonition to all who desire an honorable end, to live honorable and useful lives. And the tone and character of this Poem, has that specific end in view. To be fully appreciated and understood, you must consider the Author as a true old friend, giving him a *plain* talk upon the scaffold, and his last

and best advice on the occasion, in the midst of which the trap drops, and the address abruptly terminated.

OH JOHN "I knew thee like a book," many long years ago,
 And often said, and heard it said, your days would end in woe:
 Idle, and vain, and dissolute, and vulgar and profane,
 How could you, or your friends expect, a better end to gain?
 You see it now, but 't is too late, your race on earth is run,
 The forfeit of your life you'll pay before the setting sun.
 Bad company, you say, alas! has brought you into this,
 A virtuous and a pious life as surely ends in bliss.
 But God is good, and merciful, his pard'ning grace implore,
 The law exacts your wretched life, as I have said before.
 I would not taunt you with the crime, for which you now must
 die,
 Nor would I add a single pang of sorrow—no not I,
 But as a friend—a friend indeed, I pray you let each breath
 Go forth in prayer, that you may find, "pardon and peace" in
 death.

* * * * * * *

Dear me, he swings, convulsed—'t is o'er—the spirit's fled,
 And poor John Bennett, so loth to die, is numbered with the
 dead.

Young men, a timely warning take, be sober, honest, just,
 Let your companions be the good, and God your early trust,
 So shall your lives, be lives of peace, your mem'ries ever
 blest,
 When you from earth shall pass away to an eternal rest.

EXECUTION OF THE KELLEYS,

AT HAWSBURGH, KY.

SOME time ago, no matter when, two brothers by the name of Kelly, citizens of Ripley county, murdered three men for their money, on board a flatboat, descending the Ohio river. In the language of an eminent jurist: "It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder, the weighing out of so many ounces of blood against so many dollars in money." Their trial and confession, was at the time published to the world, in pamphlet form, under the caption of, "The Murder of Gardner and others, etc., to which the reader is respectfully referred for a full and perfect history of this bloody scene. It was, indeed, a most bloody and horrible scene. Three excellent and unsuspecting men, reposing in quiet and peaceful slumbers, to be butchered with axes and clubs, and all for their effects, by men in their confidence and employ, is most horrible and appalling! What a picture of human depravity!!! My Muse thus paraphrases upon the sickening, heart-rending, and fearful tragedy.

THE sordid "love of money," the root of all evil,
Has led thousands down to ruin, and down, down to the devil.
Men will lie, and cheat, and steal, or murder their best friend,
To get money to hoard up, or money just to spend.
Get money—at every hazard—get it at any price,
To have money in great plenty, seems so exceeding nice.
So thought two sturdy brothers, by the name of Kelley;
Who murdered their employers, and beat them all to jelly;
Tied weights unto their necks—sank them in the river,
And felt themselves quite safe, now and for ever.
The secret was their own, no one else could know it,
Not a single bloodstain left, to reveal and to show it.
Not so fast vain wretched, men, mind what you are about,
'Tis an old and true adage that "murder will out."

The very means resorted to, to ward off just suspicion,
Are messengers divinely sent upon the holy mission
Of waking up inquiry, of putting on the track
The officers of justice, who pounce upon your back
When you least expect it, and lock you up in jail,
'Till you shall stand your trial, of which you can not fail.
'T was so with these two brothers, both caught in their own
trap,

They found themselves arrested, and in "an awful snap."
Were thence upon the charge found guilty of the deed,
That both should now be hung the jurymen agreed.
The fatal day arrives, they mount the scaffold high,
With trembling in their limbs, and in their hearts a sigh.
Confess the horrid deed—warn others by their fate,
To shun the paths of sin, for pleasure, *gain*, or hate.
Why should I longer dwell? enough has now been said,—
They both were hung together, 'till they were dead! dead!!
dead!!!

A life of sin and shame thus found a fearful end,
Be virtuous little boys, I pray you as a friend.

PENITENTIARY—THE YOUTHFUL CONVICT.

SEVERAL years ago, as I was descending the beautiful Ohio, on my way South, I called at Jeffersonville, and went all through the State Penitentiary, which is a large stone building, of thick walls and heavy massive doors, with bolts and bars and heavy iron grates, to keep all sure and safe who are sent there to be punished for crimes and misdemeanors. There were men of all ages, and from every part of the State, torn from friends and home, and doomed to toil and privations, and to sleep in dark, gloomy cells "under lock and key," because they did not "remember their Creator," nor seek and serve Him. O how I pitied them, and wept for them and the friends they had left be-

hind to mourn and grieve for them. But my heart was most affected at the sight of a little boy, about fourteen or fifteen years old. He was sitting in the shade, out in the brick yard, wringing his hands, and weeping as though his little heart would break, trembling all over as though he would fall all to pieces. On inquiry, I learned of the Warden that he arrived there the evening before, on a charge of stealing a pocket-book, containing some fifty dollars; that he had taken him out in the yard to bear off brick, but that his grief and excitement had so overcome him that he sunk under it; that he had ordered him into the shade until noon, when he should take him back and leave him in his cell until he had a little recovered from his prostration, and become a little more familiar with the scenes around him. This, certainly, was exceedingly kind. I approached the lad, and laying my hands gently and fondly upon his head, in soothing terms I attempted to encourage and comfort him; that his year would soon pass away, when he would be free, and I hoped, would yet be a good boy and make a fine and useful man. But the more I sought to comfort him the more he wept in the bitterness of his soul. "O, I wish that I were dead, My mother! Oh, dear mother." My own heart was greatly moved and affected, and I, too, "wept like a willow," in unison with him. But do you ask how it occurred that so young a lad happened to be sent to the Penitentiary and not to the County Jail? I answer: from what I could learn he was one of those bad boys who are always in mischief, and none could control him. He was saucy and impudent to his poor widowed mother; would fight and quarrel with his little brothers and sisters and all his little schoolmates; would use most profane language, violate the Sabbath, and young as he was, would drink and gamble, which prompted him to steal; led on by wicked men and wicked associates. And as neither parent nor teacher could manage him, the jury sent him where he *must* obey; hoping that he might thereby be reformed and made a useful man. I know some just such hateful boys, and if they too, don't get to the Penitentiary, it will be a great wonder.

My little reader, I hope you are not one of those saucy, impudent, ungovernable bad boys; if you are, I pray you to reform immediately, so that "iniquity prove not your ruin." I made some verses about this little boy in the Penitentiary, to which I will now introduce you, and hope you will read and consider them well, and commit to memory, at least the last two verses, not for the beauty of the poetry, but for the good and wholesome advice they contain. Referring to the lad, I say:

THE like before I had not seen,
Such mental woes and anguish keen,
 My heart affecting;
Laying my hand upon his head,
Young man, I kindly to him said—
 Cheer up! expecting

By-and-by to be set free,
Then home and friends again you'll see—
 Each sister, brother.
But more he wept, and sobbing said—
"O dear, I wish that I was dead,
 But for my mother!"

It was, indeed, a painful sight,
To see a youth in such a plight,
 And hear him sighing,
As though his little bursting heart
Was pierced all through with sorrow's dart,
 And he was dying.

For, far from home and all he knew,
In that strange place what should he do
 With thieves and robbers?
Where chains and bars and felons' cells,
The tale of woe and sorrow tells
 Of convict-jobbers?

His streaming eyes and aching heart
Proclaimed aloud—the better part
Is to be honest.

Transgressors' ways are very hard,
Says "the good book"—so says the bard.
Be honest—honest.

This hapless youth to error prone,
Must spend a year here all alone,
For stealing money.
Yet, there are those who think it smart
To lead astray the youthful heart;
Aye, think it funny.

How good it is in early youth
To bear the yoke of gospel truth,
And be religious;
As has been often truly said,
'Twill save the heart and save the head
From woes prodigious.

Youths of the land, be wise, be good,
As you have oft been told you should;
Take timely warning:
Resist temptation to do wrong,
I *press* it on you very strong
In youth's bright morning.

TEMPERANCE.

IN 1822—At a camp-meeting held at Old Father Rabb's, (of sainted memory,) near Lawrenceburg, Jacob Blasdell, (of like precious memory,) asked permission, and obtained liberty to address the vast assembly, upon matters which he thought of vast moment. But what was the surprise and consternation of all, when he introduced the subject of Temperance, "Rum and Ruin," which he portrayed in truthful but glowing colors—called upon preachers and all to set their faces and their examples against it—it was too much—utterly out of time and place—would spoil the meeting, and he must desist, ere his message was fully delivered. But he had set the ball in motion, and the more men attempted to put it at rest, the more it wouldn't rest, but roll on with increased velocity and might, until all resistance was given up as useless, and Temperance became the great and all-absorbing question of the day. At first, Father Blasdell became a subject of general ridicule, as well in the papers, as in neighborhood circles. The man is foolish, said one, another, he is crazy—what a pity, ejaculated many and many a friend! But true to his favorite reform, he bore it all with christian fortitude and forbearance, as a willing martyr to virtue's cause. And God let him live to see the wonderful revolution that temperance had wrought in the land—himself the original moving cause, then took him from the field of strife, all covered over with glory, "where he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him." He died in 1841, aged 60 years. A plain stone marks his resting-place, where, of all others, there should be a monument piercing the very clouds. Standing beside his honored tomb the other day, the following were my reflections in poetic numbers:

REFLECTIONS

AT THE TOMB OF JACOB BLASDELL,

*The Temperance Pioneer of all the West, who died in 1841, aged 60 years, loved
and lamented by all.*

THOU honored champion for God,
For temperance and for truth,

Thy efforts to redeem the land,
And bless and save the youth,
From all the infamy and shame,
And all the untold woes,
That from the poisoned fatal cup,
In wide profusion flows,

Have wrought a wonder in the land,
The world "turned upside down,"
Changing the customs for the better,
In country—city—town.
Of all the names that are enrolled,
High on the scroll of fame,
I would as soon inherit thine,
As any other name.

Thy laurels are not steeped in blood,
Nor in the orphans' tears,
But mothers bless thee for their homes,
And for their infant dears.
And unborn millions shall accord
To thee the meed of praise,
And o'er thy dust, I can not doubt,
A monument will raise.

Although reform is not complete,
Full well it was begun,
And spread it well, until the field,
Is fairly—fully won.
True, "rum and ruin," still abound,
And poverty and crime,
But all are tending to their end,—
Lord, hasten "the good time."

The ball is on the motion still,
And on and on will roll,
'Till temperance shall win the field,
And reign from pole to pole,
The conflict, the protracted strife,
Disasters and defeat,
Will, in the end, all work for good,—
TRUTH *never can be beat.*

'Tis sure to triumph in the end,
Though often crushed to earth,
And of champions, men and means,
There be a seeming dearth.
She 'll rise again in her own strength,
Put all her foes to flight,
And light, and peace, and joy succeed,
The darkness of this night.

The forest oak, the mountain pine,
By each tempestuous blast
Gains strength of body, firmer root,
And longer still will last,
Unless it should uprooted be,
Or part perchance asunder.
Our temperance tree is still unscathed
Inspiring pride and wonder.

My faith is strong in God and right—
Through all this *smoke* I see
"The day is ours," the victory won
Entire—triumphantly;
And thou of all men hereabouts,
Deserve the highest praise,

From all who love the human race,
Or saved from errors ways.

Great master spirits ever have
Been honored in the end,
And none more justly so than thou,
My ever cherished friend.
God let thee live to see the day—
The day thou didst foretell,
Then took thee from the field of strife,
In triumph:—fare thee well.



THE RISING SUN RIOT.

IN 1839, while I was acting Judge, there came up for trial a riot case, of fearful magnitude and importance. My Muse, thinking it a suitable subject for a lay, *perpetrated* the following, which I here record as an interesting reminiscence, as also to show my views on prohibition, long before the subject had ever been publicly mooted. The first sentiment on that subject ever publicly avowed, so far as I know, was my humble self, as far back as '39, even before the great Washingtonian movement. Think of that reader, when you talk about Pioneers in the Temperance enterprise. But here are the verses which will speak for themselves.



IN eighteen hundred thirty-nine,
Down at Rising Sun,
They had a great and fearful riot,
And mischief great was done.

It took its rise in a liquor shop
Where they sold out rum,
And many used it freely, O how freely!
And all drank some.

At the close of this mad carousal
Some were dead, dead drunk,
Spewing o'er the floor or goods boxes,
Or perchance, an old trunk.

In "durance vile," they had a young man,
All the time in tow,
They screwed his thumbs in a blacksmith's vise,
And scourged him, O, oh!

They said, they verily believed that he had,
Found some lost money,
And to force confession from the lad,
They thought would be quite funny.

It was "a drunken, mad carousal,"
Ending all in smoke,
And when the thing got noised abroad,
The people all awoke.

They rallied to the young man's rescue,
Reproved the cruel act;
And all of them were soon indicted,—
I know this legal fact.

Heavy fines were then assessed,
And all held to bail,
To pay up, else to replevy,
Or march right off to jail.

The cost of this one riot, in time and in money,
 Was two thousand full, or more ;
 The tax on peace and morals, who, O who
 Will foot up that fearful score?

All emanating from a license of
 A twenty dollar bill.
 Talk then about revenue, revenue,
 Whosoever will.

When will the rulers of the land
 Be wise, humane, and just,
 Close up these sinks of sin and woe,
 Or even feel they must?

Old echo with its wonted insolence,
 And trifling still with men,
 To this all important moral question,
 Answers back, when ! when !!

DIVORCE.

LOOKING over my court journal of 1839, I find also the following memorandum :

H—— vs. H——.—BILL FOR DIVORCE.

TESTIMONY.—Plaintiff was married to defendant thirteen years ago, and took with her about two thousand dollars worth of property and money ; got along swimmingly and happily for several years, at which time defendant contracted habits of intemperance, and latterly, for months at a time, has scarcely drawn a sober breath. Many have been his acts of cruelty and personal violence to his said wife, knocking her down

with chairs, dragging her about the room by the hair of her head; kicking and breaking her ribs, until her life was well nigh despaired of; the property all squandered away, sold under the hammer for liquor bills and bad debts, contracted under its influence; even the little pittance which his said wife would earn with her needle or at the wash-tub, was often violently seized and expended in drams. Plaintiff lived in constant fear, and was in imminent danger of life and limb if she longer attempted to live with her said husband.

MANY WITNESSES.

Decree, of course, entered accordingly.

The investigation all through, was one of deep and thrilling interest. My heart bled at every pore during the painful recital, and I made the following entry in my "note book" at the time, which all the curious can see at any time by calling on me:—

O! intemperance! intemperance!! How many and how sad are thy trophies! How many tender ties hast thou severed! How many bright hopes hast thou obliterated! How many kind confiding hearts hast thou crushed into the very dust! How many kind parents, good husbands, fond wives, dutiful children, true and kind friends, hast thou disappointed; made wretched, and sent sorrowing to the grave! How many millions hast thou squandered away! Surely, misery and death thou spreadest "broad-cast" every where, and virtue and happiness fly at thy approach. How long shall these things be? These were my reflections, as judged and noted down in my journal nearly twenty long eventful years ago. And my sluggish muse, animated and inspired by the painful reminiscence above referred to, is in for a lay; and Pegassus, becoming restive and impatient to be off, I drop him a slack rein—and here goes:

With grief and indignation too, I heard this tale of woe,
And tears of deep-felt sympathy, all gushing forth did flow;
It did not well become a judge, full well, my friends, I know it,
But as my heart so freely bled, I must and could but show it.

I thought of early and bright hopes, now sere, and cold, and
dead,

And bliss so rich and full and sweet, that had for ever fled;
A home that once was full of joy, now full of grief and pain;
And as I mused I deeply sighed, and freely wept again.

With broken heart and mind and health, this once most happy
bride

Now seeks to be released from him who was her former pride.
Her children and her numerous friends, deposing, intercede—
That she no longer would be safe—they all as one agreed.

What were the reasons, do you ask? These were, in fine, the
sum—

Neglect, abuse, and poverty, all caused by using rum.

“Rum and ruin” are allied, and will for ever be;

Yet, there are men who peddle grog when these results they
see.

Their hearts are steeled and steeped in sin, they care not for
the ruin;

They spread “broad-cast” throughout the land, nor for the
soul’s undoing,—

Monsters they are in human shape, who will, just for the dimes,
Prepare and instigate their friends for tragedy and crimes.

I’d sooner beg my daily bread, be clad in filthy rags,
Than roll in wealth thus illy gained, admired by fools or wags.
O rum, what ruin thou hast wrought, how fearful is thy reign;
And nought can check thy mad career, nought but the law of
Maine.

The waste of morals, time and means, and of domestic peace,
Since prohibition was annulled has been on the increase.

When will the people all declare such shall not longer be?

Time will determine that my friends, and you must wait with
me;

And put your shoulder to the wheel and speak and write and
vote,

And soon you’ll see the temperance ship well manned and all
afloat.

Roll on reform—thy mighty car shall triumph in the end;
The peace and safety of the States on these events depend.

O parents rally while you may, and save your daughters dear,
From woes that are unutterable, and from the scalding tear:
And save your sons from infamy, yourselves from sad despair,
And God in mercy interpose, is now my daily prayer.

What language shall I use, what metaphors employ,
To paint rum's waste and havoc, of morals, means and joy?
The naked skulls and skeletons, of all by liquor slain,
Would form a pyramid that would pierce the clouds that sends
us rain.

Could all the tears just caused by rum, unite from shore to
shore,
They'd form a cataract more grand than Niagara's mighty
roar;
And sighs commingled all in one would silence deep-toned
thunder—(*perhaps*)
And that these things so long have been (*allowed*) is to my
soul a wonder.

Crape every planet, every star, blow out the burning sun,
Hang all the heavens in sack-cloth too, and you have scarce
begun
To paint the desolation, the mourning and the woe,
That from the liquor business has, and will for ever flow.

This is no fancy sketch, dear friends, but demonstrative truth,
Intended to arrest the mind and save the precious youth.
Ye rulers and ye judges too, why stand ye here all idle?
Up, up, and chain the monster, curb him with bit and bridle.

Say unto him: "thus far thou mayest, but farther canst not
go,"
King alcohol, thou mighty nag, hold up—whoa! whoa!! whoa!!!
Thus shall ye "serve your day and age," and all by rum
made wretched;
And millions yet unborn, with them shall call you blessed.

TEMPERANCE DITTY.

AIR, OLD DAN TUCKER.

The Author takes great pleasure in acknowledging his indebtedness to Dr. Wm. Garritson, for originating this Poem, which he has greatly improved and extended, so as to embrace the entire Liquor Traffic.

Ho! ye that deal in "the blue ruin,"
O pause, and think, what you are doing,
Call up to mind the want and woe,
You scatter wide where e'er you go.
Get out of the way, your grog's all poison,
Against it all the world's now rising.

Of all pursuits that has ever been,
Retailing grog is the meanest thing;
'T has caused more misery pain and woe,
Than ever from one source did flow.
Get out of the way with your "blue ruin,"
What on *earth* are you all doing?

Now those who make just all they can,
And those who deal it out to man,
Alike are foes to the *lovely* fair,
Would *all* would quit it is my prayer.
Get out of the way both makers and sellers,
You've ruined "lots of clever fellows."

You've spread distress on every hand,
And scattered woe all o'er the land;
You've turned the husband to a knave,
And made his wife a wretched slave.

Get out of the way you brandy sellers,
You've *ruined* "lots of clever fellows."

The grog that makes men spew and reel,
Prompts them to murder, rob and steal.
To grieve their friends they seldom fail,
And their career oft ends in jail.

Get out of the way you old gin sellers,
You've *ruined* "lots of clever fellows."

You've taken the shoes from poor women's feet,
And the bread their children had need to eat;
You've robbed them of their scanty clothes,
And left them crying and half froze.

Get out of the way you old rum sellers,
You've *ruined* "lots of clever fellows."

You've made sweet children "beg and sigh,"
Wrung bitter tears from their mother's eye,
As oft she heard them cry for bread,
When hungry they were sent to bed.
Get out of the way you whisky sellers
You've *ruined* "lots of clever fellows."

You've severed in twain husband and wife,
Made happy homes all gall and strife;
For rowdy, drunken sprees at night,
Put wife and children all to flight.
Get out of the way you old wine sellers,
You've *ruined* "lots of clever fellows."

You're guilty of all kinds of sin,
The *meanest* that has ever been;
You've robbed the rich, you've robbed the poor,
And drove the needy from your door.

Get out of the way you strong beer sellers,
You've *ruined* "lots of clever fellows."

You've robbed the strong man of his strength,
Then laid him down in the mud full length ;
And you've left him there to *grunt* and roll,
Like a filthy hog in an old mud hole.
Get out of the way you porter sellers,
You've *ruined* "lots of clever fellows."

You've crowned some mighty kings with *mud*,
Some palaces you've filled with blood ;
You've laid some mighty cities low,
Wrought happy nations' overthrow.
Get out of the way you sling-punch sellers,
You've *punched* the life out of "lots of poor fellows."

Now he who peddles grog through the land,
Should on his forehead wear this brand :
"I'm a dread Maelstrom," in life's rough sea,
As a deadly asp, let all shun me.
Get out of the way you ale, *ail* sellers,
And *ruin* no more of "the clever fellows."

And now I tell you plainly, sirs,
"Tis firm as truth, or oaks, or firs,"
You've led too many men astray,
But the pledge will knock you out of the way.
Get out of way with your beer and rum,
Or the law will make you "hop and hum."

There's better work for you to do,
Than peddle grog which all must rue ;
It covers ones friend all o'er with shame,
Empties his purse, and *blasts* his fame.

Come sign the pledge, all you dram sellers,
And *ruin* no more of the clever fellows.

So "clear the track," and let them come,
From all their brandy, whisky, rum,
And thus atone for errors past,
By being faithful to the last.
A cheering word to old dram sellers,
You yet may save "lots of poor fellows."

You can do much, full well you know,
To dry grog's *bitter* fount of woe.
The fair shall cheer you with sweet smiles,
As you expose grog-sellers wiles.
Come sign the pledge, all you dram-sellers,
And *prove* yourselves *right clever* fellows.

Now to conclude my comic ditty,
I must exclaim, *Oh! what* a pity,
That *clever* fellows, and CHRISTIANS too,
Should fight our cause—would they were few.
Get out of the way you clever fellows,
You're looked up to by the liquor sellers.

From pole to pole, the news shall spread,
That children no where cry for bread.
When clever fellows through the land,
No longer in our way shall stand.
Come sign the pledge, like clever fellows,
And stop the mouths of mean dram sellers.
Come sign the pledge, *like clever fellows*,
And help *reclaim* all *poor dram sellers*.

A TEMPERANCE CANTATA,

Sung at the first Anniversary of the Dearborn County W. T. Society. Apothegm—"They'll go back to their cups."

A TWELVEMONTH ago our flag we unfurled,
Cold Water "redemption" proclaimed to the world;
Our battalion contains some twenty-nine score,
"Come sign the pledge" friends, we're recruiting for
more,
Who will never again "go back to their cups."

"The Temperance Reform" great good has achieved,
A thousand times more than at first was conceived,
And multiplied scores are reclaimed from their thrall,
Yet many there are who predict their sad fall—
That "they all will again" "go back to their cups."

And happy indeed, if this were but all
They do to impede the great Temperance Ball,
They use base intrigue to mislead them, and then
They, fiend-like, rejoice in the fatal hope when
They all will again "go back to their cups."

What degraded monsters those beings must be,
Who oppose the good work, in hopes soon to see
The reclaimed all return, bound fast by their foe,
That they may again live on "mourning and woe,"
When all shall again "go back to their cups."

"Go back to their cups!" nay, never, no, never,
Sooner let soul and body at once part and sever;

'T would less wound their friends — 't would less
sorrow impart

To the friend of mankind, 't would dagger his heart
To see them again "go back to their cups."

Cheer up ye redeemed, you've been faithful one year;
Stick close to your Pledge, you have nothing to fear,
You shall bask in sweet smiles all strangers to woe,
You shall live much beloved, and shall slay your old
FOE;

O never, I pray you, "go back to your cups."

Think of the kind friends who have lent you their
aid,

Shall their kindness and love be so cruelly paid?

Will you blast all the hopes of your wives and your
babes,

And join the mad revels of "drunken parades?"

Will you ever, dear friends, "go back to your cups?"

If one now and then should most wickedly fall,
Let this fatal example your poor hearts appall,
Cleave close to "Cold Water," there's no danger
there—

Be much on your guard—be "fervent in prayer,"

And you'll never again "go back to your cups."

You'll redeem your proud Pledge without blemish
or stain,

Your usefulness here you shall ever retain,

You'll give life and power to "the Temperance Ball,"

Make vain each report that proclaimed you would
fall;

Will you ever? O never "go back to your cups."

Ho! ye that proclaim salvation by grace,
With your strong whisky breath, and your rum-
colored face,

How dare you assert your great mission Divine,
With your NOSE tipt with RED by the fumes of your
wine?

O! for shame—come away—there is death in the cup.

And ye precious youth, be admonished, I pray,
To dash from your lips the cup while you may,
E'er you are aware, the die will be cast,
O, escape for thy life—haste! you can't be too fast;
For mourning and woe lie concealed in the cup.

Ye pure, blushing FAIR, let us bask in your smiles,
And boldly we'll brave King Alcohol's wiles—
You can do as much good—shall receive for your aid
A rich garland of flowers that never shall fade,
When all have forsaken their haunts and their cups.

To those of our friends who make, drink, or sell,
And to those who stand back, yet wish the cause well,
O come sign the Pledge, now cast in your mite,
To 'pose King Alcohol in a Cold Water fight—
Drown him out my brave boys—that FOE, in the cup.

Come old and come young, come one and come all,
Come help us roll on the great Temperance Ball.
When all are reclaimed, ye shall share in the prize,
They will rise up and bless you beyond the blue skies,
Redeemed from the SIN, and the WOES of the cup.

POLITICAL.

THE YANKEE NATION.

THE third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh verses, I have added to make it expressive of my own sentiments, honestly, clearly, and fully expressed. Personally, I would not only *check* the farther spread of slavery, but would *blot* out at once and for ever that most oppressive and iniquitous institution. Were it legitimately in my power, I would unloose every burden, and “let every captive go free.” But feeling that I have neither the power nor the right thus to interfere in the State institutions, I leave that to the providence of God, and those whom He must hold responsible. Many already *feel* that responsibility, and in time, I doubt not, will meet it promptly. *Lord hasten the time. Amen!*

N. B.—For national hymn—Washington and Jefferson—see Ode department.

OF all the mighty nations
In the east or in the west,
This glorious Yankee nation
Is the richest and the best.
We have room for all creation,
And our banners are unfurled,—
Here's a general invitation
To the people of the world:

CHORUS.

Then come along, come along, make no delay,
Come from every nation, come from every way,
Our fertile lands are broad enough, no need for an alarm,
For Uncle Sam has land enough to furnish all a farm.

The St. Lawrence forms our northern bounds,
Far as her waters flow,
And the Rio Grande our southern line
Way down to Mexico.
From the old Atlantic ocean,
Where the day begins to dawn,
Clear across the Rocky Mountains,
Far away in Oregon.

Then come along, etc.

Come and take our lands in welcome,
And get you each a farm,
Be good and honest citizens,
But do us no more harm.
For rum and beer and whisky
We want no more of that,
Come help us conquer alcohol
And lay the monster flat.

Then come along, etc.

You may worship God in your own way
And none shall you molest,
Using such forms and usages
As seemeth to you best.
But ne'er presume to undermine
Or change this government,—
To keep it pure through coming time
We all are full intent.

Then come along, etc.

Come and make yourselves acquainted
With our people and our laws,
And show yourselves all worthy
Of honor and applause.

When you are well informed,
If found worthy of the trust,
The right to *vote* we'll give you,
But *tried* you should be first.

Then come along, etc.

Our people claim the right
To rule this mighty land,
Till you become like one of us,
And side by side we stand.

Then we'll divide with you
Upon true, honest merit,
Those honors by adoption
Which we by birth inherit.

Then come along, etc.

"The clanking chains of slavery,"
A foul, disgraceful blot
Upon our fair escutcheon,
There longer should be not.
Come help us *check* its farther spread,
And keep the balance *free*,
And then *repose* in welcome
Beneath our freedom tree.

Then come along, etc.

The South shall raise the cotton,
The West, the corn and pork ;
The New England manufactories
Do up the finer work.

For their pure and flowing fountains,
Their rivers, brooks and rills,
Are just the thing for washing sheep,
And *driving* cotton mills.

Then come along, etc.

Our fathers gave us liberty,
But little did they dream—
The grand results that flow along
This mighty age of steam.
Our rivers, lakes and oceans,
Are all on a blaze of fire,
And the news we send by lightning
On the telegraphic wire.

Then come along, etc.

We are bound to beat the nations,
For our mothers "go ahead,"
And we'll show to foreign paupers
That our people are well fed.
We'll prove to all the nations
Uncle Sam is not a fool,
For his people do the voting,
And his children go to school.

Then come along, etc.

LINES,

PRONOUNCED at a political meeting, held at Rising Sun, September 1st, 1832, and published by order of the meeting, with the proceedings of the day. I introduce it here because it produced quite a sensation at the time, subjecting me to high encomiums and to bitter censure and reproof—

a reminiscence of the eventful past. Another reason is, to show that while I fearlessly and fully avow my own political preferences, I as cheerfully accord to others the same privilege without censure. And for the same reason I introduce a few national toasts. If they are a little odd and comic, so much the better. Any thing for a pleasing change.

OUR patriotic President dared veto the bank,
And America's true sons, each warmly him thank;
He boldly refused to re-charter the same,
Hence, the sons of Columbia feel proud of his name.

The friend of the poor man, his country's tried friend,
Will ne'er be forsaken while his measures all tend
Alike to protect the rich and the poor,
When he varies from that, "sin lies at his door."

The hero of Orleans has once been elected
To preside o'er the Union—and more than expected—
Ability and skill he has clearly displayed;
Yes, even to those who him President made.

Let Clay and the bank against him conspire,
They can't put him down nor raise him much higher;
Let us be independent, keep our money at home,
Re-elect Andrew Jackson and let aliens roam.

Elect Henry Clay and the bank he'll re-charter,
And we'll scarce find a President to veto it after;
While "foreigners and Clay" united do stand,
Our favorite old Hickory prefers his own land.

Ye hard laboring, poor "mechanics and farmers,"
Ye "merchants of commerce" and smiths with your
hammers;

Ye heroes who fought and who wish to be free,
In November, rally to your *own Hickory*.

But still, here's a *health* to the friends who say nay,
Whose true love of their country unites them to Clay;
And many of these there certainly are,
Among our opponents, deny it who dare.

TOASTS FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

GENERAL Jackson now and ever,
He would not let the Union sever;
In the forum and in the field
His country's rights would never yield.
Now that he fills the chair of state,
His *acts* proclaim him truly great;
When he hath run his brilliant race,
May another good citizen take his place.

THE next presidency—no foul play—
General Andrew Jackson, or Henry Clay,
May the better man be elected
(The other, of course, rejected).
The minority submit and quietly obey,
So peace be restored and strife die away,
And America flourish and for ever be free,—
Three cheers to virtue and integrity.

To the virtuous and brave who have fought for this
day,
Whether friends of Calhoun, of Jackson, or Clay;
Long life and great plenty, all honor and ease,
Yes, every good thing be awarded to these.
Then hush every murmur, hard sayings begone!
Men think themselves right when greatly in the wrong.

Then tax not their virtue, for reason relents,
And reclaims with *soft* words and *hard* arguments.
But, to the vainly ambitious whose hearts are not
 sound,
(And too many there are of the like to be found;)
Not wishing them harm beyond the cold tomb,
Let the following be their temporary doom:
A *gauze* pair of breeches and a *porcupine* saddle,
A *hard* trotting horse and let them ride straddle;
And a very *long* journey and *no* friends by the way
To welcome these *foes* of America.

A HEALTH TO POVERTY.

Like the pretty snow bird, it *sticks* by you throughout the cold and "bitter blast," when every *other* "feathered songster,"—when *all* your "summer friends" have fled.

EDITORIAL.

IN 1835, I removed to Newcastle, Henry county, Indiana, and at the instance of my friends, became the sole editor of *The Newcastle Banner*. My connection with it was of short duration. For particulars, see "biography." While occupying the editorial chair, I perpetrated and published in the *Banner*, the following:

ODE,

TO THE NEWCASTLE BANNER.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Newcastle Banner shall usher my song,
Please lend your attention, 'twill not take me long;
So my humble muse, 'tis high time to awake,
In truth and in rhyme a synopsis now take,
Of the Newcastle Banner.

All the current news of each passing week,
Whether odd or familiar, we shall carefully seek;
And our readers anon shall receive the best part,
In informing the head or improving the heart,
Through the Newcastle Banner.

Sectarian disputes, the scourge of the world,
Shall out of our office with vengeance be hurled;
Good subjects, well written, shall each find a place,
But personal abuse shall never disgrace
The Newcastle Banner.

No pledge shall we give, no one party sustain,
But a little for each, an insertion may gain;
There's good and there's bad, no doubt, on each side,
By truth and fair dealing we trust we shall guide
The Newcastle Banner.

Fair science and art may here speak their claims,
How our bosoms elate at the charm of their names;
Obedience and virtue to the laws of the land,
Shall ever possess a primary stand,
In the Newcastle Banner.

Internal improvements shall all fostered be,
And D. manufactures to their utmost degree;
Turnpikes and railroads, canals and the like,
Shall all canvassed be, both in black and in white,
In the Newcastle Banner.

A neat superroyal will just be the size,
With its cotemporaries it honorably vies;
To the rich and the poor *vade mecum* it will be,
At home and abroad by land or by sea,
Then who'll take the Banner.

There'll be pretty tales for your children to read,
And such information as our patrons most need;
Domestic and foreign shall each form a part,
Then subscribe *en masse* with a liberal heart
For the Newcastle Banner.

But the cash we shall want as it becomes due,
Dishonest subscribers, we trust, will be few;
Delinquents all know good people abhor,
So our patrons, we trust, will promptly pay for
The Newcastle Banner.

On this good endeavor should dame fortune frown,
Just for the GOOD WILL, we'll keep our anger down;
We'll wait awhile longer, we'll twist and we'll turn,
To keep up our credit, and advance the concern
Of the Newcastle Banner.

Good doctors and lawyers, we would here just advise,
To hand us a FEE and we'll advertise,
And grocers and merchants, we want of you CASH,
For PUFFING your goods, your silks, and your TRASH
In the Newcastle Banner.

We'll go one round more for the sake of the fun,
(My impertinent muse wilt thou never be done?)
Huzza for the farmer, mechanic and all,
And never, O never, do suffer to fall,
The Newcastle Banner.

Kind editors all, will please lend a hand,
Just simply exchange, they will understand;
May friendship and peace pervade their whole ranks,
The like we'll return with our hearty thanks
Through the Newcastle Banner.

Then here is the health we offer to all,
Without whose support the Banner must fall:
May they prosper and flourish and for ever be free,
And their watchword henceforward this short sentence
be—
Success to the Banner.

A COMPLIMENTARY EPISTLE.

WE have said that we occupied the editorial chair but for a short season. But we won a fame in that short period which some do not win in a life-time—that of being “no great scratch” of an editor after all—perhaps. If that opinion did at all prevail, there were exceptions to the rule, as the following, among other favorable notices, will show :

To the Editor of the The Newcastle Banner—

RESPECTED sir, I beg you now,
A perfect stranger to allow
His friendship for you to avow
 In artless line;
For well I know, I know not how
 To make it shine.

And I must own I have some fear,
Before you, boldly, to appear,
Lest you should think it of me queer
 To make so free.
But if you should sarcastic sneer,
 That I shant see.

And well I know my untaught speech
Soars not beyond the critic's reach,—
And can not you amuse or teach
 With strange or new.
But timidly have made this breach
 To learn from you—

Though my rude muse did beg and plead
From letting you her nonsense read—
I've mounted on the poesy's steed
 Prepared for flight;
Determined full, that she shall lead
 And guide me right.

Now if to ride you feel inclined,
Imagination room will find,
To let you take a seat behind
 And ride with me.
Pegassus carries double kind,
 As you will see.

A lengthy journey we'll not take,
Nor yet each other we'll forsake,
Until we some acquaintance make,
 In sober rhyme.
Perhaps in livelier strains to wake
 Some other time.

This weary beast so often rode,
Moves sluggish with its heavy load
From vacant minded's dull abode
 And thoughtless rest;
Unless the muse with fancy's good
 Can stir the breast.

Prepared with paper, pen and ink,
I'll slap down now just what I think,
And try with rhyme to make it clink
 In measures span;
And aim its different parts to link
 As well's I can.

I've been informed you have a slight,
In prose or rhyme your thoughts to write,
And can them either way indite;

With so much ease,
That all who of them get a sight,
They're sure to please.

Beside 'tis said, in you is found
A heart that does in love abound,
With honest kindness compassed round,
And social turn,
And wrong designed, not envy's sound
Could there discern.

For friends like these, I've ever sought,
And in this case, to you I thought,
An introduction should be sought,
Trusting in you
This essay not to set at naught,
Scorned in your view.

And if this bold attempt should fail,
Pray put it not in t' other scale,
Lest by its weight it should prevail
Against the end,
And time when you I hope to hail
As my best friend.

And though so many friends you have,
An humble backward seat I crave,
Which with them, by you, might be *gave*,
And from the rest,
Unless I proved to be a knave,
Not take the least.

Throughout our journey here below,
As up and down through life we go,
O'er hills of joy, and vales of woe,
 We ne'er can see,
One earthly stream of sweets to flow,
 From sorrow free.

Should fate not snap life's brittle thread,
Youth's frolic hours will soon have fled,
Age following with its silvery tread,
 Advances on,
To lay us with the lowly dead,
 Forgot and gone.

We scarce can taste a single joy,
That is unmixed with an alloy,
E'en should we thoughts or hopes employ
 Of future bliss,
Old Satan's presence will annoy,
 And frustrate this.

While nature's hand does kind dispense
The joys that gratify the sense,
I find none in her providence,
 I value more,
Than friendship's sweet that flow immense,
 From that rich store.

Then may we evil passions quell,
And henceforth ever peaceful dwell
With brother men, and them compel
 The way we go.
And with kind feeling, now farewell—
 I bid to you.

JUNO.

MUNCY TOWN, March 20, 1836.

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
—

MY UNKNOWN FRIEND:—

I HAVE received your note most kind,
 Which under date of March I find,
 Wherein you say you feel inclined
 To be my friend,
 To my own good I should be blind
 Not back to send.

But will premise what is most true,
 I'll not attempt to rival you,
 Full well I know that I can't do,
 Hence I give o'er.
 Poetic skill you've brought to view,
 In days of yore.

True I can write in prose or rhyme,
 There's no great difference in the time,
 But lay no claim to the sublime,
 In nought I do,
 Parnassus' hight I ne'er can climb—
 Not so with you.

Oft rivalry of ill is rife,
 Hence I ne'er poetized for strife,
 Save once I think, in all my life,
 Then took the prize.*

To 'tempt it here * * * * *
 Would be unwise.

* The Indiana Palladium : one year for a New Year's Address, in 1832.

But purely out of etiquette,
 My pen in ink forthwith I wet.
 To answer yours *pop down* I set,
 Though 'gainst my muse,
 And you may either laugh or fret;
 Just as you choose.

I will premise, you need not fear,
 That I shall once sarcastic sneer—
 Believe me sir, I hold them dear,
 Those lines of thine.
 But dare not hope you will appear
 To value mine.

Your invitation I embrace,
 Though sure myself much to disgrace,
 My poetry with yours to place;
 But wont refuse
 The seat you say with modest grace,
 That's due my Muse.

I shall be pleased to ride with you,
 Since you 've an honest heart and true
 That daily I may something new
 Add to my stock.
 I'll take the seat you say's my due—
 Nor ever balk.

For I'm informed, on learning's score
 You are well versed in Classic lore,
And well may claim to ride before
 On Poesy's steed.
 On this we need to say no more,
 Since I'm agreed.

Indeed kind sir, you flatter me,
And when each other we shall see,
I fear you'll disappointed be,
 In your sought friend.
But never from you will I flee,
 You may depend.

As you're informed, such is my turn,
As all who will may soon discern,
And daily more and more I learn
 To use all well,
But base men from my presence spurn,
 Nor with them dwell.

On friendship, sir, we both agree,
There's nought on earth more dear to me,
From bitter strife I always flee,
 And refuge seek
With those whose hearts from guile are free,
 And spirits meek.

There's not a joy that mortals know,
While on their pilgrimage below,
That will compare with those that flow
 From friendship's source.
From this blest fount I will not go,
 Except by force.

Then let us make it all our care,
To shun each vain and hurtful snare,
By daily watching unto prayer,
 While life shall last.
We'll sip our fill when we get there,
 Of love's repast.

You 'll find a warm, warm friend in me,
Par nobile fratum let us be,
Nor ever let us disagree,
 But dwell in peace:
And when each other we shall see,
 May love increase.

Among my friends you crave a seat,
Quite in the rear you would retreat,
Such friends as you, I seldom meet,
 Hence you assign
A place among the first I greet,
 As friends of mine.

You say you 've heard much good of me,
From cruel envy you are free,
And that myself you hope to see,
 Some future time,
Believe me sir, I am as ye,
 'T is truth in rhyme.

And may I ever worthy prove,
Of your unsought, yet priceless love,
And journeying to our home above,
 With heart and hand,
My unknown friend, let's onward move
 To Canaan's land.

There purest joys for ever flow,
And all are strangers there to woe,
From glory they to glory go
 On streets of gold.
How sad the contrast here below,
 As you have told.

I've taken quite a pleasant ride,
Since I *behind* you did bestride,
On Poesy's steed and let *you* guide;
Should like to more,
But can not, sir,—you wound my pride
Quite to the core.

Since I've got on you seem distressed,
Your *sluggish* beast you say's oppressed,
And standeth much in need of rest:
Who will may scoff.
A modest *hint*, 't must be confessed,
So I'll get off.

But think me not, in humor ill,
Though I thus flourish with my quill;
I do remain your warm friend still,
'T is all a pun.
With merry laugh, I would you fill,
And now I'm done.

But should your beast e'er be refreshed,
And friendly thought inspire your breast,
As saith your Muse, so have them dressed,
And send them me,
I'll view them as before expressed,
As you shall see.

You now must feel in merry plight,
So take alone your lofty flight,
Leaving poor me quite out of sight,
Gazing at you.
So here's your health, no more I'll write,—
Adieu, adieu.

LITERARY.

Having had much experience in the schoolroom, I give place to the following articles, in order to show what kind feelings should exist between the Teacher and his Pupils, to make the schoolroom a happy and a useful place. And more than that, I think there is real merit in these juvenile productions, well worthy of preservation in *any* book—and especially so in the book of their old Teacher. Mine will speak for themselves.

INVITATION TO SCHOOL.

Selected by Miss Alice Clark, an interesting little Miss, of some 10 or 12 summers—corrected for the occasion, and sung at the commencement of a new term.

SCHOOL is begun, so come every one,
With bright and smiling faces,
For happy are they, who learn while they may,
So come and take your places.

Here you will find your teacher most kind,
And by his aid succeeding;
The older you grow, the more you will know,
If you but love your reading.

Little boys, when you grow to be men,
And fill some honored station,
If you should once be found out a *dunce*,
O! think of your vexation.

And little girls, too, a kind word to you,
To learn is now your duty—
Without—none will deem you worthy of esteem,
Whate'er your wealth or beauty.

Let us *all* then, young ladies and young men,
Little girls and boys altogether,
Be each in his place, with a bright smiling face,
In *fair* and in *foul* weather.

And every one try, with each other to vie,
In kind and in good behavior;
And thus lighten the care, of our kind teacher there,
And win his loving favor.

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

—
BY THE TEACHER.
—

My dear little Miss, for a tribute like this,
So kind, yet so unassuming,
You deserve great praise, all the rest of your days,
I may say, without once presuming.

Nearly forty long years, with prayers and with tears,
I have acted the part of "the Master,"
And never found one, who more perfectly won
My love—or improvement made faster.

How exceedingly dear, good scholars appear,
In school—and evermore after,
They seldom annoy, either a girl or a boy,
By tricks—or mischievous laughter.

But the eye and the ear and the mind appear,
Fully bent to make some improvement,
In "the branches taught," just as they ought,
And do—in every movement.

If your schoolmates dear, will only give ear,
To your kind and good admonition,
Very pleasant hours will engage all our powers,
In study and tuition.

And O, may we meet, and each other greet,
In the blissful realms of glory,—
To meet you up there, is my fervent prayer,
And here I conclude my story.



SCHOOL COMPOSITION.

—
BY DAVID P. ROW.
—

A WORD to you, my classmates dear,
Before we all disperse,
My thoughts you see, I've written down,
And strung them into verse.

If we come here to look about,
Our teacher sure will say
We can not learn—and better far,
For us to stay away.

We all meet here, week after week,
With bright and sparkling eyes;
And if we study as we should,
'T will make us good and wise.

As learning is the greatest thing,
That ever man possessed,
May all that our kind teacher says,
Upon our minds be pressed.

If we'd be wise, or good, or great,
We all must study hard,
Then living long, or dying soon,
We'll gain a rich reward.

Our teacher here is very kind,
And all should love him well,
And for our future happiness,
Make every quarter tell.

And now, dear classmates, let us try,
To do as we are told,
And then how happy we shall be,
Nor will the teacher scold.

And O, I know, we love him well,
And well he loves us too,
So with these humble lines young friends,
I bid you all—adieu.



RESPONSE TO THE FOREGOING.

—
BY THE TEACHER.
—

MY dear kind pupil, I must say,
Your composition is first rate,
And if you by these precepts live,
You'll surely be both good and great.

Your admonitions are most true,
And can not fail to do much good,
If all will only practice them,
As kind good classmates ever should.

The kindly "tribute" which you pay,
Unto your poor old teacher here,
Is very grateful to my heart,
And ever will remain most dear.

Go on and cultivate your mind,
And store it well with "learning's lore,"
And you'll be useful, good and happy,—
I'll not detain you to say more.

And what I say, to you, kind sir,
I say to all both young and old,
I love you dearly, every one,
And *seldom* need to fret or scold.

Your time is precious as gold dust,
Improve each fleeting moment well,
In youth's bright morn—and may we here,
In peace and friendship ever dwell.

And O! where'er our lots are cast,
On the broad stage of human life,
Let us in friendship ever live,
Avoiding all that tends to strife.

And when "life's busy scenes" are o'er,
May we in peace lie *down* and die,
And in "the resurrection morn"—wake up
To bliss immortal in the sky.

ADIEU AND RESPONSE.

THE following "ADIEU" and "RESPONSE" were sung at the close of my school. The Adieu was selected by CLARA COLLIER, an interesting little Miss, and corrected for the occasion by a friend. The Response, by the Teacher.

Air—"FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAIN."

PUPILS' ADIEU.

WHILE the full tide of gladness
Is flowing through each heart,
There comes a thought of sadness,
It is—that we must part.

The band that's here united,
May meet no more on earth;
This thought has hushed and blighted
Our song and smile of mirth.

We've had the kindest teacher
That pupils ever had,
His presence every morning
Made all our hearts right glad.

And when we vexed or grieved him,
How kindly he'd forgive;
His name we'll love and cherish,
Long as on earth we live.

Here will our thoughts oft linger,
Where'er our "lots are cast,"
Till memory's feeble finger
Shall fail to trace the past.

Kind schoolmates, let us cherish
 "The precepts" taught us here,
And "crowns that will not perish,"
 We by and by shall wear.

Dear teacher, may God's blessing
 Crown all your future days,
While "onward" we are pressing,
 In "wisdom's pleasant ways."

And oh! we hope to meet you
 In heaven, where all is bright—
Where none who there shall greet you,
 Will ever say "*Good Night.*"

TEACHER'S RESPONSE.

MY kindest, dearest pupils,
 I gratefully receive
The chaste and pretty "tribute,"
 Which here to me you give.

But oh! I have no language,
 To tell you how my heart
Is throbbing—sighing—bleeding,
 To think we now must part.

We've spent delightful seasons,
 In harmony and love—
(With very few exceptions,)
 Like unto that above.

I've ruled by love and kindness—
 Not with "the hateful rod,"

Appealing to your judgments,
And praying unto God.

We now must part asunder,
To meet the "ills of life,"
Be tossed, and tried, and tempted,
Amid the "glorious strife."

But never fail nor falter,
"Whatever ills betide,"
You will come off victorious,
With virtue on your side.

"The paths of sin and folly,"
For ever 'void and shun,
And as a "*deadly serpent*,"
From "*rum holes*" ever run.

Bright honors then await you,
I know—" *I feel it true*;"
Let each his part "act nobly,"—
Dear scholars, now "*Adieu*."

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

ELIZABETH JACKSON, a very promising and interesting little Miss of some 16 summers at the time, concluded a very beautiful school-composition upon the Beauties of Nature, in poetic and harmonious number, thus:

How glorious looks the god of day
When first he mounts the sky,

He drives all darkness from his way,
And drinks the dew cups dry;
How modest looks the sweet pale morn,
When Sol has run his race,
And left fair Luna to illume
The sky with her mild face.

And there is brilliant Venus, too,
The eve and morning star,
O sure this grand and splendid view
Surpasses art by far.
And then behold the thunderstorm,
With awful splendor—grand,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roll,
And billows lave the strand.

And when the storm has passed away,
And all is still and calm,
All nature smiles and seems to join,
In one thanksgiving psalm.
The feathered songsters of the air,
Warbling their mellow lays,
Are beautiful to eye and ear,
And fill the heart with praise.

Then look we at the beauteous flowers,
Which bloom to bless our sight,
They lend their fragrance to the air,
And fill us with delight.
Thus comforts sweet and blessings rare,
We have from day to day,
More than I now can here recount,
Or ever here repay.

Then we should raise, with grateful hearts,
Our souls to God in prayer,
Who is so very kind to us,
And thank him for his care.

LIZZIE.

ANSWER.

—
BY THE TEACHER.
—

DEAR LIZZIE:—

YOUR composition, number two,
Is beautiful indeed,
The subject was well chosen, too,
As we are all agreed.

A theme more grand and beautiful,
More grateful to the heart,
Could not be found beneath the sun,
In Science, Ethics, Art.

The golden sun—the god of day,
The modest queen of night,
The stars that twinkle in the sky,
And shine with luster bright
Are full of beauty, and inspire
Anthems of grateful praise,
To Him who placed them thus on high,
Our thoughts to upward raise.

A contemplation of these things,
Must elevate the mind,
And I rejoice, to see that you,
Are to such thoughts inclined.

To cheer you on your way, kind Miss,
Your studies to pursue,
Is now my object and my aim,
In writing thus to you.

King David, though he wore a crown,
Was wrapt in visions bright,
When he surveyed the starry heavens,
At morn, at noon, at night.

These mighty works of God proclaim,
That small and frail we are,
Instead of being vain and proud,
'Twill humble us in prayer.

'Twill lead us all to trust in God,
Since birds, their food can't miss,
And some sip honey all the day,
From flowers—with a kiss.

Your manners and improvement, too,
Merit my warmest praise,
Go on as heretofore—and walk
In wisdom's pleasant ways.

And you'll be loved and useful here,
And happy when you die,
And when the scenes of life are o'er,
You'll triumph in the sky.

There friends and kindred whom you love,
Are looking out for you,
And there I hope to greet you all,
Dear Lizzie now—Adieu.

CONTENTMENT.

—
BY MATILDA.
—

PERMIT me here to introduce another young lady of taste and talents to my readers. Several years ago she was one of my pupils, loved and cherished still—is now married, the mother of two sweet children, but one is not. I called to see her the other day, and she showed me some of her poetic effusions in confidence as an old friend. At my request she presented me with one on *contentment*. It is a *gem* for the beauty of its composition, and much more so for its chaste and pure, and holy, and happy sentiment, and is especially worthy of attention in these times of matrimonial disquietude and divorces. It will speak for itself.

A HAPPY wife indeed am I,
Though not of wealth I boast supply;
My husband owns no mansion great,
Nor may he sit in "halls of state;"
No "carpets soft," beneath our feet,
Nor "easy chair," with "cushioned seat,"
Adorn our little "sitting room"—
And yet we have "a happy home."

My love works hard from morn till night—
In idleness takes no delight;
His hands inured to manly toil,
Feels not disgraced to till the soil;
Nor do I blush that you should hear
He is by trade a carpenter.
And though but little we may own,
We have indeed "a happy home."

We care not what the world may say--
We for each other live each day;

And oh! I'm richer than a queen,
For in his heart I reign supreme—
A heart of purest honesty,
Where lurks no guile or trickery;
And hence it is, though poor in life,
I am indeed "a happy wife."

He may be wronged, but ne'er returns
An injury—for O! he spurns
Revengeful fires from his pure heart,
Though keen should be "the traitor's dart,"
Ah no! I would not change with those
Who in their fame or wealth repose—
For though no title does he bear,
I'm pleased his humble name to wear.

Content and happy every day—
And who will dare my life gainsay,
When they reflect that th' wise and great
Of every clime and land and state
Declare "God's noblest work" is he
Whose heart from guile and sin is free:
All this in him I richly own,
And can but have "a happy home."

Ah yes, we have a happy home,
Where bitter strife has never come;
Nor may we cease to take delight
In strewing o'er our pathway bright
The flowers of pure and constant love
Till in "that better land" above,
With our Redeemer we sit down,
"Heirs of a kingdom and a crown."

LIGHTLY TREAD.

AIR:—"LIGHTLY ROW."

THE slamming of doors and the stamping of feet is a great annoyance at home, abroad, at church, and especially so in the schoolroom. I have, therefore, *selected* for my little readers the following pretty little Poem, which I hope they will commit to memory, and not forget to practice either at home, abroad, at church, and by all means, at school.

LIGHTLY tread, lightly tread—
So our teacher oft has said.
Softly go, softly go—
'Tis the law we know.
Lightly tread the echoing floor,
Lightly shut the slamming door.
Lightly all, lightly all,
Let our footsteps fall.

Childhood here, childhood here—
Comes to learn, obey and fear—
Fear the wrong, fear the wrong—
'Tis our strife and song.
Thus shall love and filial fear,
Mingle with our studies here.
Pressing on, pressing on—
Youth will soon be gone.

Far away, far away,
We may run, and jump, and play;
Laugh and shout, laugh and shout,
Childhood ringing out;

But assembled here in school,
Let us all obey the rule;
Lightly go, lightly go—
Thus our love we show.

Study now, study now—
Happy hearts and healthy brow,
This the time, this the time,
Now in youthful prime;
Wisdom, goodness, honor, all,
Childhood to obeisance call.
Let us all, let us all,
Listen to the call.

A TEACHER'S FAREWELL.

My scholars dear, to me give ear,
While I to you relate,
That you appear to me most dear,
The small as well as great.
Though to me dear, great is my fear
You'll find cause to complain;
Though from the start, my anxious heart
Has feared to give you pain.
To do just right, I've strove with might,
To govern with a smile;
To lead you up those steeps abrupt,
The sciences beguile.
You've been to me most kind and free,
My every wish to do;
Hence I can ne'er find those more dear
To my fond heart than you.

Though part we must, I fain would trust,
The mem'ry of my name
You'll cherish long, in heart and song,
As when at first I came.
Nor night, nor day, I've ceased to pray
For your advancement here;
I say again, I can't restrain
The parting sigh and tear.

I think, alas! how soon will pass
The pleasing scenes of youth;
O! then, I pray, heed what I say,
And treasure up the truth.
This world of woe, through which you go,
Is full of *pits* and *snares*;
Then be discreet, and as is meet,
On God cast all your cares.

And in his Book be sure to look,
And "*search*" it every day;
And with delight, each morn and night,
Renew your vows, and pray.
Let God be *first* in whom you trust,
And he shall guide you well;
All you should do, and all eschew,
His word and Spirit tell.

The *fatal* BOWL, which blights the soul,
O dash at once away;
'T will ruin all, both great and small,
And drain the *purse* to pay.
"My country's hope," could I give scope
To all that's in my heart,
I'd paint to you, in colors true,
The drunkard's horrid chart.

The grief and woe, that gushing flow,
 (At the poor tippler's fall,)
From those we love, on earth, above,
 Should each fond heart appall.
The brightest flower, when in the power
 Of those who *make* or *sell*,
Are almost sure, if they endure,
 To grace a FELON'S cell.

You will succeed, in rapid speed,
 To rule in Church and State;
And if I could, I'm sure I would
 Rear you for trusts so great.
In fine, you must be *kind* and *just*,
 Thus *merit* a good name;
This is the road all men have trod
 To usefulness and fame.

New teachers here, you will next year,
 Have occupy my place;
To them give ear—obey with fear—
 With your accustomed grace.
Rev'rence the old, as you've been told—
 Your parents, too, obey;
Your classmates here, to you so dear,
 Help onward in the way.

Let not recess make you the less
 Fond of your book and pen;
But occupy, as the moments fly,
 Young ladies and young men.
A learned mind no chains can bind—
 Its joys are pure and sweet;
Add but this one—Virtue's bright sun—
 Your bliss will be complete.

Now brothers near, and sisters dear,
Unite with one accord;
Make it appear, both far and near,
You love and serve the Lord.
Let love and peace with you increase—
Let strife be done away;
Then with one voice you shall rejoice
When here you cease to stay.

And 'tis my prayer to meet you there,
Where partings are no more;
There through rich grace, God's love to trace,
For ever, evermore.
What high-wrought joy shall there employ
Our every ransomed power;
O scholars dear, to meet me there,
Resolve from this sad hour.

Observe my looks, and take your books,
I bid you now adieu;
It grieves my heart, that I must part,
To meet no more with you.
Still I am glad I ever had
These happy scenes with you;
'Tis ever sweet when you I greet—
A joy that's ever new.

How sweet the note that oft did float
Upon the evening air,
When old and young rose up and sung,
Then joined in solemn prayer.
These scenes, alas! no more will pass
With us together here;
And here we pay, as well we may,
The tribute of a tear.

I would prolong my humble song,
And tell you how my heart,
At every pore, bleeds more and more,
To think we now must part.
Farewell, YOUNG MEN, you've been my friends,
In every time of need;
And, LADIES, too, I bid adieu,
No more to hear you read.

The *little class* I will not pass,
But take you ALL along;
May heaven bless my poor address,—
Thus I conclude my song.
When this you see, remember me,
And this last interview;
May grace and truth bless age and youth—
Dear scholars, now—*adieu!!!*

EPISTOLARY.

LINES,

Subjoined to a letter to my parents, containing a memento.

WHEN this you see, remember me,
And bear me in your mind,
And do not think, though far away,
To you I feel unkind.

Ah, no! I miss your watchful care—
I mourn your kind embrace,
And fain would give all I possess
Could I but see your face.

Kind parents dear, let not a tear
Disturb or mar your peace;
For if the Lord shall make it clear,
You'll see me in the east.

From thence I hope to meet you all
On Canaan's happy shore,
Where we shall see each other's face,
And separate no more.

LINES TO A BROTHER.—No. 1.

Written under adverse and discouraging circumstances.

I've often longed with anxious heart, and wished to see you sore,
But have abandoned near all hope of seeing you a' more;
Enough I have already lost, as you by this will see,
To fit me out, and take me back to where I fain would be.

Should not the scale in mercy turn, I ne'er shall see thy face;
Yet I'm quite happy on my way—my song is all free grace.
Religion—O the charming theme! grace—how it cheers my
heart!

With it I'm quite enabled with all my friends to part.

Yet O the thought of getting home to Canaan's peaceful shore;
Where I do hope to see you all, to part again no more.
There to recount our sorrows o'er, all tears be wiped away;
There all together we shall sit and chant the golden lay.

Our absence and our longing here, to see each other's face,
Will only serve our joys to nerve when there we each embrace;
O! if I had but room enough, a lengthy tale I'd tell;
For want I close, though 'gainst my will, so, brother, fare you
well. A. J. COTTON.

LINES TO A BROTHER.—No. 2.

Responsive to a request for some of my Poetry, 1820.

YOUR letter, dated March the 4th, in good time came to hand;
From which I learn that you are journeying to that land
Where all is peace and joy, where friends no more shall part;
Then go ye on and prosper—you have my hand and heart.

Some of my poetry you wish me now to write;
 Your call I do obey with pleasure and delight;
 There 's nothing in it beautiful—my style is always plain,
 And may be laughed at by my friends, with you, 'way down in
 Maine.

But let us each press onward, and daily bear the cross;
 All earthly good beside is vanity and dross;
 I'm more than e'er resolved to walk the narrow way;
 O! let us faithful prove, and for each other pray.

LINES TO MRS. COTTON.—No. 1.

Written at New Orleans, in 1828.

O! IF I could, I'm sure I would for ever by thee stay,
 And do my part, with willing heart, and soothe thy cares away;
 It grieves me much, but ah! 't is such my case will not admit,
 That I should dwell in my own cell,* and ever by you sit.

But there's a thought, which I just caught, which does amount
 to this:

Thy lonely fare, with so much care, will land thy soul in bliss.
 'T is there I do, along with you—our children in the ring—
 Expect relief from every grief, and hallelujahs sing.

These lines I've sent with full intent, and that you can but see,
 To know how you and the children do, and you, how 't is with
 me;

Now, my dear wife, do guard thy life, as here I do thee tell;
 And write to me first chance you see, and now, dear wife, fare-
 well.

A. J. COTTON.

* Log Cabin.

LINES TO MRS. COTTON.—No. 2.

Written at Natchez, 1828.

AND now, my dear wife, and my children most dear,
For me grieve not, vent not one sigh or one tear;
Ere six fleeting months shall have rolled their short round,
At my own fireside I hope to be found.

O! then let us wait, and for each other pray,
And this anxious time will soon pass away,
When we shall recount our pleasures and pain,
And indulge the fond hope of not parting again.

'T was painful to leave you (even now my tears flow)—
I love my sweet home—you know it is so;
'T was duty that called me to wander away,
And duty suggests that here I should stay.

Here I have good friends, and am making out well,
Yet my longings to see you no language can tell;
From what I have written, you can but discern,
That so soon as I can, I intend to return.

Could I fold myself up in this letter to you,
I'd return post haste, depend, it is true;
The first chance I have, I will write you again—
In the bonds of affection, I, as ever, remain,

Yours till death,

A. J. COTTON.

LINES TO A SISTER.—No. 1.

Written after a return from a most delightful visit to my friends
in Maine.—1829.

I OFTEN call to mind the many happy hours,
Enjoyed with you of late beneath your friendly bowers,
Saturnian were those days, our joys were quite complete,
And O! how much I long, again with you to meet.

And if fugacity were subject to my sway,
I'd visit you again, nor would I long delay,
For O! the anxious hours that are allotted me,
And doubtless will remain, 'till you again I see.

Ay! when I go to church, where all are joined in prayer,
O! then I think of you, and wish you were but there,
But then I think again, 't will not be very long,
'Till we shall meet above, and sing redemption's song.

Oft in the midnight gloom, while in the arms of sleep,
I fancy you I see, and only wake to weep,
For soon, alas! I find, those Utopean sweets
All quickly pass away, when me the morning greets.

The only real bliss, which here to me is given,
Is centered in the hope of meeting you in heaven,
There with our dearest friends who have before us gone,
We'll shake the hand of friendship, and join the holy song.

And in the boundless sea of God's consummate grace,
Forget our every pain, and see each other's face,
In ecstasies unknown, survey the glories there,—
Then let us faithful prove, and live a life of prayer.

A. J. COTTON.

LINES TO A SISTER.—No. 2.

Written under similar circumstances.

My mind how oft it soars aloft, on contemplation's wing,
Nor lights again 'till in the Maine, with each of you I sing,
I call to mind, your love most kind, your conversation sweet,
Be this my song, O! how I long, again with you to meet.

And if I could, I'm sure I would, fly back to you in haste,
For I do long, to hear your song, and bygone pleasures taste.
Our meeting there, I do declare, was a rich and sweet repast,
My brother dear, O! are you here, O! have you come at last.

It does appear, sometimes as clear, as any thing can be,
That still I hear, thy voice so dear, how sweet the thought
to me,

But soon alas! those phantoms pass, then fancied sweets adieu,
Again I long to hear your song, and worship 'long with you.

Oft in the night I take delight, in visions, O! how sweet,
It is to me, for you I see, and you again I greet,
But when the light pours on my sight, the happy spell is broke,
And then I sigh, to think that I, so suddenly had woke.

O! if you knew my love to you, how oft my heart is riven,
You could not doubt one word about the statement I have
given,

Still I have joys, which nought annoys, and hail the happy
day,

When we shall fly, up to the sky, and join the golden lay.

And there shall we, for ever be, shall shout our conflicts o'er,
Through boundless grace, see face to face, and reign for ever-
more,

Where streets are gold, we shall behold the friends we loved so
here,

And shout and sing, to Christ our King,—now fare you well,
my dear.

LINES TO A SISTER.—No. 3.

—
WRITTEN AS ABOVE.
—

O! how precious it is to contemplate,
The happy hours enjoyed with you of late,
An absence long made it indeed more dear;
Nor can I once, suppress a sigh, a tear.

I call to mind our happy meeting there,
Pure earthly bliss, I gratefully declare.
Thy sweet embrace—O brother! can this be you?
What tears of joy did then our cheeks bedew.

I fancy oft, that I can see you still,
With what delight it does my bosom fill,
But O! how soon those fancied joys depart,
And leave to me a very pensive heart.

And oft do I, in the dead hours of night,
While in soft sleep enjoy most sweet delight;
In happy dreams I hear, I see you all;
But when I wake, 'tis vain on you to call.

O, if I had the power to fly away,
How soon I'd hail another meeting day;
I can not tell the longings of my heart,
From friends we love how hard it is to part.

How sweet the thought, we soon shall meet in heaven
O, precious hope to us through mercy given;
For there shall we, through matchless saving grace,
Shake hands again, and see each other's face.

In bliss immortal, we evermore shall dwell,
Nor once repeat that fearful word farewell;
Survey all heaven with wonder and delight,—
Now sister dear, I bid you all “good night.”

LINES TO A SISTER.—No. 4.

Written at sea, homeward bound, after enjoying a second, and,
as it was then thought, in in all probability, the very last
of the kind, in time.

O SISTER! O sister! your absence I mourn,
As o'er the blue waters from you I am borne;
My bark rides nobly, with her canvas all spread,
Yet many are the tears which for you I have shed.

I pace the lone deck, I lean o'er the bow—
O, what would I give to be with you now!
The whale and the shark are sporting the while,
And a thousand odd sights my moments beguile.

But there is no sight, no sound half so dear,
As the sweets of thy voice, which oft did me cheer;
'Tis my daily repast to think about you,
And O! how it pains me to bid you adieu.

Yet 'tis a sweet boon, far more precious than gold,
To have such dear friends; but it ne'er can be told
How dear parents and friends yet cling to my heart,
And yet I am forced from them all to depart.

Though I long to regain my distant sweet home,
To rest from my toils, not soon more to roam,
Yet O! how it grieves me to think we must part—
It goes like a dagger to my bleeding heart.

I call up to mind your great kindness to me,
And could wish where you are there I ever might be;
Ah, long shall I cherish, with heartfelt delight,
The sweets of that visit of which I now write.

Can language e'er tell with how joyful a tear
We met and embraced each other, my dear?
Sweet be the mem'ry of that happy night—
I weep o'er the scene while thus I do write.

How sacred the spot where first we did meet!
How frantic we ran each other to greet!
And anon we forgot all our toil and our pain,
Till we called up to mind we must soon part again.

That time has arrived—our parting scene o'er—
And I never, perhaps, shall see your face more;
But I know that I leave you with a heart warm with love,
And hail the glad time when we'll all meet above.

I bid you adieu with cheeks bathed in tears—
If ever to meet, not for many long years;
With mourning and anguish my heart is quite riven,
But my cheering hope is to meet you in heaven.

How precious the thought, we all shall meet there,
If we earnestly seek it by faith and by prayer;
There all of our wand'rings shall be at an end,
Nor shall we more weep for "an absent sweet friend."

Then here is my heart, and here is my hand,
As "a pledge" that I'll meet you in that happy land,
Where we shall for ever with each other dwell;
And now, sister dear, fare you well, fare you well.

A. J. COTTON.

N. B.—In these letters, there is a great sameness both in sentiment and in expression. I give them because they were

written to several sisters, and to show the gushing affection existing between us; as also to show how easily the same sentiments can be expressed in different poetic numbers. A similar sameness will appear in some of the other poems; because, not dreaming of ever publishing them in a book, I have, when convenient, quoted from myself, and can not *now* strike out if I would.

SUPERSCRPTIONS, OR POETIC DIRECTIONS OF LETTERS.

I give a few only, which I have changed, from time to time, to suit; and now my friends may use them in the same manner if they choose. Their composition amused me somewhat, and if they shall amuse any of my young readers, to their profit, my aim in their publication will be accomplished.

To the cold State of MAINE, where mountains soar high,
And where, at Thanksgiving, there's no end to good pie;
To PORTLAND, fair town, where I ought to be,
And where "a fair damsel" is waiting for me;
So, generous post-rider, take me with full speed
To LOUISA P. COTTON, who may open and read.

IN the mail that is owned by old Uncle Sam,
I wish for a seat—quite peaceable I am;
'Tis but a short journey that I wish to go,
And my stopping-place in advance you shall know.

For paper and ink, and wafer and all,
Is to the postmaster, ISAAC BEDSAUL,
Of the town of NEW CASTLE, the fair county-seat
Of the county of HENRY, where litigants meet.

In the State of Ia., the famed hoosier ground,
Where peace and great plenty profusely abound:
So, generous post-rider, take me with full speed
To the said Isaac Bedsaul, who may open and read.

IN him who bears the U. S. mail,
Through heat and cold, and mud and hail,
And seldom e'er was known to fail,

Do I confide.

Please take me, sir, to Castle New,
On the east bank of river Blue,
The county-seat, most surely true,

Of Henry.

Should any one your speed oppose,
Just "touch him azy" on the nose,
Or let your horse tramp on his toes—

Poor fellow!

Or if you choose, most gentle rider,
Just tramp him down as though a spider—
Then swing your whip a little wider—

Go Dobbin.

Thus go ahead with all your speed—
To this advice will you give heed?
Yes! who shall break the seal and read?

John Bennett.

Pshaw! go away with your "one-horse team,"
You're behind the times—we now use steam—
That is as nice as "ice and cream"

In hot weather.

TO THE Honorable A. Lane, at Washington City—
He's a congressman there—few men are more witty;

The anti-bank horse Lane gracefully strode—
Over every opposition triumphantly rode.

His opponent was, though doomed to a fall,
A man of fine talents, and virtue withal;
Lane's friends are well pleased with the course he pursues;
To him, without doubt, this'll be pleasant news.

Will the carrier please, for the sake of the fun,
To ride as did Gilpin till my journey is done.

HALLOO! Uncle Sam, if there ain't a jam
In the bag that you use for the mail;
Just stow me right in as nice as a pin,
And take me along right away, without fail.
Just put on the steam to your "iron-horse" team,
And hasten him on o'er mountain and plain;
All day and all night, just "put him through" right,
Nor slacken your speed this side of old MAINE;
But when you get there, for aught that I care,
Just hand me right over to some faithful friend,
Who 'll make no delay in sending me away
To POWNAL, fair town, where my journey will end.
There SARAH C. KENNEY, without dime or penny,
Will farther dispose of me as she shall think best;
If she open and read, to that I 'm agreed,
After which I hope to "lay by" and rest.

TO HIM who has charge of Uncle Sam's mail,
I have some thing to say—please hear without fail:
I am out on an errand of friendship and love,
And fain would I hasten along;
Just give me a ride in your swift whirling car,
And I'll give you the rest of my song.

I'm for MANCHESTER village, in old DEARBORN county,
In the State of INDIANA—prepaid is my bounty;
Then rush me along, at the top of your speed,
To MRS. D. P. COTTON, who will open and read.

HYMENEAL PUNNINGS.

“THE heart, the heart was never made,
To beat for self alone,
Nor die within its dungeon shade,
Forgotten, and alone.”

IN this department I had intended to record the names of all the parties, it has been my pleasure and “good fortune” to join together in the pleasing indissoluble “Bands of Matrimony,” together with the original or selected lines, accompanying the announcement in the journals of the day. But I find that it would occupy much more space than I can, with any degree of propriety, appropriate to it. Therefore my readers must be content with those susceptible of a pun, and surely not one in a dozen is, try it who may. I have introduced a few “out of my line,” just for the sake of the *pun*, which is mine, also out of great personal friendship. The unnamed parties whom I have married, will appropriate and apply to themselves the following, among others of the same kind which I have often used.

THESE happy grooms, these beauteous brides, so lovely and so fair,
Won from each guest a kind salute, a blessing and a prayer.
O may their course through life be smooth, and peace her radiance shed,
And all the paths through which they roam, with pleasing flowers be spread.

THIS beauteous bride, fair as the rose,
And amiable as fair,
Was a *jewel* bright—to woe and win
As all who know declare.

THIS very sweet and lovely bride,
Richly deserves a lay,
But my Muse
Has got “the blues,”
And will not sing to-day.

EXCUSE me fair one, if you please,
My Muse has gone away,
I fain would *treat* you to a *pun*,
But can't, you see, to-day.

THESE specimens and these apologies, it is hoped, will be abundantly satisfactory to all my unnamed friends in the premises. I give this department a place, because I never saw a person, young or old, that did not relish and enjoy a good pun. And *some* of mine at least, will come within that rule most assuredly. But to be healthful and pleasing, small portions only of this chapter should be read at one time. A dinner *all* of spice would be both sickening and disgusting. So gentle reader, use a little at a time, and then something more substantial—and it will give a better zest, and last the longer. These punnings have excited a great deal of innocent merriment and amusement, as they were originally, and are now intended here. Wherever I could, I have altered a little, and blended two or more together, so as to “kill two or more birds with one stone.” Editors have not unfrequently spoken of them in terms of the highest commendation, and praise, which is certainly a good index to the public taste and pleasure in them. I here give one little editorial out of many similar ones, as a sample, which I follow with an Hymeneal Acrostic, and then I shall proceed and introduce you

to my punnings generally, simply naming the parties with great brevity, and hope their perusal will prove "a pleasant pastime."

"JUDGE COTTON, of Dearborn county, Indiana, has for many years enjoyed a very liberal hymeneal patronage. The young people flock to him to be joined in *one*, and he does the business with a grace and ease that does honor to him. After it is over, he writes out the marriage notice and sends to the paper for publication, often appending very happy remarks. Here are the lines he appended to the marriage notice of WILSON WRIGHT to MISS HARRIET TRUE."

DISCREET and modest from her youth,
 None surely need complain,
 Though this fair Miss with all her charms
 Will ne'er be—TRUE again.

Aye why should one complain of this,
 As all the thoughtless might;
 Do what she will—a privilege rare—
 She surely will be—WRIGHT.

HYMENEAL ACROSTIC.

MY much esteemed and cherished friend,
 I write you this Acrostic with
 Sentiments of the profoundest respect, kindness and esteem,
 Simply because of its novelty and your well deserved merit.

Perhaps my fair friend, that no period in the
 History of a young lady's life is more thrilling or
 Essentially interesting, than the moment when standing
 Before the "hymeneal altar" she solemnly, yet hopefully,
 Enters the "matrimonial state" and assumes its responsibilities.

Entertaining these views as I most assuredly do, permit
 Me to congratulate you and all yours upon your happy espousal,

In common with your very numerous friends.
 Loth as we are to lose your very agreeable society we
 Yield our pleasures to your personal interest and happiness.

Could the "fond hopes" and "good wishes" of friends avail,
 Luxurious sweets of the purest kind would crowd and crown
 All your happy days upon the earth—may you never
 Repent the choice you have made, or the step taken—but
 Kept from all its bitter woes, may you enjoy all the sweets of
 life in rich and profuse abundance, as you so richly deserve,
 is the earnest prayer of your true FRIEND.

WELL, well Mr. Hymen now you have done it,
 Else there's no truth in rhyme nor this little sonnet.
 Pretty well that—whether funny or cross—
 To change a fair Miss *all* into *Ross*.

Philander Ross and Nancy Kelso,
 Alvah W. Ross and Adaline Whitehead,
 John Moss (Ross) and Elizabeth Jordan,
 Daniel Ross and Emeline Pettigrue,
 Jonathan Ross and Sarah Roberts.

Friend Jonathan at your request I've changed this Miss
 to Ross,
 And forthwith place her in your care, lest she should suffer
 loss;
 O! treat her kindly for my sake, she's worthy of your care.
 May you together happy live, is both my wish and prayer.

Elisha P. Rogers and Lucy Ross,
 Zadok S. Bennett and Minerva Ross,
 Thomas M. Phillis and Emeline Ross,
 Erasmus Smith and Eliza Ross,
 James Talman and Mary Ross,
 Russel C. Freeland and Elizabeth Moss, (Ross,)
 John Bruce and Jane Ross,
 Adam Bruce and Alcy Ross.

While Cupid paused to fix his bow, lest they should suffer
 loss,
 These happy grooms bound to their hearts a little *pretty*
 Ross, (Moss,)
 I have no doubt it answered well, and put their hearts at
 ease,
 And happy surely they will live, if they each other please.

N. B. This is quite enough for once, dear reader.

Shubal L. Meader and Mary Rice,
 George W. Rice and Laura J. Fielding,
 John Dashiell and Nancy Rice,
 Rufus Rice and Sarah Ferris,
 Elijah Ellengwood and Abigail Rice.
 James Rice and Miss ———,
 Mr. ——— and Lucy Rice,
 John Rice and Emily Roberts.

These "brides and grooms" alternately, with tastes refined
 and nice,
 Of all the pleasant fruits of earth, preferred a *little* RICE.
 I have no doubt 't was wisely done, and made them *all*
 right merry,
 The brides I know were beautiful as ever was a cherry.

CHARLES ANGEVINE and CATHERINE SKAATS.

A mean, penurious, *little* mind,
 Its prosperous neighbor often hates,
 But my friend Charles is quite content,
 Just with his own new *pretty* SKAATS.

JAMES COOPER and MISS DARLING.

"Go it" Hymen, while you're young,
 "Go it like a trooper!"
 Since you can change a pretty Miss
 Into a *pretty* COOPER.

JOSEPH KELSO and MARGARET STONE.

"A pretty *hard* case," we all have to own,
To suppose that affection could flow from a STONE.
But Joseph knew more than most of men do,
He won a fair BRIDE, kind loving and *true*.

JOSEPH WHITE and JANE LYNES; GEORGE LYNES and
LUCINDA WHITE.

Of all the dazzling hues,
That sparkle in the light,
These brides and grooms alternately,
Are all the time for WHITE.

SAMUEL LEWIS to LUCINDA WRIGHT; EDWARD EVANS to
LUCINDA WRIGHT.

How many errors men commit,
When marriage vows they plight!
But my young friends, it will be seen,
Have wisely chosen WRIGHT;
And yet, by Hymen's magic power,
(Was ever the like before?)
Though he has wisely chosen WRIGHT,
That *Wright* is *Wright* no more.

JONATHAN C. RITTENHOUSE to JANE S. ANGEVINE.

A house and a vine are both pleasant to see,
But the RIGHT kind of house and vine it should be.
The fittest and best that love could entwine,
Is a fine RITTEN-HOUSE and a sweet ANGE-VINE.

The Rev. Mr. GOODWIN to Miss CONTENT CRAFT.

O Cupid! how thy bewitching melting darts
Unites in *one* two pure and loving hearts;
This joyous groom, with his *fair sweet blushing bride*,
Has thus launched forth on life's uneven tide.

His gallant CRAFT "CONTENT," all beauteous to behold,
More precious far to him than thrice her weight in gold,
Will make his voyage o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Tranquil and sweet, as "summer evenings be."

General CHARLES MILLS to Mrs. ELIZA PRICE.

The General fought the battle well,
Which Cupid first begun;
The fairest conquest he obtained,
As fair as e'er was won.
Each grand manœuver, all admit,
He managed very nice,
And Hymen paid him for his skill
The *richest, sweetest* PRICE.

NATHAN A. HURD to MALINA DASHIELL.

"O! may the path of life be smooth
Which their glad feet shall tread,
And all the walks through which they rove,
With pleasing flowers be spread.
O! may the smile of Fortune cheer,
And drive dull cares away,
And every hour of life be clear
As a sweet morn in May."
Thus may their days glide on in peace,
And may their flocks and "HURDS" increase.

FRANCIS RIDDLE to SARAH M. WARD.

Well, well, Mr. Hymen,
You never need "hang up your fiddle,"
While you can change a pretty Miss
Into a pretty RIDDLE.

WILLIAM HOLMES to HARRIET AMANDA ROLLING.

How many poor, in utter want,
This broad earth sadly roam;

But this fair bride, it will be seen,
Has home, aye, happy HOLMES.

JOHN P. SNELL to EMELINE FLINT.
What a fancy, friend SNELL,
Though beautiful the tint,
To choose for a bride
A pretty *little* FLINT.

Who but thou couldst perceive,
Without measure or stint,
Pure love would gush forth
From the *heart* of a FLINT.

Young gentlemen all, here
I will give *you* "a hint:"
A most lovely, sweet bride
Was the modest "Miss FLINT."

JAMES MCGINNIS to ELIZA ANN MIRACLE.
What merry pranks has Hymen played,
E'en since the days of yore;
He sports with names and MIRACLES
Till they are so *no more!*

PETER PLATT to SUSAN N. MILLIKEN.
Please tell me, you who know,
(Those are excused who can't,)
How this man's brother is his uncle—
His brother's wife his aunt.
Still wilder pranks has Hymen played
By the union of these twain;
The mother of this happy groom
Is mother to him again.

ANSWER.

Josiah Platt, "long time ago,"
 Married a *fair* damsel, even so, even so;
 Then old Mr. Platt—O what a twister!—
 Soon afterward married his son's wife's sister;
 And now *gallant* Peter not long did loiter,
 Till he took for his spouse his step-mother's daughter;
 So now, my young friends, I've 'splained the whole riddle,
 If you can't understand it, you ain't worth a fiddle.

COLUMBUS C. PEASE to RACHEL CONGER.

In this gay world of fruits and flowers,
 There's naught that some will please;
 But 'twill be seen this damsel fair
 At least is fond of PEASE.

WILLIAM DUNN to MARGARET MILLIKEN.

The rainbow's rich and golden hue—
 The orange, violet, and the blue;
 Take these rich colors every one,
 And naught delights this fair young miss,
 At least not half so much, as this—
 A brilliant, neat, and living "DUNN."

ERASMUS D. HATHAWAY to ELIZA A. RANSOM.

This happy, joyous groom was about twenty-nine—
 'Mazin' near as you see the "old bachelor" line;
 But the blushing sweet bride gave herself a *fair* RANSOM,
 And thus rescued her friend most handsomely handsome.
 'T was a pleasant affair, and the parties well matched—
 The priest, *ever ready*, soon the business dispatched;
 All their friends were well pleased, and each greeted the
 pair
 With many a *warm* blessing, and a *silent* warm prayer.

IRA TINKER and ELLA McMULLIN; SAMUEL TINKER and Miss ——— LIKELY.

Now, Hymen, you have done it, sure,
Else I am no good thinker;
Change so fair a damsel, eh!
Into a *pretty* TINKER!

ROBERT D. BROWN and ELIZABETH CONWAY.

Of all the bright and gorgeous tints,
In nature, country, city, town,
This happy, *neat*, and "beautous bride,"
Is most delighted with a BROWN.

PETER C. TAYLOR and CATHARINE PARDUN.

"An adage of old," is something like this,
"We make our own fortunes," not so with this Miss.
She trusts all to her Taylor, and "whether foul or fair,"
As he shall "cut and make," she now will have to wear.

JOHN WEIMER and CATHARINE BIRD, (both elderly.)

This bride must have a husband kind,
No matter who may grin or laugh,
Or else that adage is not true,
You can not catch "old birds with chaff."

JOSEPH HUNTER and RHODA CONGER, PHILIP H. HUNTER
and MARTHA CROUCH.

Pray Mr. Hymen just by what rule,
Was it your own or "Gunter's?"
You learned these brides so soon to be
Such nice and *pretty* HUNTERS.

DAVID BARKDOLL and ELIZABETH LAKE.

This groom has won a fortune fair,
He has without the least mistake,
His wedding portion as you see,
Was a whole, nice *pretty* LAKE.

BLACKLEY SHOEMAKE and MERCY PREST.

Thrice happy man by fortune blest—
 Instead of *cares*, by MERCY PREST;
 His days will all glide smoothly by;
 MERCY her utmost e'er will try
 'To wipe the tear from sorrow's eye,
 Till he or she is called to die.

As both of the following parties have become eminently honorable and useful, and "far-famed" withal, it might perchance not be agreeable to them to be noticed in this manner, and so I leave you all to *guess* if you can—a fruitful and an amusing theme for conjecture. Don't all guess right the first time now—though I should not wonder if you did.

Mr. M—— and Miss S——.

Two elevated minds,
 Of pure and noble hearts,
 Have fallen each an easy prey,
 To "Hymen's *piercing* darts."

But friends do not repine, they rather do rejoice,
 And all most heartily approve the wisdom of their choice.
 May *pure* "domestic bliss" crown all their earthly days,
 And they hereafter re-unite redeeming love to praise.

Dr. LEROY and Miss —— BOWERS.

Well! well! upon my word if that do n't "beat the Jews,"
 In these 'ere times when all are broke, or *tightly* "feel the
 screws."
 Thus to be freed from cares and woes by Hymen's "magic
 powers,"
 And then so sweetly to enjoy one's *own delightful* BOWERS.

JOHN A. HARPHAM and MARY F. LYNN.

All men 'tis said do lack a rib, which they should each
supply,
Of such materials as shall seem most pleasing to the eye.
One prefers *this*—another *that*—and happy those who win.
Of all on earth friend Harpham, chose a neat and *pretty*
LYNN.

ZEPHANIAH HEUSTIS and ELIZABETH STEEL.

O Zephaniah! Zephaniah!
How your poor MA must feel,
To think her dearest son
Should be inclined to STEEL.

WILLIAM WHITNEY, of Maine, to JANE FOX, of Ind.

Of Mr. Whitney it may well be said—that
He journeyed far from his native place,
From those low vales and towering rocks,
And gave to fortune “a successful chase,”
And lo! he caught a *pretty* Fox.

THOMAS SLACK and MARY WEST.

Dear Mary I would fondly hope,
That you will never suffer lack,
Though your husband I am sure,
Will “remain for ever” SLACK.

LEWIS HUNTER and MARIA MARTIN.

This sportsman, O! with what delight,
O'er hill and dale pursued the flight,
How long “the chase,” I am not *sartin*,
But this I know—he caught the *Martin*.

WILLIAM BRIGGS and ISABELLA ROWE.

Of all the pretty crafts that float,
Or sailor ever rigs,
This pretty bride as here you see,
Invests her *all* in BRIGGS.

ADDISON CHANDLER and MARY E. HEDGE.

Affection 'tis a tender plant which we should well enclose,
For though most lovely in itself, it still has many foes.
True wisdom then my friend has shown as well I may
allege,
For he has planted round his heart a *neat* and *pretty* HEDGE.

JOHN C. MOORE and RUTH DOWDEN, LEVIN S. MOORE and
MARY ANN DOWDEN.

These fair young ladies, full well I know,
Had *goods* and *cash* in store,
In great abundance one would think,
But still they wanted MOORE.

Well, more they got, I know that, too, but still as 't was
before—
They were unhappy all the time unless they could have
MOORE.
My saucy Muse now I don't choose to hear "one single word
more"—
If you don't mind, right soon you'll find yourself kicked out
of door

PETER PLATTER and SARAH MCCrackEN.

Said Cupid unto Miss one day, ask of me what you will,
And if it be within my power, promptly I'll "fill the bill."
That is most generous to be sure, indeed "I would not
flatter,"
Well, all I ask you to bestow is just one single PLATTER.

JOHN MASTIN and LOUISA DEAN.

So sweet a bride
As *fair* MISS DEAN
Could scarce be beat
By "VIC. the QUEEN."

JOHN SEELY and CLEMENTINE B. COOK.

In the parlor, in the kitchen,
Yes, or wherever you may look,
There's nought makes home more blest and happy
Than a nice, neat, *pretty* little cook.

MOSES COOK and PHILENA HAWK.

When Cupid bent his bow and sped his dart,
To bring this keen-eyed bird with gushing heart,
Close by his side friend Moses stood,
And clapped his hands, and shouted good! good!
The priest who joined this happy pair,
Has made a world of happy talk,
For he would neither dine nor sup;
Till he had Cook-ed this *pretty* HAWK.

JOHN P. LEMON and KATE C. PINK.

My stars! dear only think, a Lemon and a Pink,
Unite and blend in one,
To meet the "ills of life," as husband and as wife,
'Way down to Rising Sun,
The Pink's a pretty flower, a Lemon rather sour,
Will make a pretty tart,
And give a pleasing zest, to sweeten all the rest,
If truly "one in heart."
O! may they each pursue the paths of virtue true,
And ever happy be,
And at the close of life, wind up "the mortal strife,"
In love's unbounded sea,

And sail the ocean o'er, on that immortal shore,
 Where all is peace and love,
 And with a golden lyre, join the triumphant choir,
 In realms of bliss above.

NICHOLAS ECHMAN and EVA B. HERRING.

What freaks of fancy and of taste reveal themselves in life,
 And often do such things occur in "hunting up a wife."
 I hope 't will turn out in the end that Nicholas was un-
 erring,
 When he chose him for a bride a *pretty* little HERRING.

FRANCIS M. JOHNSON and MARY DAVIS, WILLIAM JEN-
 NESON and EMILY DAVIS. Both at once.

The fair goddess of May, in her floral robes clad,
 Could not have looked more lovely—why, "all nature
 seemed glad;"
 The warm greetings of friends, from hearts most sincere,
 Illumed the gay scenes, and gave it "good cheer."
 'Twas a season of joy to all who were there—
 The viands were ample, and most sumptuous the fare:
 May the sunshine of plenty attend them through life,
 And they ever be strangers to "contention and strife,"
 Is the prayer of MANCHESTER BARD.

DAVID PORTER and MISS LUCINDA BALDRIDGE.

'Twas Hymen's *turn* to "treat this time,"
 As an Hymeneal sporter,
 What will you have fair Miss? said he,—
 O just a little PORTER.

GILBERT PLATT and ELIZABETH N. WILCOX.

Said Miss unto Hymen, will you please change my name?
 You've a fair one now, my nice pretty dame:

That is all true, full well I know that,
But I would much rather be called Mrs. PLATT.
The case was made out, and Hymen complied,
So far as to change Miss into a Bride.
When your kind friend hands Judge Cotton that — (the
license,)
He'll soon change your name, and *you* all to PLATT.
'Twas done at a word, and a fairer sweet bride,
You scarce ever would find in many a year's ride.

STEVEN V. POWELL and MARY M. CROSS, MYRON HAYNES
and CELESTINE CROSS.

Young gentlemen don't once complain,
Should joy and peace all go to loss,
What else indeed could you expect,
In chosing wives you knew were CROSS.
But then the promise comes in here,
He shall by no means suffer loss,
Who does his duty faithfully,
Nor shuns, but cheerful takes his CROSS.

GEORGE H. DUNN and ALMARINDA SLATER.

When Cupid hurled his melting darts,
At these two pure and loving hearts,
He thought to have such "lots of fun,"
But this fair Miss as all may know,
Paid him his due for intruding so,
Then blushing sweetly said I'm DUNN.

REUBEN FREEMAN and MARY JANE PREST; EDWARD FREEMAN
and PAULINA HAMLINE.

These happy brides both scorn to be
Ruled by a tyrant demon,
There's nought to them worth living for,
Except to be a FREEMAN.

WILLIAM C. KNAPP and ELIZA HULTS; THOMAS CRAIG
and MARY KNAPP.

While Cupid strung his unstrung bow,
To make his arrow snap,
This bride and groom alternately,
Just took a *pretty* KNAPP.

JOEL BLEDSO and SARAH JANE SWAN.

Of all the pretty little birds
That flit o'er hill or lawn,
My friend, you see, prefers by far,
A pretty little SWAN.

DANIEL PLUMMER and ELIZA HUNT; MARTIN C. EWBANK
and MARY HUNT.

To say these grooms were "fond of game,"
I can't in truth, and won't,
But this I know, each of them once,
Did take a *pretty* HUNT.

CHARLES ANGEVINE and CORNELIA DAVENPORT.

Now all along "the sea of life,"
You will find many a pleasing port,
But none more fine and beautiful
Than this same *fair* Miss DAVEN-PORT.

Sylvanus Hall and Eliza Mathews,
Samuel Beggs and Francesetta Hall,
Benjamin Hall and Emily M. Hicklin,
Joseph Hall and Ann H. Collier,
Thomas C. Hall and Mary Ann Beggs,
Absalom Hall and Rhoda Heustis,
Hezekiah Hall and Ann Ellis.

Mathew Hall and Mary Scott.

Fine mansions, poor houses,
Or no houses at all,
These parties are all sure
Of a very fine HALL.

Rev A. J. Cotton and Dolly (*Dorothy*) P. Noyes,
Capt. Benjamin Sylvester and Sarah Noyes,
Hon. James P. Milliken and Priscilla Noyes,
Peter C. Wilcox and Eliza Noyes,
Ephraim Crouch and Martha Noyes,
Amasa Sawyer and Mary Noyes,
Andrew L. Morris and Lucinda C. Noyes,
George W. Morris and Sarah Jane Noyes,
Alden H. Jumper and Amanda Noyes,
Abner Tibbetts and Polly Noyes,
James Selders and Augusta Noyes,
John Freeland and Hellen R. Noyes,
Elmer Garrigus and Dorothy C. Noyes,

It seems that Hymen has his freaks

The same as other men,

Just call upon him when well pleased,

And he'll oblige you then.

These happy grooms were all, "in time," tired of a single
life—

They called to see if Mr. Hymen would just treat them to a
wife.

Their hearts within them leaped for joy when Hymen
answered yea,

But still I think, my dear young friends, there is a better way.

Of all the ladies on the globe, I'll give you each his choice,
Bless you, thank you, my good sir, of course I'll take Miss
NOYES.

And fairer brides you'll seldom see than *this* or *that* Miss
NOYES,

And all most heartily approve the wisdom of their choice.

The last named couple were the last I ever married, and in all human probability the last I ever shall. During my protracted illness, the business has gone into other hands, and feeble and old as I am, I can not, and do not expect it ever to come back to me. Well be it so, I am both happy and content—my cup is full, and I cordially give place to others. Two parties in one day will do pretty well to quit on, won't it? On the same day, and only a few hours earlier, I had the pleasure to join William Robinson and Rebecca Oldham in "*The silken tie that binds two willing hearts.*"

THIS very fair and lovely bride richly deserves a pun,
But Muse has *tried his best*, and *just can't* make one;
Miss Lotte now is all that's left, another jewel rare,
And he who wins her for a bride, wins something nice and
fair.

And this is "what the shoemaker threw at his wife." The last and all (awl.)

Well, I have had a most liberal Hymeneal patronage in my time, and have enjoyed it finely, you may be sure.

To see these happy and delighted grooms as they lead to the Hymeneal Altar, trembling, joyous, beauteous brides, gorgeously or neatly decorated and adorned, with their modest temples tastefully ornamented, or gracefully shaded with their "rich and flowing tresses," with heaving bosoms and with sparkling

Eyes like twin stars behind some cloud,
That comes their brilliant light to shroud,
Rich tresses of the auburn glow,
Free waving o'er a brow of snow;
With happy bosoms heaving, swelling,
Where Cupid claims and holds his dwelling—

is ever to me a luxury and a treat, solemnly, yet pleasingly interesting and delightful. Three couples in a day, five in a week, and thirteen in a month, is what may be termed "putting in my best licks." And now as I started out with an editorial, I will also conclude with one. And here it is:

“The appearance of early winter has driven the youngsters about Manchester to desperation. No less than five couple were united in the holy bands of matrimony, by Judge Cotton, last week.”

But alas! alas!

How many a joyous, beauteous bride,
How many a happy groom,
Have passed from earth and friends away,
To slumber in the tomb.

Finally, I will here give one very “tall Hymeneal punning snap” that I once got into, and then I’ll quit—I will. While at Indianapolis, several years ago, I was “an invited guest” to a tea party, at the Rev. John C. Smith’s, who is extensively known as an eminent Minister of the Gospel of Christ. After the “introductory ceremonies” were over, one of the ladies said: Judge, I have often been amused and entertained with your Hymeneal punnings, which I often find going the rounds in the papers. Now Judge, sister Smith here has been married only a few weeks, suppose you treat her to a pun. Icebergs, cataracts, and whirlpools—what a fix!!! O! that I had not been invited, or had not been able to attend! But there I was, and “in for it,” and must get out the best way I could. A failure, or even a seeming delay, would be fatal to my punning reputation. What I did, I must do quickly. And I “pitched in” forthwith, by saying, well, ladies, how will something like this do?

In this gay world of rich delights,
There’s much each taste to please,
The roaring of the cataract,
The waving of the trees,
The wide extended verdant plains,
The music of a rill;
But most of all my friend admires,
A neat and pretty HILL.

And, I do assure you that that took me out “clear as a quill.” Sister Smith blushed sweetly and modestly, and all the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their hands for joy. And, of course, I was “the lion” of the day. But the end was

not yet, as the Hon. O. H. Smith says in his pleasing "remiscences." In the morning, as the fates would have it, Brother Smith called upon me at the court room, (for I was attending the United States Court,) and said his lady would feel much obliged if I would write down those lines for her. O certainly, sir, with the greatest pleasure. Well, Judge, said he, here is the Rev. Mr. Berry, one of our city ministers, who was also married a short time ago. Can you do any thing for Brother Berry? And there stood Brother Berry, and Judge McLean and others, waiting court hour. O! that I had gone home in the morning early—or that, like Alexander Selkirk, I were an inhabitant of some lone island that slumbers upon the bosom of the mighty deep. O! that I had been in the moon, or almost any where else; but there I was, and forthwith rolled up my sleeves and "pitched in," as though nothing was the matter. Since you desire it, I'll try. How will this do?

Those who are greedy to possess
 More than their share of good
 Endanger all and fool themselves,
 Just as such people should.
 But this fair Miss, it will be seen,
 Is very modest—very—
 For she is *happy* and *content*
 With just one single BERRY.

Well if that did n't raise quite a shout and a clatter, I would n't say it, and none seemed better to enjoy it than Judge McLean himself. My trusty Muse played her part well. But before I had time to congratulate myself upon my punning conquest, what should Brother Smith say, but,—well, Judge, I have one more case for you, and if you can make any thing out of that I should like to know it, and then I'll "let you up." In this city a short time since, a Mr. Green married a Miss Pigg. "Hail Columbia!" Caverns and volcanoes! what a fix and what a case. Well Brother Smith that is *some* surely; but as I never yet was stalled, I'll try it, "hit or miss." And it came out a double pun, and the richest of the lot, and scared up "a perfect hurra's nest," and no mistake.

What various tastes do men display
In the affairs of life,
And odd and many are their freaks
In choosing out a wife ;
And thus my friend a little *Green*,
As if to run some rig,
Chose for his own sweet bosom friend,
A *pretty little*—Pigg.

And then "I sloped"—I did—and so I will now.

ODES.

TO SABBATH SCHOOLS.

AIR—AULD LANG SYNE.

CANTO I.

I give place to a full jury of Odes, and my friends must let me up at that for lack of room. They are quite lengthy, but could not well be otherwise.

AWAKE my muse, the Sabbath Schools
Now claim a lay from thee;
And teachers, as "your work of love,"
My offering is free.

Soon will these boys become "young men,"
These girls "young ladies too,"
Their moral culture for the time,
Entrusted is to you.

The first impressions that are made,
Are lasting as the mind,
See to it then that every one
To virtue be inclined.

O 'tis indeed a tender charge,
To have the care of youth,
To lead them from the "haunts of vice,"
In all "the path of truth."

And yet it is a "pleasing task,"
Those lessons to impart,
That strengthen and improve the mind
And purify the heart.

Eternity alone can tell
The good you will have done,
Then onward roll the enterprise
Rejoicing every one.

CANTO II.

Now scholars dear I pray you all
Hallow God's holy day,
And love your school, your teachers, too,
Who often for you pray.

Let God be first in whom you trust,
And he shall guide you well,
What you should do, and what eschew,
His word and spirit tell.

The precepts that are clearly taught
In God's most precious book,
Would comfort and sustain you all
Though heaven and earth were shook.

I think alas! how soon will pass
The pleasing scenes of youth,
And what I now do say to you
You'll find to be a truth.

This world of woe through which you go
Is full of "pits and snares,"
Unless you daily "watch and pray"
You'll fall in unawares

The fatal bowl which blights the soul,
O! dash at once away,
'T will ruin all, both great and small,
And drain the purse to pay.

The brightest hopes the fairest flowers
Before it droop and die,
Then say dear youth I'll "touch it not,"
Nor I—nor I—nor I—.

You will succeed in rapid speed
To rule in Church or State,
O! try and qualify yourselves
For trusts that are so great.

Our stripes and stars will very soon
Be trusted to your care,
May you be ready to receive
And keep them bright and fair.

And may the God of peace and love
Direct your roving feet,
And in the "house not made with hands,"
May we at last all meet.

CANTO III.

Now friends and neighbors one and all
Keep up "the Sabbath Schools;"
They will do more for tender youth
Than arbitrary rules.

They'll save your sons and daughters fair,
From ruin and from sin,
To rear them up just as you should
You early should begin.

No better means, no fitter times
 Instruction to impart,
 As "Sabbath Schools" directly tend
 To train the infant heart.

They everywhere are gotten up
 By men both good and wise,
 O! cherish and sustain them well
 And rich will be the prize.



FOR A FOURTH OF JULY TEMPERANCE CELEBRATION.

AIR—AULD LANG SYNE.

THE Temperance Ball, the Temperance Ball!
 Let's keep it on the roll,
 Till doggeries, those sinks of woe,
 Are crushed from pole to pole.

And every "Still Tub" in the land
 Be knocked the "t' other side" up,
 And spill the swill that makes the "*bane*"
 "That sparkles in the cup."

The streams of death that issue forth
 From every smoking Still,
 Are blighting all our brightest hopes,
 And all our prisons fill.

O! think it o'er—mature it well;
 That "fip" upon thy corn
 May crush the hopes of many friends,
 And leave them quite forlorn.

Our fathers fought, and bled, and died,
Despising ease and gain;
And to be worthy of those sires
We all should do the same.

Shall we claim kindred to those men,
Who live alone for self?
And scatter woe, disease and death
To treasure up our pelf?

Nay; starve "the Worm" of every Still—
Convert your grain to bread,
And send it round from door to door
Till all the poor are fed.

Ye topers and ye tipplers, too,
Though late, you are "in time"—
The second Declaration's here—
O! come you up and "sign!"

Throw off at once the galling yoke
King Alcohol imposes;
He drains your purse—pollutes your breath,
And *burns to red your* NOSES!

"Hope of my country," dear young men,
O come! and "sign the pledge:"
'Twill save your country, save you, too,
As thousands can allege.

Disease and death lurk in the bowl,
The mind 'twill shatter, too;
How can you then preserve the trust
That soon will fall to you?

The destiny of "Church and State"

Will in your hands be placed,
And if unholy, drunken men,
Both sure will be disgraced.

Our Stripes and Stars will very soon

Be 'trusted to your care:
May you be ready to receive,
And keep them bright and fair.

Let old and young—let boys and girls,

Like "Hannibal," come up
And swear eternal hate to him—
The FOE that's in the cup.

Ye blushing Fair lend us your aid—

Your's is a *potent* charm—
You rule the men who rule the State—
You can avert the harm.

O! never let it be forgot,

The price that freedom cost;
But pledge with us your lives, your all,
It never shall be lost.

O wield the power which Nature gives,

To dry these founts of woe—
The sorrows of "a drunkard's wife,"
O may you never know.

Then roll it on!—"that Temperance Ball,"

And keep it on the roll
Till doggeries, those sinks of woe,
Are crushed from pole to pole.

NATIONAL HYMN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

—
AIR—AULD LANG SYNE.
—

HAIL, hail! all hail "the glorious Fourth,"

That gave "a nation birth;"

The brightest civil diadem,

The richest boon of earth.

And never let this natal day

Be lost, or turned aside,

To keep it up "the good old way"—(drunkenness ex-
cepted,)

Be every freeman's pride.

And never let them be forgot,

The sires from whom we came,

Whose "blood-stained footsteps" marked their way

To glory and to fame.

And never let them be unsung,

Who firm in "glorious strife,"

To plant "the tree of liberty,"

Poured out the crimson life.

No, never let it be forgot,

The price that freedom cost;

But "pledge" to each our lives, our all,

It never shall be lost.

Let us preserve inviolate

"The legacy in trust,"

And hand it down all bright and fair,

To those who follow us.

The east, the west, the north, the south!
We hail as brethren dear;
But claim the right, as freemen should,
To speak out plain and clear.

Should e'er our country beat "to arms,"
We'll seize our muskets bright,
And like brave WARREN, we will seek
"The hottest of the fight."

And though we sometimes disagree,
No one has cause to fear;
The institutions of our land,
Alike we all hold dear.

This is the land that gave us birth!
Here we shall live and die;
And if one-half are deadly foes,
Will some friend tell me why?

O, then away with bitter words,
We all in heart are one,
United by the dearest ties,
The stranger, sire and son.

Then hail! all hail "the glorious Fourth,"
That gave a nation birth,
The brightest civil diadem,
The richest boon of earth.

FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY TEMPERANCE
CELEBRATION.—
AIR, AULD LANG SYNE.
—

COME, tune your hearts, my countrymen,
To celebrate the day,
The birth-day of our Washington,
With an exulting lay.

In seventeen hundred thirty-two
Great Washington was born—
A century and fourteen years,
This joyous, happy morn.

George Washington, a name most dear
To all the tribes of men,
The muse's theme of every clime—
The theme of every pen.

Theme of the old, and of the young,
The lovely and the fair,
At home, abroad, on seas and isles,
Aye, truly everywhere.

Our orator, in melting strains,*
Has told us how and why
We took up arms to vindicate
Those *rights* we prized so high.

And how, in mercy, God raised up
Our glorious Washington—
The wisest, purest patriot
Beneath the shining sun.

* Lawyer Haynes.

He led our feeble armies on,
And taught them how to fight—
And under God, secured our peace
And put our foes to flight.

Go back with me to Lexington!
Go back to Bunker's hill!
Where gurgling gushed your country's blood,
In many a crimson rill!

O! go with me to Brandywine!
Go back to Trenton, too!
Go! read the tokens of God's care
In all your country through.

The gushing blood, all warm and free,
Goes rushing through my veins,
As I remember Washington
And Yorktown's smiling plains.

There perched our Eagle—bird of heaven,
On liberty's fair tree—
And there the "British Lion" roared,
"America is free!"

And in that "roar" was treasured all
That's truly good and great—
The right to worship God in peace
And rule the new-born state.

O may we ever worthy prove
And keep unsoiled our trust—
And may our children cherish them
When we repose in dust.

May bitter strifes and bitter words
No more offend our ears,—
We *all* are *honest* brethren
Of the same hopes and fears.

This is the land that gave us birth,
Here we shall live and die,
And if one-half are deadly foes—
Kind sirs, please tell me why?

A *deadly* foe, 'tis true, we have,
That lures to crime and woe,
'Tis from the sparkling, poisoned cup
Most of our evils flow.

It ruins *mind*! (O what a thought!)
The nation's sure defense—
The doggeries—those sinks of sin—
O drive you out from hence,

And teach the young to love good books,
To love "God's house," and day,
And let their feet be early taught
To tread the narrow way.

Then God, and Peace, and Washington,
Shall unborn millions know,—
And the rich blessings we enjoy,
To all the nations flow.

Then tune your hearts, my countrymen,
Let us exulting sing,
The hallowed name of WASHINGTON,
Who conquered George the king.

GENERAL JACKSON'S BIRTH-DAY CELEBRATION.

AIR—AULD LANG SYNE.

THE first birth-day after his death was on the Sabbath. I was requested to preach a sermon on that day suited to the occasion. My Text was, "WHOM, HAVING NOT SEEN, YE LOVE." I also composed an Ode for the occasion. I loved Gen. Jackson as I loved few men on earth. Peace to his quiet dust, and immortality to his memory. Here it is:

HUSHED be "the music of the spheres,"
Let freemen's grateful lay,
In one loud chorus fill the earth,
On this auspicious day.

Throughout the land, let old and young,
The lovely and the "fair,"
To pay a tribute to true worth,
Their grateful hearts prepare.

My countrymen, with hearts all warm,
We meet to celebrate
The birth-day of our Jackson, dear—
Jackson the good and great.

In seventeen hundred sixty-seven,
"Andrew the Great" was born,
Just seventy-nine "eventful years,"
This precious Sabbath morn.

Long did he live to bless our land,
And vindicate her rights,
Now gone—to his reward in heaven,
To reap untold delights.

When "savage war," and dread alarm
Were heard all o'er the land,
To quell those foes far in the South,
Who led our "martial band?"

Who met "the red man" face to face,
His country to defend?
Go ask "the Tribes" with whom he fought
Along "the Horse-shoe bend."

Tallapoosa will tell of gore,
And Tallahassee, too—
'T was at Sawauna peace returned
Through Jackson unto you.

"The red men" and "the red coats," too
Found Jackson "full of fight,"
He always left them in their gore,
Or "on the wings of flight."

Brave Jackson met proud Packenham,
And all his vaunting host,
The "BEAUTY and the booty" saved,
And drove them from our coast.

Valor and wisdom ever marked
Each move in his "war scenes."
The proudest VICTORY ever won
Was that of New Orleans.

Behold him in "the forum" fair,
Guiding the "Ship of State,"
Where "ALL the nations" own his skill,
And all pronounce him great.

All his desires he lived to see
Accomplished to his mind,
His dear loved country and himself
He then to God resigned.

In peaceful slumbers, soft and sweet,
Beside his faithful wife,
He rests in hope till both again
Awake to endless life.

The conqueror of the conquerors,
A greater victory won,
When he SUBDUED frail human self
Through God's beloved Son.

The glory of his "martial tread,"
The "civic wreath" of fame,
Is vanity and dross compared
To his BRIGHT Christian name.

The scroll of fame shall long record
The greatness of that name—
FIRMNESS and TRUTH, and "honor bright,"
And JACKSON are the same.

A name to freemen ever dear,
To tyrants death and gall—
Give us such men to guide the State—
Be this the prayer of all.

Farewell, great Jackson, words can't tell
How DEARLY LOVED thou art;
O may the FIRMNESS of THY mind
Inspire each freeman's heart.

Then hush "the music of the spheres,"
Let FREEMEN'S GRATEFUL lay
In one loud chorus FILL the earth,
On this auspicious day.

TO THE INDIANA VOLUNTEERS.

AIR—AULD LANG SYNE.

"THE Indiana Volunteers,"
The bravest of the brave,
Thrice welcome from the gory fields
Ye rushed into to save.
You left your homes, your wives, your babes—
Kindred and friends most dear;
The parting scene called forth a sigh,
And many a gushing tear.

One lingering, longing look ye cast,
To the receding shore,
As onward ye were borne away,
P'rhaps to return no more.
For lo! "the cloud and storm of war,"
Hung o'er "the far Southwest,"
To meet those fearful shafts of death,
Each bared his patriot breast.

The thrilling words of brave command,
"Make ready, aim, and fire!"
As promptly was obeyed as given,
By comrade, son, and sire.

And all along the line of war,
Ye proved yourself to be—
Both officers and privates, ALL,*
True friends of liberty.

There 's General LANE, our MARION,
Who won immortal fame,
And Colonel Gorman, brave and true,
As well deserves the same.
And Colonel Lane, so COOL and FIRM,
At Buena Vista's scene,
Won laurels for himself and State,
That flourish EVERGREEN.

Colonel Dumont, second to none,
At Huamantla's hight,
Performed his part most gallantly,
And kept his honor bright.
Our Colonels and our Captains too,
A brilliant fame have won;
McCarty I can only name,
And Mason, Gibbs, and Dunn.

To ALL I say, the harmony
That did pervade your ranks,
Has won for you "the mede of praise,"
And won our warmest thanks.
A scene or two I will here note,
As samples of the rest;
Of your fidelity and skill,
They prove an ample test.

* Col Bowles excepted, and he more in error than in fault.

“Reserve your fire, my gallant boys,
Until the foe is nigh,”*
Then teach the hosts of Mexico
A lesson from your eye.
True to your country’s bleeding cause,
Ye marshaled all your powers,
Unerring, deadly aim ye took,
And then “the day was ours.”

And when ye were in close pursuit
Of General Santa Ann’,
So eager were ye for the prize,
“A host proved every man.”
“We go to meet our country’s foes,
I glory in this day;
Act well your part, my trusty band,
When I retreat, YOU may.”†

The LADIES, (bless ’em,) true as steel,
Wrought with their own fair hands
The Flags that proudly o’er you waved,
In those dark bloody lands.
Most gallantly did you defend
“OUR EAGLE, STRIPES AND STARS;”
Ye ’re ALL with glory covered o’er,
And SOME with “glorious scars.”

But oh! some of your patriot band
Fell on the bloody field;
True as the needle to the pole,
They ’d neither fly nor yield;

* Col. Lane’s order at Buena Vista.

† Col. Dumont’s address at Huamantla.

And some there were who lingering fell
By torturing, slow disease ;
Their manly forms far off repose,
Beneath the murmuring trees.

Our tears bespeak our heartfelt grief,
Yet we rejoice to hear
They fell contending for those rights
Which freemen hold so dear.
The peace, for which ye staked your all,
Ye valiantly have won,
And all, with you, rejoice to know
The bloody strife is done.

Adieu, adieu, a long farewell,
To the din of clashing arms,
And may you long enjoy the bliss
Of home's pure, holy charms.
Then welcome to the "hoosier b'hoys,"
The bravest of the brave,
Thrice welcome from the gory fields
Ye rushed into to save.

TO THE LADIES' WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

THE Tribune's a weekly, bewitchingly fair,
Gotten up with great taste to sweeten dull care ;
To aid the fair Miss in the choice of her friends,
'Tis indeed well invested, all the money she spends
For the Ladies' Weekly Tribune.

And young gentlemen, too, will here find a guide,
To direct in the choice of "a sweet blushing bride;"
Here virtue shall flourish and be fostered the while,
And corruption rebuked in the choicest of style,
In the Ladies' Weekly Tribune.

The "Temperance Reform" will here find a friend,
Where Truth, Virtue and Wisdom in harmony blend.
Both diction and subject exhibit great taste,
So send on your CASH, with all possible haste,
For the Ladies' Weekly Tribune.

Mrs. UNDERHILL's fair fame is a sure guarantee,
That each coming number still fairer shall be;
And AMANDA M. WAY is unrivaled, you know—
And the wisdom of both they united bestow
On the Ladies' Weekly Tribune.

Their chaste, thrilling tales, sound morals impart,
They enlighten the head, and make better the heart;
They beguile the lone hours, they teach us to feel
For the woes of mankind—and to pray for the weal
Of the Ladies' Weekly Tribune.

Here temperance and virtue shall flourish and shine,
Their all-conquering power be felt in each line,
And just such a journal has long been required,
And ne'er was a work more justly admired,
Than the Ladies' Weekly Tribune.

The great Temperance Ball with our rollers we'll roll,
And push on the conquest from pole unto pole;
May the tears of affliction all dry in its track,
And the voice of rejoicing come echoing back,
Through the Ladies' Weekly Tribune.

DISTILLERIES and GROGSHOPS we'll handle right rough,
And never will quit until ALL cry "enough,"

We hate the employment, yet love all the men,—(perhaps.)
And to save and reclaim them we'll do all that we can
Through the Ladies' Weekly Tribune.

We'll argue, entreat, and toil to persuade,
The high and the low, of whatever grade,
To abandon the traffic, to break every bowl,
Containing the poison that ruins the soul,
Through the Ladies' Weekly Tribune.

Ye loathsome inebriates, ye poor tipplers, too,
"A message of love" shall ours be to you;
We'll help you to turn to the paths that are right,
Thus cheering your homes with untold delight,
Through the Ladies' Weekly Tribune.

Each number preserve with neatness and care,
'T will make a rich volume at the close of the year;
And in all after time thy library 't will grace,
Though numerous thy works—be sure to give place
To the Ladies' Weekly Tribune.

The "EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT" is transcendently fair,
May it well be sustained, is my heart's *warmest* prayer;
And each son and daughter of Hoosierdom say,
I enjoy the rich boon—in fine—a bright day
To the Ladies' Weekly Tribune.

MANCHESTER BARD.

MANCHESTER, Sept. 15, 1857.

TO THE NATIONAL, THE GRAND, AND THE SUB-
ORDINATE UNIONS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF
TEMPERANCE, IN NORTH AMERICA.

My humble muse, awake, attune thy unstrung lyre,
One of thy choicest strains, in glowing words of fire;
And be thy theme without offense,
The daughters fair of Temperance.

Ye are a lovely band, joined to redeem our land
From drunkenness and woe, that so profusely flow
From all "rum holes"—let's move them hence,
Ye daughters fair of Temperance.

You wield a mighty power, exert it every hour,
'Till every drunken son is saved, redeemed and won
From error's paths,—your work's immense,
Ye daughters fair of Temperance.

You must and will succeed, if all are well agreed,
Firmly and fully bent, to spend and to be spent.
Blessings untold you will dispense,
Ye daughters fair of Temperance.

Take courage then, ye fair, by "works of love" and
prayer,
Press onward to the end, the good will you befriend,
While health, peace, joy, you thus dispense,
Ye daughters fair of Temperance.

Oh! may your "Union bands," devise the means and
plans,
Preserved and handed down, to bless each state and
town;
And far and wide may you dispense
The pledge and joys of Temperance.

May you abound in peace, prosper, and much increase
In number and in strength, until the breadth and length
Of our proud land, (a sure defense,)
Shall be far-famed for Temperance,

In after coming years, with gratitude, and tears
Of joy, shall you be blest, while in your graves you rest
From all your toils. Thrice blessed hence,
Be the daughters fair of Temperance.

This tribute of my muse, I trust you'll not refuse;
'Tis no "vain compliment," I thus to you present:
Please to accept without offense,
Ye daughters fair of Temperance.

TO INDUSTRY,

*Sung at the First Annual Fair of the Dearborn County
Agricultural Society, 1851.*

A P O T H E G M.

"Cursed is the ground for thy sake."—Gen iii: 16.

CURSED be the ground, in mercy cursed,
For fallen, sinful man;
And who that rightly understands,
Does not approve God's plan?

This is a life of active toil—
Hereafter we shall rest,
And he who is most faithful here,
Shall there enjoy it best.

The cultivation of the earth,
Through toil, and sweat, and sighs,
Is heaven's choicest, richest boon—
All blessings in disguise.

The thorns and thistles that we dread,
Which choke the growing grain,
Give exercise to willing hands,
And health and peace maintain.

The idle and the dissolute
Most sure to ruin run;
Who proves a burden to himself
Oft as the rich man's son?

The toiling millions of our globe
Enjoy night's sweet repose;
All strangers unto wakefulness,
And idle people's woes.

Then push along the mighty plow—
Cheer up—go, Charlie, go;
And men and boys, in merry mood,
Keep moving with the hoe.

And shove, and shove the plane along,
Ye artists of the land;
'Tis by your skill and industry
We evermore must stand.

The smith beside his glowing forge,
His anvil, and his vise,
With brawny hands, and manly brows,
Will serve you in a trice.

The politician, wide awake,
Will smile, and *scrape*, and bow,
And pledge you much some other time
To get your *vote* just now.

The student, at his musty books,
With scientific fires,
Propels the car along the track,
And thoughts along the wires.

The soldier, at the cannon's mouth,
Death staring in his face,
'Mid clashing steel, defends his land
From ruin and disgrace.

The sailor plows proud ocean's foam—
No timid heart has he;
To gather wealth, he boldly braves
The perils of the sea.

The doctor mounts his trusty nag,
And on, through sleet and snow,
He hastens to the sick one's couch,
To soothe the wail of woe.

The lawyer and the "ermined judge,"
Well versed in "legal lore,"
By mental toil, are known abroad,
And *famed* from shore to shore.

The minister, divinely sent
With messages of love,
Points to the house "not made with hands,"
Eternal and above.

The music of the spinning-wheel,
The shuttle, and the loom,
Will sweeten all the ills of life,
And chase away their gloom.

The kitchen, and the parlor, too,
Ye lovely and ye *fair*,
Becomes you all, and will reward
Your presence and your care.

All, all on earth should active be—
The sun, and moon, and stars
Keep whirling through the void immense—
Earth, Jupiter, and Mars.

Then push along the mighty plow—
Cheer up—go, Charlie, go;
And men and boys, in merry mood,
Keep moving with the hoe.



TO THE DEARBORN COUNTY AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

THE Dearborn County Fair shall usher in my song;
Please lend me your attention, it will not take you long:
So, my humble muse, "tune up," and awake!
In truth and in rhyme a synopsis now take
Of the Dearborn County Fair.

There were horses and mares, and jennets and jacks—
Roans, dapple-grays and sorrels, creams, chestnuts and
blacks;

All sorts and all sizes, sleeked off for a show,
Some were most beautiful, and others so-so,
At the Dearborn County Fair.

There were cattle and cows, calves, sheep and fat hogs,
Polar chickens, and pigs, and lots of fine dogs;
There were farming utensils, a grain-sower and plow,
And threshing machines that did it up—how?
At the Dearborn County Fair.

There was grass seed and wheat, and potatoes and corn,
Fine apples and onions as ever were born;
There was cabbage and beets, and radishes, too,
Sweet potatoes and turnips, all pleasant to view,
At the Dearborn County Fair.

There was—let me see—but I will not tell all,
Lest I weary your patience, and my poem forestall,
But butter! O, bless me! as yellow as gold,
And as sweet as pure honey, admired, but not sold,
At the Dearborn County Fair.

And the finest of bread, too,* to match the fine butter,
You would chew it with pleasure, and for more you would
mutter;
There were stockings and shoes,† and carpets and quilts,
Counterpanes and blankets, the work of no jilts,
At the Dearborn County Fair.

The patterns were all fine, and the needlework, too,
Such as our *fair ladies* know just how to do:
Chrysanthemums, dahlias, and roses in bloom,
And geraniums, too, all rich in perfume,
At the Dearborn County Fair.

There were saddles, and bridles, and harness, and whips,
And I venture to say that not one of them rips;

* Mrs. Dr. McCullough.

† As noticed in the *Sentinel*, and accredited to Mrs. WIEDLESTADT—beautiful.

They were tasty and neat, and made a fine show;
They must have been extra to be talked about so,
At the Dearborn County Fair.

And buggies—there! there! there! if you ever wish to ride
Easily, gracefully, and with conscious pride,
Just purchase a carriage of Helfer & Co.—
Encourage true merit, and thus add to the show
Of our next County Fair.

But the ladies—oh, bless 'em!—so lovely and *fair*,
All neat as a pink, were the fairest things there,
Their presence and smiles send joy to the heart;
May they live and be there, and each take a part
In our next County Fair.

Such a show once a year must end in much good,
Henceforth we shall farm it much more as we should;
Emulation and pride will the masses inspire;
Next year we will “come it,” infusing new fire,
At the Dearborn County Fair.

Two full acres in one, and far better than that,
If we keep the farms neat, and keep the land fat,
And horticulture, too, neglected too long,
Shall inspire my lay, and continue my song
Of the Dearborn County Fair.

May neatness and flowers, instead of rank weeds,
The garden adorn,—then—then rich its proceeds:
Men, women and children, “fly about,” and prepare,
And next year without fail be sure to be there—
At the Dearborn County Fair.

Everything that we make, or eat, drink or wear,
Will be greatly improved by our next County Fair,
Then hand in your names, and “fork over your cash,”
And there will be neither *poor stock* nor *poor trash*
At our next County Fair.

TO "A FARMER'S FOREST LIFE,"

A Poetic Address, pronounced at the Dearborn County Agricultural Fair, 1857.

"A FARMER'S Forest Life," I own has many charms for me,
Give ear my friends awhile, and the wherefores you shall see.
He first selects "a tract of land" 'mid birds and blossoms fair,
Then settles in his anxious mind, his *home* shall now be there.

Erects a neat "log cabin," out in the open woods,
Has neither stock nor cash, perhaps, nor much of "household
goods,"

But hope of "better days" gives strength unto his arm,
And at it now he goes, to "clear him up a farm." (*a*)

His viands coarse and common, and scanty too at that,
But instead of getting poor, he is rather growing fat;
Toil gives it a "a good relish," and sweetens his repose,
"For change and recreation" to the forest now he goes.

With his rifle on his shoulder, and with Jowler at his side,
The place between him and his home is soon made very wide;
He scours both "hill and dale" for turkeys, bear, and deer—
Returns at night quite weary, with "lots of merry cheer"—
(*sometimes*).

"His wife and little ones," all smiling and all fair,
Now hasten out to meet him, and "soothe his brow of care;"
His tea, perhaps of sassafras, of spicebush, or of sage,
Has long been waiting, but goes first rate, I'll venture to en-
gage.

And then he has fine "nuts to crack" at eve or in foul weather,
His overalls were sometimes made of yellow tanned buck-
skin leather.

His neighbors are most kind and true, each feels himself a
brother,

For lack of schools his children are *all* taught at home by
mother.

He has "a little patch for truck," though rather rough at first,
 But he can not do without it, and have it he *will* and *must*;
 In time it makes "a pretty garden," full of sweet shrubs and
 flowers,

Where he, "his wife and children," spend many happy hours—
 [or should do].

As time rolls on, his fertile fields, and "flocks and herds in-
 crease,"

His "cribs and stables" well supplied, his yards with poultry,
 pigs and geese,

And as occasion may require, he'll slay and cook and eat:
 For pure "domestic happiness," his life is hard to beat.

'Tis true we had our troubles *then*, and you all have them *now*,
 So happiness at last depends upon the *mind*, I trow,
 We were quite happy in those days, in hope of "better times,"
 And made "a shift to get along," and live without "the dimes."

For thirty-seven and a half cents, we'd toil all day in Summer,
 And keep as busy too, at that, as any "little drummer;"
 We'd sell our corn at sixteen cents, not always sure of that,
 And pork "one dollar twenty-five" that was all "rolling fat."

With tow and linen pantaloons, and hats of "chip and straw,"
 We lived upon *equality*, and seldom went to law.
 Our corn we ground on "hand mills," to make our "bread and
 mush,"

And often went abroad all barefoot, O! hush! hush!! hush!!!

Our wives, our sons and daughters, could fare but little better,
 'Tis true what I am saying, friends, "true to the very letter."
 For fifty cents per week, was *all* "OUR GALS" could *git*,
 And thought a chance like that, "a very happy hit."

Six cents per pound for butter, and eggs three cents per dozen,
 The highest price to be obtained from merchant, friend or
 cousin.

In striped linen or linsey dress, they'd "cut a merry dash,"
 Which they had spun, and wove, and made" "without one dime
 in cash."

Our elections then had nought to do with questions about
party,

We took right hold "the better man," and *rushed* him in most
hearty;

But still 'tis true, and must be told, alas! too well we know it,
A man must treat at every turn, or else he could not "go it." (b)

Our teachers took their pay in corn, and pork, and beef,
A little linsey now and then, would give them great relief;
They'd "board around" from place to place, nor murmured at
the fare,

Would bow at your devotions, and often lead in prayer.

The preachers, bless 'em one and all, (c) they went both far and
near,

To warn the sinner of his ways,—the saints to feast and cheer.
They'd "go through thick and thin," through mud and sleet
and snow,

"You'd always find them at their post," if you yourself would
go.

A Lawrence, Durbin, Jones, McReynolds, Collard, Hitt,
Collins, Daniels, Thompson, Randall, we never can forget;
Robinson, Miller, Beeks, Rawson, Murry, Sparks, and Hayes,
All zealous men for God, and worthy of all praise.

Oglesby, Bonner, Lewis, Gillett, Ruter, Brouse, Arrington, and
Fraley,

Whom you would delight to hear monthly, weekly, daily;
A Hargrave, Hicks, and Goodwin, McLain, Turner, and McCaw,
All eloquent for the *truth*, and mighty in the law.

Of Griffiths, Smiths, and Havens, there were some two or three,
Men you would always like to hear, and always like to see;
A Lambdin, Baker, Heath, and Wyley, and "good old Father
Jones,"

More deeply graven on the heart, than "chiseled" in the stones.

I fain would linger 'mid these sweets and tell the pleasing
story,

How they o'er came, through Jesus' name, and dwell with him
in glory;

In fine a Ross, Beharrall, a Holliday, and a Wood,
Is all that I can mention here, but would more if I could.

They wrought a mighty work here, in the mighty West,—(d)
But many have gone to their reward and entered into rest;
Their names enrolled on high, shall never, never perish,
A Lawrence, Lambdin, Raper, Strang, how fondly we all *cherish*.

I've thought it due to *all*, this much right here to say,
They labored long and faithfully, and got but *little pay*;
Lived not for self alone, but for the future good
Of saint and sinner, one and all, just as ALL men ever should.

I have digressed thus far to paint "a forest life,"
And now return again to the farmer and his wife;
To dwell on their privations many long years ago,—
Listen, my dear young friends, if you really wish to know.

Their church was some kind neighbor's cabin, upon the ridge
or creek,
With chimneys built with "cats and mud," for then we had no
brick;
With floors of puncheon under foot, and clapboards overhead,
And "lights for windows" paper oiled,—I've witnessed what
I've said.

All clad in coarse, plain homespun, and "neater than a pink,"
He takes his family to church, to worship God, and think
About their future home in climes more bright and fair,
Then consecrates himself anew to God, by faith and humble
prayer.

Begins the week refreshed in body, mind, and skill,
Assured that God is with him now, he sinks into his will;
His wife and babes to him are all surpassing fair,
Delighted with his humble home, he is most happy there.

And oft with one child in his arms, another on his back,
He "cuts across" the forest wide, along his "blazed out
track;" (e)

To spend a happy evening with some kind forest friends,
Then with a "lighted torch," his homeward way he wends.

Upon his safe arrival there he "strikes him up a fire,"
How happy we shall be my dear, when we have neighbors nigher
Talks o'er his pleasant visit, then bows himself in prayer,
And soon in peaceful slumbers, forgets both toil and care.

The bear, the wolf, the panther, quite oft beset his track,
And the very first he knows they 're well nigh on his back;
But God preserves him strangely, his wife and "*bub* and *sis*,"
I've witnessed in my time dear friends, such thrilling scenes as
this. (f)

Still to our farm we'd warmly cling, and grub, and hoe, and
plow,
Perhaps we all were happier *then* than any of us *now*;
We had fine peaches, "rich as cream," to sell, to eat, and dry,—
To the memory of those days I pay "the tribute of a sigh."

Still these are better times by far, and happier we should be;
Such great improvements in my time, I never thought to see;
We used to deal alone on *time*, and paid up in produce,
To ask the *cash* no one presumed, unless to "play the duce."

Now "ready cash" is "all the go," for labor, goods or wares,
And lo! my friends, we have fine agricultural fairs;
What mighty changes for the better, these forty years have
wrought,
To *you* young friends "a rich bequest," to *us* all dearly bought.

Young ladies and young gentlemen, *you* "scarce begin to
know,"
The dangers, toils, and hardships *we* had to undergo,
In clearing up this country, that's now so bright and fair,
Which *you* from *us* inherit without a seeming care.

Our roads were rough and muddy too, our mills so far away,
It took us one full day to go, and sometimes two to stay;

Your roads are fine, and *turnpiked*, too, your mills are just in sight,
Where you can go and get your grist, and back before 't is night.

You have your "railroads and canals," your telegraphic wires,
Fine churches, too, to "worship God," with carpets, bells and spires ;

You have fine houses and fine farms, barouches, chaise, and gigs,
And dress in silks and broadcloth, and feast on dainties and "roast pigs."

Cleave to these farms young gentlemen, improve and keep them nice,
They 'll yield you health and plenty, and keep you out of vice ;
The *rush* for "learned professions," is rushing into strife,
And oft is purchased at the price of happiness for life.

"The brawling politician," lives in a constant muss,
To keep up fair appearances, must keep an endless fuss ;
His life is restless as can be, nor dare he once deny it,—
If any of you doubt it friends, just sell your farms and try it.

The lawyer too, has strife on strife, the doctor has great care,
Be his success whate'er it may, or practice any where ;
Both are essential callings though, and oft they "make it pay,"
But would you once exchange with them, say, farmers say ?

You are thrice happy as you plant, and happy as you sow,
Or as you follow the "good old plow," or cradle, reap or mow ;
Richer by far than mighty kings in palace, hall or dome,
As you chant your "merry anthem," your own sweet "harvest home."

Huzza ! then, huzza, boys ! for the "farmer and mechanic,"
They both are independent men, and no bank money panic
Can e'er disturb their sweet repose, or tarnish their good name,
They're loved and honored in their lives, and in their death the same.

Ah! where are those "hardy pioneers," who early settled here?
Most of them gone, and very soon the last will disappear;
I too am frail, and getting old, and soon must pass away,
Well, "*be it so,*" I am content, since I have seen this day.

Forty long years have well nigh fled, and years of change and
toil,

Since I first settled in your midst, and purchased of your soil;
'T was then a "howling wilderness," with scarce one stick amiss,
Nor did I then begin to dream of seeing a day like this.

Judging the future by the past, what bliss laid up in store,
For all the young who shall behold forty long years of improve-
ment more;

Keep up your fairs from year to year, let each his "mite cast
in,"

In something—poultry, stock, produce, needlework, whether he
lose or win.

I leave the country much improved in "science and in art,"
And trust I've been no "hanger on," but have acted well my
part,

May smiling "peace and plenty" for ever bless this land,
For "truth and right," dear friends, for ever *firmly* stand.

And now "a kind and parting word" to the little girls and
boys,

"Seek God in early youth" for pure substantial joys;

Young men and women soon you'll be, and fill our vacant
places,

I trust with *pure* and *honest* hearts, and smiling happy faces.

And serve your day and age, as we have done before,

You have my warmest blessings, dears, and I can say no more;

May heaven's kind protecting arms for ever round you dwell,

And now dear friends both *old* and *young*, receive my *kind*

FAREWELL.

REFERENCES.

[a] That is precisely the way I commenced in the world, and indeed the whole "poem" is my own *true* history—a part of my Autobiography.

[b] My venerable friend Judge Isaac Dunn, has kindly furnished me with a slip from the Oracle, published at Lawrenceburg, in 1823, which I regard as a treat, because it goes back so far into the eventful past, and because it so fully endorses what I have said upon the subject.

L I N E S,

On viewing the Election Polls, August 3d, 1823.

WHAT'S this! I now with grief behold?
Our "office-hunters" grown quite bold,
To "law and order" bid defiance,
To purchase votes is their reliance.
They are not *bought* as I've been told,
From voters with "a purse of gold;"
Nor even for "a mess of pottage"—they
Do "sell their birthright" as they say.
Nor for good wholesome beef or hams,
But for those *deadly* whisky drams,—etc.

OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

[c] Special reference is here made to the circuit preachers and presiding elders, whose fields of labor included Manchester. The local preachers and ministers of other denominations have also done a great and good work in the vineyard of the Lord, and will be noticed especially, in the historical part of the work, which see.

[d] Among all the pretty amusing things written by Hon. O. H. Smith, in his "early Indiana trials," a more just and beautiful *tribute* is not to be found than the following, which endorses me fully—and here it is for you.

"I should be false to the history of early Indiana were I to pass by in silence the itinerant Methodist preachers who con-

tributed so much to the establishment of good order, quiet, intelligence, morality and religion among the first settlers; and without intending to give offense to others, I venture the remark, that early Indiana, nay more, Indiana to-day, owes more to the itinerant Methodist preachers than to all other religious denominations combined. Their system carried their churches into every settlement, and where two or three were gathered together, there was a Methodist preacher or exhorter in the midst. They were at the bedside of the dying man on their knees, or at the grave their voices were heard in songs of praise. Other denominations waited for the people to come up from the wilderness to worship, while the itinerant Methodist preacher mounted his horse, and sought out their cabins in the woods, held his meetings there, carrying the Gospel, and leaving the Bible and Hymn-Book as he went."

[e] "A blazed out track," is a line of trees spotted on each side, and in sight of each other from one place to another through the woods.

[f] See biography.—A night with a panther.

TO PROGRESS.

*Sung at the Third Dearborn County Agricultural Fair,
September 21st, 1854.*

—
 APOTHEGM—"UP AND AT IT."—AIR, "AULD LANG SYNE."
 —

WHAT great improvements mark the age
 In which we chance to live;
 O, who would then an idler be,
 And not this tribute give?

Then up and at it, one and all,
Nor lose a single minute;
You all may make the world the better
For having just been in it.

How things have changed and been improved
Within a few brief years;
It swells the heart with gratitude,
And calls forth hearty cheers.

When we were little boys and girls,
Some forty years ago,
We used our tinder, flint, and steel—
'T was click, and puff, and blow.

But now we take a bit of pine,
And split it fine and thin;
Into a "chemical compound,"
The ends we just dip in :

A little friction then will raise
A blazing torch of fire;
Perhaps we hardly need expect
To carry that much higher.

We used to rake our hay by hand—
Our plows were made of wood;
Now they are made of polished steel,
And horses rake so good.

Horses and oxen used to draw
Our merchandise and goods,
O'er mountains, hills, and valleys, too,
Through slushes and the woods.

But now our famed old iron-horse
Comes snorting on the track,
Swift as the wind—us, goods, and all,
He'll take right there and back.

To cross the ocean, years gone by,
Consumed long weary months;
But now our gallant steamships
Will take you there at once.

Expresses, too, we used to send
On horseback, through the mires;
But now they go, with lightning speed,
On telegraphic wires.

Improvements must and will go on—
Though telegraphs are some,
They'll surely be behind the times
In fifty years to come.

The master spirit of the age,
O, who, who shall it be?
Let every youngster here respond,
It may, it shall be me.

Then up and at it, brave young men,
Nor lose one single minute;
You all may make the world the better
For having once been in it.

When Franklin sent his little kite
And bottle to the cloud,
And filled it full of lightning red,
It was a conquest proud.

But O, how little did he dream
That those electric fires
Would e'er diffuse great truths abroad,
On long-suspended wires.

Developments in moral truth,
In science, and in art,
For ever lead to others, too—
Of one great whole a part.

Then up and at it, little boys,
Nor lose one single minute;
You, too, may make this world the better
For having just been in it.

And shall our proud, loved Hoosier State
No active interest take
In those improvements, which thus tend
All things to better make?

Well has old Dearborn done her part,
As will at once appear;
For all the hay-screws in the land
Were set in motion here.*

Then there is Holden's Patent Dress †
For grinding corn and wheat,
Worth thousands upon thousands told,
And monstrous hard to beat.

Then here comes Plummer's Patent Drill, ‡
For dropping corn so handy,

* By John Morrison, of Hardenburgh, in 1824.

† By Moore Holden, of New Lawrenceburg, in 1848.

‡ Plummer and Rollins, of Manchester.

And those who use it, I believe,
Pronounce it "just the dandy."

And shall improvements not be made
In managing the farm—
In raising stock, and making cheese,
And saving all from harm?

A glorious and a happy day
Has dawned upon the land;
For agriculture and fine arts
Now travel hand in hand.

Keep up your State and County Fairs—
Reward to merit give,
And all will soon both feel and see
We've just begun to live.

The ladies—bless 'em—with sweet smiles,
Will cheer you in your toil,
Nor shun the dairy, nor the loom,
Though sure their hands to soil.

In every land, in every clime,
They cheer to noble deeds;
What they approve, or smile upon,
Just like a charm succeeds.

Then onward, onward be your march,
Nor falter in the way;
Improve your minds, your farms, your stock,
And all will better pay.

Then up and at it, one and all,
Nor lose one single minute;

You all should leave this world the better
For having once been in it.

Ye poets and ye muses fair,
Awake your slumbering lyres;
You can do much, full well you know,
To fan and feed these fires.

Poets are said to rule the land
By their inspiring song;
Then sing a lay at every fair—
'T will help the thing along.

My humble tributes I have given,
And now give place to you;
Act well your parts, and you will find
What I have sung is true.

Then up and at it, poets all,
Nor lose one single minute;
You, too, should leave this world the better
For having once been in it.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Dearborn County Agricultural Society, the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the Rev. A. J. Cotton be and he is hereby presented with an honorary membership in this society, for his "Poem to Progress," made and sung by him at the Third Agricultural Fair for Dearborn county, in 1854.

J. W. EGGLESTON, President.

FRANCIS WORLEY, Secretary.

ELEGIES.

LINES,

On the death of MARY, infant daughter of Wm. and Deborah
Tuttle, Pownal, Maine, 1817.

A SWEET and pretty little girl,
Of age about two years,
Was lately taken sick,
Which caused its parents' tears.
Poor mortals here, O how exposed
To sorrow, sickness, pain, and woes!

The child could take no rest—
O how it was distressed!
In vain it shed its tears—
In vain each tale it hears.
Poor mortals here, O how exposed
To sorrow, sickness, pain, and woes!

And then the doctor came
To help the sickly frame;
But said 't was all in vain—
The dropsy 's on the brain.
'Poor mortals here, O how exposed
To sorrow, sickness, pain, and woes!

The child, of course, did die—
No doubt it reigns on high;
There Jesus is its friend,
Where pain and sorrow end.
In heaven do infants sing a song
Which doth to them alone belong.*

The child, I do n't believe
Its Saviour ever grieved;
For then it was quite young—
Not knowing what it done (*did.*)
In heaven do infants sing a song
Which doth to them alone belong.

But you that fully know
The good and bad you do,
Will surely be condemned—
O! fly to Christ your friend.
Your crimes confess, your sins forsake,
Then you an heir of heaven he'll make.

Then take up every cross—
Count all things here but loss;
Be it our constant care
To live a life of prayer:
And then on Canaan's blissful shore,
We'll meet our friends to part no more.

Sweet Mary dear, farewell—
Our anguish none can tell;
With grief our hearts are riven,
But when we meet in heaven,
We'll shout, our griefs and sorrows o'er,
And dwell in peace for evermore.

* Rev. xiv: 3.

L I N E S,

On the death of Captain GODFREY SNOW, who was literally ground to atoms in the machinery of a steamboat, of which he had command, 1821.

A SOLEMN sound doth now resound—we hear of sudden death—
Come listen now, I'll tell you how, and who, as my good muse
saith;
One Godfrey Snow, whose name we know, whose character we
view
To be upright, both day and night—this much, at least, is true.

His heart, I fear, as doth appear, was never changed by grace,
Unless it was within the jaws of that rough iron place;
God's power is such, his sacred touch creates the soul anew—
It may be so, for aught I know, that he that work did do.

This fearful sight took place at night—to atoms he was ground
By the rough deal of the balance-wheel—his head, howe'er,
was found;
'T was caused by this, if I don't miss—his coat caught in the
wheel—
In sad surprise, for help he cries—how think you he must feel?

He cried in vain, nor could obtain a stay no longer here,
But he must go from all below, and to his Judge appear;
The wife he'd left, and child bereft, he soon had hoped to see,
But ah, alas! was held and fast, forced to eternity.

And now to you, his consort true, you're left awhile to mourn—
Your husband's gone to tarry long—no more will he return;
Your babe with you brings to your view its father's tender care—
May you and it in glory sit, is now my deep-felt prayer.

A MOURNFUL SONG,

On the death of William Duncan's four children, who were consumed, with his house, by fire, on the evening of the 18th of March, 1822, aged eleven, nine, five and three years. One was an only son, five years old. Never was an entire community more generally excited to sympathy and tears than upon this occasion. These lines were published at the time in ballad form.

To ME give ear, ye parents dear, and your kind children, too,
While I express the deep distress which I will now pursue;
But in what way, I sure must say, I am perplexed to know
How to relate the solemn fate which I 'm about to show.

May he who reigns in Eden's Plain direct my pen and heart,
And give me light to do just right—from error to depart:
Here I must say, the eighteenth day of March, in '22,
A fearful sight took place at night—four children burnt in view

Of those who saw, with grief and awe, their bodies in the
flame,
But 't was too late—four out of eight all suffered the same;
Their parents, ay, had gone away, a pleasant eve to spend,
And little thought they should be brought to suffer in the end.

It does appear their infant dear with them they took along—
The seven left had gone to rest—O, what a mournful song!
For while they slept, the fire crept, and filled the house with
smoke—
Still there they rest, not one oppressed, till one at last awoke.

Then all the rest she thus addressed, "*Our house is burning up!*"
Her frantic cries unlocked their eyes—with horror they were
struck;
Two eldest they together lay within the other room—
Delila bold ran and them told their almost certain doom.

The fire had spread all o'er their head, which frightened them
the more—

One only way escaped they—a window was the door;
'T would make my song full quite too long to mention every
thing—

The other four are now no more—we trust in heaven they sing.

'Bout 'leven at night, if I am right, these parents started home,
When two young men approached them, and told them what
was done;

What sad surprise must strike their eyes, and swell their aching
hearts!

They could but see from seven, three that had escaped unhurt.

The morning mild upon them smiled, but still they were dis-
tressed—

They found of all a fragment small—poor comfort at the best;
Their burnt remains and fire stains, one coffin held them all—
A sermon they had the next day, well 'dressed to great and
small.*

Those parents dear, while they did hear, did often swoon away—
Their grief so great, who can relate how solemn was that day;
Their streaming eyes and mournful cries caused many hearts to
melt—

No one can guess, no tongue express how those dear mourners
felt.

Parents, forbear, your children are, no doubt, in heaven above—
In joyful lays they sing God's praise, for his redeeming love:
You've often prayed they might be made partakers of his grace—
The fervent prayer, God does declare, he hears with smiling face.

Like children now to Jesus bow, and kiss the sacred rod,
In heaven at last the word is passed—you'll praise the Lord
your God;

And there you'll meet, with greetings sweet, those children you
deplore,

And shout and sing to Christ, your king, to mourn nor part no
more.

* By Elder Ferris, of Lawrenceburg—now of sainted memory.

The near escape that you did make, ye children that survive,
Should make you praise God all your days that you are yet alive;
Your parents dear, while they are here, love, honor, and obey,
That you at last, when life is past, may to heaven all wing your
way.

Both great and small, on you I call—may virtue each inspire—
Be cautious, too, whate'er you do, and how you use your fire;
This world of woe, through which we go, is full of care and
danger—

And now adieu, dear friends, to you, and him who is a stranger.

L I N E S,

Selected and composed on the death of a dear brother, who was lost at sea—poor fellow!—and the only one of nine children that my mother ever lost. He was mate of the vessel; was overtaken in a long and fearful tempest; had lightened ship fifteen tuns by throwing overboard; night set in, dark and portentous. It being desirable, yet a very hazardous undertaking, the captain did not command, but said: “Boys, *dare* any of you undertake to furl the flying-jib if let down?” My brother and a Mr. Knights, two as gallant tars as ever paced a deck, responded: “Let it down, and we’ll take it in.” And in attempting to do so, my poor brother was swept overboard; but being a first-rate waterman, he came up alongside, and called for help. Ropes, and every thing in reach, were thrown to him. Mean time, another mighty swell broke over him, and he appeared again in the trough of the sea, some ten rods, at least, from the ship. Conscious of his perilous condition, he cried out: “If you can’t help me, I must perish! O help!” Then buried again beneath a mountain billow, in the next trough, his voice was again distinctly heard amid the roar of the warring elements, but could not be understood. How long he buffeted the mad waves is all

conjecture — perhaps an hour, or until siezed by a shark or other monster of the sea, the very thought of which is agony.

My dear brother, I would to thee
Inscribe a fond, a mournful lay,
Descriptive of my heartfelt grief
When thou didst pass from earth away.

Hark! O my soul! what do I hear?
The mournful, sad intelligence,
That brother dear I so much loved
Has gone, yes, gone for ever hence.

O brother dear, can it be so?
Yes, thou alas! indeed hast fled
To the regions of the cold, pale,
And sheeted millions of the dead.

* * * * *

Thy weary spirit breathed itself to sleep
Beneath the surges of the foaming deep;
Though thy shipmates could render thee no good,
They saw thee, heard thee, and did the best they could.

In that dread hour, we trust, to thee 't was given
To know, in part, what faith proclaims of heaven;
Yet O! I mourn, and bleeds my wounded heart—
Long shall I grieve, and feel the inward smart.

And thy last words, "O help! or I must drown!"
Thrills through my soul, a heart-affecting sound;
It does seem hard that naught for thy relief
Could have been used—'t is cause for deepest grief.

That 't was thy lot to die where those most dear,
Nor weeping friends that gloomy hour could cheer;
But so it was, and so it must remain—
'T is over with thee now—ah! why should I complain?

When thou didst die, could I have watched thy bed—
On its last resting-place have laid thy fainting head;
To have seen thee die—to know that all was o'er—
Thou decently interred—I could have asked no more.

But 't is the same, no matter where we sleep,
On burning sands, or in the ocean deep,
Or beasts of prey, or monsters of the sea,
Our frames devour—'t is all the same to me.

But here comes memory with her busy throng
Of tender images, forgotten long;
Years have hurried back, and as they swiftly rolled,
I saw thee, heard thee, as in the days of old.

Sad and more sad each sacred feeling grew—
Manhood was moved, and sorrow claimed its due,
While thick and fast the burning teardrops started—
I turned away in grief, and felt that we had parted.

But not for ever—in the cold and silent tomb,
Where all are equal, thy kindred shall find room;
A little while, a few short years of pain,
And, one by one, we'll come to thee again.

Thy dear loved JANE, worn out with care and grief,
Shall lay her head by thine in sweet relief;
Thy children, too, who mourn thy stay so long,
Shall all in time, around thee surely throng.

Thy parents, too, shall soon seek out the place,
And rest with thee, the fifth-born of their race;
Sisters, and brothers, and thy every friend,
True from the first, and faithful to the end.

All, all in his good time who placed us here,
To live, to love, to die and disappear;
Shall come and make their quiet bed with thee,
Or in the grave, or in the surging sea.

With thee to sleep, through death's long dreamless night,
With thee rise up, and bless the morning light;
There face to face we'll meet our friends again,
And bid a long adieu to sorrow, death or pain.

Then hail! all hail that blessed, blessed day,
When from each cheek all tears are wiped away;
The tolls of death shall ne'er be heard again,
In heaven's undying joy they shall for ever reign.

O glorious hope! what joy it does impart,
To mourning friends who thus have had to part;
Yes, while I write, I know this truth right well,
So brother dear, 'till then, O! fare thee well.

L I N E S,

ON the death of my own sweet child, Lewis A. B. Cotton, aged three years — our youngest and last child. The same I have often written for others with corrections to suit. O! he was a sweet dear little boy, and his memory precious, exceedingly precious unto my heart, even unto this day, and ever will so remain until we meet in that better land above. Reader, if they apply to you and yours, so appropriate them.

O CRUEL death! to seize our boy,
Our Lewis dear, our hope and joy;
To tear him from affection's breast,
And wrap him in thy icy vest.

But O, sweet babe! the struggle's o'er,
And rest is thine for evermore;
With thy loved kindred in the dust,
Thy precious form we now intrust.

Our hearts are full, our eyes o'erflow,
So hard for us to let thee go ;
No more to see that precious smile,
Which often did our cares beguile.

Yet the sweet hope allays the pain,
That we shall live and love again ;
Love with a pure seraphic fire,
Which never, never shall expire.

Go then sweet babe, we give thee o'er,
Soon we shall meet to part no more ;
Our rapture then shall be complete,
For there shall we each other greet.

There with our pious kindred sing,
There join with them to praise our king ;
There bid adieu to death and pain,
And there in peace for ever reign.

L I N E S

Upon the death of infant twin brothers, children of James
and Susan Mathews, 1824.

YE parents dear, to me give ear,
Come hear my meditation,
Your children, too, bring 'long with you,
Come hear this sweet relation.

Two lovely babes, I do engage,
Were born last Sabbath evening,

On Wednesday night one took its flight,
The other soon pursued him.

Two sons they were, though small, yet fair,
They were a pleasant portion,
But soon they fled, to the quiet dead,
How short was their probation.

The sight was fair, I do declare,
They both lay in one coffin,
Innocent they, like dolls they lay,
What could be fairer? Nothing.

Now just suppose the prettiest rose
That ever bloomed in May;
Not half so fair as that sweet pair,
Upon their burial day.

When they came in this world of sin,
They found a world of sorrow;
Then closed their eyes, flew to the skies,—
No trouble need we borrow.

Let say who dare, that children are
Not subjects of salvation,—
'Less we become like them, not one
Can gain a heavenly station.

If children then, as saith my pen,
Are unto men the standard;
How can we, pray, cast them away?
What! cast away the standard!

To me 'tis clear, our infants dear,
For whom our hearts are riven,

Rejoice and sing to Christ their king,
In their sweet home in heaven.

O! then adieu, sweet babes to you,
'Till Gabriel's trump shall thunder,
And then we'll meet in rapture sweet,
And sing, and shout, and wonder.

L I N E S,

On the death of infant twin brothers, children of Robert and
Mary Smith, selected and composed, 1852.

'T WAS on a time, and sweet the eve,
And balmy was the air;
I saw a sight that made me grieve,
And yet the sight was fair;
Within a little coffin lay,
Two pretty babes as fair as May.

Like waxen dolls in infants' dress,
Their little bodies were;
A look of placid happiness,
Did in each face appear.
And in a coffin short and wide,
They lay together side by side.

A rosebud nearly closed I found
Each little hand within,
And many a pink was strewn around,
With sprigs of jessamine.
And yet the flowers that round them lay,
Were not to me more fair than they.

Their mother as a lily pale,
 Stood by the coffin lid,
And bending o'er them, told her tale [of
 sorrow,]
 And burning tears she shed;
Yet oft she cried amid her pain,
 My babes and I shall meet again.

E L E G Y,

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS MILLER, President of the
Miller Township Washington Temperance Society, and sung
at a meeting of the Society, to pay a mournful tribute of
respect to his memory.

YE Temperance friends, please lend an ear to what I now do say:
Your dear beloved President by death is called away;
And we are met to mourn his loss, and talk his virtues o'er—
A custom that has long prevailed, e'en since the days of yore.

Men, great or good, in every age, with all the tribes of men
Have been revered and eulogized, and thus it is, that when
They cease connection with the earth, their memory still lives;
Rich is the inheritance to us, which thus the good man gives.

And Thomas Miller well deserves the tribute which we pay,
The celebration of his worth, and this my humble lay;
True as the needle to the pole, he to his pledge did cleave;
The loss of such a temperance man may well cause all to grieve.

As husband, father, neighbor, friend, he well performed his part;
"Was honest as the day is long," and pure in life and heart;
He died as he long since had lived, with confidence in God;
And now he rests from all his cares, beneath yon peaceful sod.

Our loss, dear friends, is his great gain, his work of love is done;
 The glorious crown of endless life triumphantly he won;
 Our friend, though dead, yet speaketh still, in silent eloquence;
 Let us his virtues imitate ere he was called from hence.

And let us keep the temperance ball forever on the roll,
 Till doggeries, those sinks of woe, are crushed from pole to pole.
 God is our captain, he will lead our conquering army on,
 From conquest unto conquest fair, till the great work is done.

To arms! to arms! ye valiant band, and pass the pledge around—
 'T will prove a safeguard and a tower, and all our foes confound.
 Friend Miller, now a long farewell—thy memory shall not die—
 We'll cherish all thy virtues fair, till we shall meet on high.

O then repose in slumbers sweet, thy sins were all forgiven,
 Angels have beckoned thee away to share the joys of heaven;
 May we thy pleasing footsteps tread, our lives be lives of prayer,
 That when, like thee, we're called to die, thy triumphs we may
 share.

E L E G Y ,

ON the death of MERRIT SCOGGIN, President of the Miller Temperance Society, who was murdered in 1845; being shot through the window of his own dwelling—two balls passing through his head, producing instant death. The base assassin was arrested, tried and acquitted, against the clearest conviction of his guilt, on the ground that all the testimony was circumstantial, and other *et ceteras*.

APOTHEGM—Gen. iv: 10.—“The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.”

AIR—ORIGINAL.

HARK! heard ye not that smothered groan,
 That piercing, mournful sound?

The voice of our dead brother's blood
That crieth from the ground—
“Avenge me—for my bloody gore!
Avenge me—for my wife;
Why will you let him run at large—
The wretch that took my life?”

Softly! thou dear lamented one,
Thy country's bathed in tears;
Thy wife—thy friends go sorrowing
Through all their coming years.
Thy Temperance flock is gathered here
To mourn their President;
To pay just homage to thy worth,
All—all are quite intent.

“The Court and Jury,” patient sat,
One blessed live-long week,—
With honest hearts—convicting truth,
They diligently seek.
The jury, lest they should do wrong,
Let the poor culprit go,
To wander up and down the earth,
To drink the dregs of woe. [*Guilt and remorse.*

A thousand times would I prefer
Thine own untimely death,
Than to be doomed a fugitive
Down to my latest breath.
O then repose in slumbers sweet,
Till God shall judge the world,
And all his burning thunderbolts
Be in his bosom hurled. [*Without deep penitence.*

Dear Merrit, now a long farewell!
 Thy mem'ry shall not die;
 We 'll cherish all thy virtues fair,
 Till we shall meet on high.
 Then chide us gently, dear loved one,
 Thy country 's bathed in tears;
 Thy wife, thy friends, go sorrowing,
 Through all their coming years.

TRIBUTE,

To the memory of Mrs. JULIA L. DUMONT.

"THE UNFORGOTTEN DEAD."

SOFTLY

She is sleeping now,
 She has breathed her last,
 Softly,
 While friends are weeping,
 She to heaven sweetly passed.

A brilliant star has fallen and gone out for ever,
 And many hearts bleed as tender ties sever.
 Gone down, did I say? rather up—up—up—
 To drink purer bliss from heaven's purer cup.

Her *transit* was marked by a blaze of bright glory,
 To live on and live ever in song and in story;
 Mrs. Julia Dumont of far-spreading fame
 Has passed earth's portals, but that deathless name

Shall live on and on through all coming time,
 In history and song, in prose and in rhyme;
 She was, as all know, nature's highly gifted Poet,
 And well she knew *when* and *how* she might show it.

Her "chaste, thrilling tales" of *fact* or of *fiction*,
Are *sound* in their *morals* and *fine* in their diction;
A *very strong mind* and a *fond feeling heart*,
Enabled her *well* to perform *her own part*,

In all the affairs and duties of life,
As *daughter* and *mother* and an *ever fond WIFE*—
As friend and as neighbor greatly loved and admired,
Not gaudy and vain but ever neatly attired.

Her sons and her daughters from her richly inherit,
Mind, wit, and genius, to win *fame*, by *merit*;
A star of attraction yet quite unassuming,
Of her might be said without once presuming.

Her fame and her writings we all fondly cherish,
So spotless and pure *they never can perish*.
A husband most kind, with means fully ample,
Ever sanctioned her efforts by force of example.

May heaven in mercy bind up the bruised heart,
'Till they meet in "*that clime*" "*where friends never*
part."

And now "cherished loved one" no language can tell,
How *fondly* ALL *loved thee*—farewell, oh farewell.

T R I B U T E ,

To the cherished memory of CLARK J. DURHAM, "a Son of Temperance" who was fearfully mangled and killed in the Machine Shop of the O. & M. Railroad Company at Cochran, near Aurora, May 14, 1857, aged 18 years; and respectfully dedicated to his bereaved and grief smitten parents and friends:

THIS manly youth in life's bright morn, was called from earth
away,

Be mine the mournful, pleasing task, "a tribute" just to pay.
Intelligent and good with all, a promising young man,
Loved and respected by his friends, in virtue's paths he ran.

Those sinks of woe where thousands fall, where "rum and
ruin" reign,

To lure him down to infamy, found all inducements vain.

At home among his dear kind friends, or with some useful
book,

He spent his hours, improved his mind,—of pleasures PURE
partook.

All full of hope, and joy, and glee, from morn 'till night he
toiled,

To aid his parents as he should, his manly hands he soiled.

The debt of love and gratitude, he labored to repay,

"Through all the pleasing scenes of youth," up to "that fatal
day."

Such generous, noble-hearted youth, are seldom to be found,—
Mangled and torn he passed away, to atoms almost ground,
To parents, brothers, sisters, friends, he was most kind and
true;

All mourn the loss of one so PURE, dear Clark, adieu, adieu.

Sisters, and brothers, how sad the breach made in your circle
fair—

Made in the circle of his friends, his comrades—everywhere.

And now dear parents, let me say, I sympathise with you,
Your hearts are wrung with anguish keen, I hear—I know
't is true.

But how much lighter is the pang to part with one so dear,
Than though he were a worthless youth, to loathe, avoid, and
fear,
But still I know your hearts must bleed, your sighs be often
heard,
It can not well be otherwise—yet in “the Sacred Word,”

You'll find the promise rich and free, to all who bear the Cross,
A life of glory in the skies, all else is surely dross.
Parents and children there shall meet, brothers, and sisters too,
All pious friends, and O, I hope, I there shall meet with you.

And now dear friends restrain your tears, let sighs be turned
to praise,
You'll meet him soon, I fondly hope, in mutual, sweet amaze.
May God in mercy grant to you his sanctifying grace,
And may we all in heaven at last obtain “a resting place.”

A MOURNFUL SONG,

ON the tragic death of CHARLES NOYES* and EPHRAIM CROUCH,
who were drowned together in the Whitewater, near Harri-
son, Dearborn county, Ind., May 20th, 1845. How, the fol-
lowing will explain.

Ho! ALL ye dying sons of men, give ear to me awhile—
A solemn scene I will rehearse, if heaven on me smile:
Four of our hale young fellow-men, the twentieth day of May,
Set out upon a fishing tour, with merry hearts and gay.

* My lady's brother.

Their names, Charles Noyes and Ephraim Crouch, Anderson and Magee—

They spread their sein near Harrison, quite full of hope and glee;

Thrice had they made a pretty *haul*, that pleased their fancy well,

But O! the fourth and last attempt—how am I pained to tell!

That two of them, alas! were drowned—the third did scarce survive—

The fourth was “cramped,” yet saved alone this *sinking* friend alive:

This “Tragedy,” “in measured strains,” so mournful to be told, Occurred thus (as I’m informed)—Magee, with courage bold,

Swam out to cross a deep wide place, to draw their sein once more—

About midway, his foot “got foul”—he cleared and swam to shore:

Both Noyes and Crouch, in merry mood, laughed at his sad defeat—

Said Crouch, “I’ll better that, you’ll see, or else it is my treat.”

“O, do not try it,” said Magee—“I’ve done my very best;

It is too deep, it is too far;” but naught could him arrest.

“If he can’t do it, we both can,” Noyes laughingly then said.

“No, no,” said And’son and Magee; but Noyes said, “Go ahead.”

Away dashed Crouch, but soon ’t was seen he was progressing not:

Noyes cheered him up, “Swim, Ephraim, swim!” but no response he got;

Onward rushed Noyes to save his friend, and seized him by the arm,

When Crouch hugged Noyes around the breast, which ’counts for all the harm.

“O help!” cried Noyes, as down they sank beneath the rippled wave—

In plunged Magee, with might and main, his sinking friends to save;

Now Noyes, in turn, caught hold Magee, and thrice drew him
below;

But still Magee was nearing shore, when Noyes his hold let go.

Magee swam out to take his breath, and stripped off every
weight—

Then plunged again his friends to save from their impending
fate.

Locked arms in arms, they then appeared, dashing the surface
wave;

But ere he reached them, sank again into their watery grave.

He dove, and dove, and dove again, but all to no avail,
And swam, and swam the surface round till he began to fail;
In agony he sought his friend, who stood upon the shore,
The fearful space (as I'm informed) of forty yards or more.

But soon exhaustion seized his frame, he too was sinking fast—
Now Anderson, who could not swim, wades in, in to the last,
And reaching out his nervous arm, just caught him by the hair,
As he was sinking down amain—O, what a sad affair!

With timely aid he was revived—the others soon were found;
But naught could them resuscitate—what an alarming sound!
Then side by side they each were placed, upon their wagon-
bier,
And thus brought back to their loved ones, alone, and sad, and
drear!

A messenger was sent in haste to their surviving friends,
Whose peaceful slumbers were aroused, whose shrieks the mid-
night rends;

At early dawn, with solemn tread, "They come!" resounds
from all,

With bitter tears, and mournful cries, that did all hearts appal.

Their fondest wives, in frantic grief, their aged parents dear,
And many friends, all joined to swell the wail of woe so drear;
But words, alas! are powerless, and poetry is mute,
Nor yet can fancy paint the scene with any just compute.

A perfect wilderness of men their burial scene did view—
The sermon by the writer, from Job sixteen, twenty-two;
This journey all, ALL soon must take, but how, or when, or
 where,
No living mortal tongue can tell—O! then prepare, prepare!

These dear young men had never thought how near their glass
 had run,
When they left home that pleasant morn, before the rising sun;
Some fifteen miles from all their friends, almost as quick as
 thought,
They were engulfed in death's cold stream, and rescued could
 be not.

They had no wife nor mother dear to smooth their dying bed,
Or cheer them in the trying scene, or hold their aching head;
Cut off from all their dearest friends, they gasp and die alone—
Their winding-sheet a limpid stream—their softest couch a stone.

The ways of heaven are just and right, though none should
 comprehend
Why dearest ties asunder part, and friend is torn from friend.
A few fleet months had only passed since each had married
 well—
Ye widowed brides, full well I know, your anguish none can tell.

O! cast your every grief and care on your ascended Lord;
His promises most precious are—O, take him at his word!
“He will provide” for yours and you, if you but seek aright—
He'll be your husband, father, friend, and you his dear delight.

Dear dying friends and neighbors all, especially young men,
O heed, I pray, this solemn call, this counsel of my pen;
“Prepare at once to meet thy God,” for death is on thy track—
'T may seize thee in thy sports abroad, and take thee all aback.

May heaven sanctify and bless this casu'lty severe;
Now to their mem'ry let us pay the tribute of a tear.

Farewell, dear Charles, and Ephraim too, till the last trump
shall sound,
And gather all our long lost friends from underneath the ground.

Children of many prayers and tears, we trust to you 't were
given,
In your last dying agony, to breathe your prayer to heaven;
Then fare you well, ye dear loved ones—earth's dearest ties
must sever,
But if so happy there to meet, we'll part—*never*—NEVER!

ON THE DEATH OF GILBERT ANGEVINE,

Who was drowned in attempting to ford Green River, on his
way to California, June 26, 1852, and respectfully dedicated
to his painfully afflicted and bereaved parents, brothers, sis-
ters and friends, and to all interested therein.

AIR, ORTONVILLE.

A WAIL of woe sweeps o'er the land, borne on a "Western"
breeze,

That sends deep anguish to the heart and makes its blood all
freeze.

A son and brother loved and dear, lured by "the shining ore,"
Bade weeping friends a fond adieu, and hastened to that shore,

Where "gold" her banners had unfurled, inviting all to come,
For she'd inducements large for more, and untold wealth for
some.

All full of life and full of hope, he urged his way along,
When suddenly "death called him hence—Oh! what a mourn-
ful song."

While on his tedious, weary way, a stream he needs must ford,
Whose rushing waters made him pause—but “onward” was
the word.

His faithful nag plunged in amain, when down the rapid
stream

Both horse and rider drift apace—he missed the ford, ’t would
seem.

“I’m lost,” he cries, “without relief, friends, friends, O come
and save;”

But no, ah no—he sinks—he sinks into “a watery grave.”
Thoughts of his “childhood’s happy home,” come rushing to
his mind,

Of father, mother, brothers dear, and sisters, too, most kind.

But they are all far, far away, and he must die alone—
His winding sheet the “limpid stream,” “his dying couch” a
stone.

Oh, California, all thy gold, can ne’er a ransom pay,
For all the anguish friends have felt for friends thus “far
away.”

Some “in the mines,” some hastening there, to death their all
resign—

Among the many “loved and lost,” is GILBERT ANGEVINE.
Lozier and Craig, Row, Dunn, and Hall, and scores on scores
beside,
And all like him leave weeping friends, and Craig, a fair young
bride.

Warm gushing tears and bleeding hearts proclaim their “depth
of love”—

All torn asunder ne’er to meet, ’till all shall meet above.
O why, O why, should it be thus, that loved ones die apart;
Causing deep grief and bitter woe to crush both hope and heart.

Such are “the mystic ways of Him,” “who is too wise to err;”
And Providence proclaims to all, ’t is wise to trust in her.
Well, be it so, we all rejoice that our dear friend was found,
And “neat and decently interred,” upon a lovely mound.

There peacefully in long repose, he sleeps "the sleep of death,"
 God, home, and friends, his heart repeats with his last gurgling
 breath—

Heard not on earth but heard in heaven," and swift as thought
 they come,

"A heavenly convoy" from above to guide his spirit home.

Upward he soars "on wings of love," and leaves this world of
 care—

For peace and pardon God *will* grant to penitence and prayer.
 Farewell, dear GILBERT, now farewell, our hearts all bleed for
 thee,

We mourn as *true* friends only mourn, O dear, dear, dear, dear
 me.

Could we but plant around thy grave the rose and jessamine;
 By that "lone spot," we every one long since most sure had
 been,

But one by one will come to thee in the cold and silent tomb,
 And rest in long and peaceful hope "the universal doom."

Then altogether we will rise and meet in heaven above,
 And join "the anthems of the blest," proclaiming "God is love;"
 And range "the blissful fields of light, and there forever dwell—"
 Dear son and brother, we repeat our last, long, sad farewell!

L I N E S,

On the death of JOHN B., son of George B. and Jane Sheldon,
 of Lawrenceburg, aged ten years. Respectfully dedicated to
 the bereaved and afflicted parents, and to all other friends
 similarly situated.

B Y R E Q U E S T.

O, JOHNNY was a dear sweet boy, some nine or ten years old—
 Active in body and in mind, as I have oft been told;

Bright hopes of future happy days his parents fondly cherished—
Alas! how soon he was cut down, and these fond hopes all
perished.

His prattling tongue, now hushed in death, will cheer their
 hearts no more,
Till they shall meet him in the skies, and join him to adore
That Providence which took him from this world's delusive
 snares,
To spend a life in praise to God, instead of sighs and prayers.

In that bright world, where all is peace, his little roving feet,
From paths of sin, securely flit along the golden street;
He swells the anthems of the blest—one of that youthful
 choir,
Who sing a song none else can learn, nor angel tongues inspire.*

Dear parents, give, O, give him up, and dry your flowing tears,
And may surviving children cheer your life's declining years:
Good-by, dear Johnny, soon we'll meet in that bright world
 above,
Brothers and sisters, parents, too, to praise redeeming love.

L A M E N T,

For Mrs. MARY JANE WEST, daughter of Walter Hayes, Esq.,
who was thrown from her carriage near Hardinsburgh, and
picked up a mangled and bleeding corpse. In 1826, Mrs. West
was one of my pupils, and just such an one as teachers always
love, and never forget.

ALAS! my dear loved, cherished friend,
 My pupil years gone by,
I mourn thy sad untimely fate,
 And heaves my heart a sigh.

I call to mind the scenes "lang syne," when you with others
came

To be instructed at my hands—your memory and your name
I cherish fondly in my heart—you were indeed most kind,
And one more fond none need desire, none e'er expect to find.

Beloved by all thy little mates, alike bemoaned by all,
Thy sudden death has spread a gloom deep as the midnight pall;
A husband dear in anguish mourns a wife most kind and true,
And children fondly lisp thy name, and sadly sigh adieu.

But thou hast fled to other friends who wait for thee above,
To swell the anthems of the skies, and sing redeeming love;
Nor danger, nor misfortune there can mar our perfect bliss—
How blessed is the life above when once compared to this.

O! then farewell, my cherished friend, in peaceful slumbers
sleep,
Till we shall meet in heaven above, no more to sigh or weep;
Live on in light, and love, and peace, on that immortal shore,
And dwell with God, and sing his praise, and triumph evermore.

LITTLE JOHNNY STEVENSON.

SEVERAL years ago, Mr. C. C. Stevenson, of Lawrenceburg, a gentleman favorably and extensively known all abroad, was expected from Cincinnati on the evening packet. His son John, a very promising little lad of some fifteen years, ran down to the wharf-boat to meet him on his arrival. A boat soon hove in sight, but it proved not to be the one looked for, and with a heart all full of anxiety and love, little Johnny, leaning against one of the outer posts of the wharf-boat, threw his head around, gazing intently up stream, impatient for the right boat to heave in view; and so intent was he to greet his kind good father, that he lost sight of himself, and

all around him. Meantime, the boat which had just passed rounded to, and came alongside the wharf-boat, without seeing the position of the lad, or the lad the approach of the boat; the bow of which struck his head, smashed it all to atoms, and entirely severed it from his body in a moment. He was seized and laid upon the floor; the purple life gushed out amain, and he was a headless corpse in a single moment. His father, arriving a short time after, was shocked almost to suffocation by the appalling spectacle. The scene that ensued is utterly indescribable, and I will not attempt it. It is said to have been more than a match for fancy itself to paint. His dear fond mother utterly swooned away on receiving the sad intelligence. A strong and suitable sheet was procured, the headless trunk carefully enveloped, and it was thus borne home, and thus placed in its little coffin. Mrs. Dr. Harding, a lady of fine feelings and good judgment, says: "Taken altogether, it was the most appalling, heart-rending scene I ever beheld." It is quite easy to believe that, the blood fairly curdled in my own veins at the painful recital, and I almost involuntarily exclaimed in poetic numbers:—

Mercy! mercy on me! O, my soul! what, O, what shall I do?
 How paint this painful heart-sick scene in colors just and true?
 My faithful muse do n't fail me now—O, come, my thoughts inspire,
 While I attempt to "put in tune" my worn out, unstrung lyre.

With sympathetic grief my heart does now profusely bleed—
 To tell you why, and when, and where, I will forthwith proceed:

John Stevenson, an active youth, of Lawrenceburg, fair city,
 Was by a steamboat crushed to death—O me! what, what a pity!

This little lad ran to the wharf his kind, good *pa* to meet,
 But was returned a headless corpse, wrapped in a winding-sheet;
 His dear, dear mother swooned away, 't was more than she could bear,
 And tears coursed freely down the cheeks of all assembled there.

His father, frantic with dismay, clung to his lifeless boy,
Whose pleasing manners and good mind inspired both hope and
joy;

But O, how vain those cheering hopes, all in a moment fled,
And that dear son so idolized, lies numbered with the dead.

Dear mourning friends, restrain your tears, 't is better for the
lad—

If he had lived, how oft his heart would here have been made
sad:

All now is o'er—go meet him, friends, in that bright world up
yonder,

Where deaths and dangers never come, nor loved ones part
asunder.



THE SUICIDE.

Several years ago, a young lady of Lawrenceburg, waded deliberately out into the river, just below town, plunged beneath the rolling stream, and drowned herself. She was discovered, but not in time to save her. Disappointed affection, and approaching ruin and shame are supposed to be the cause of the rash act of desperation. God pity the wretch who could be instrumental of so much ruin and so much woe. Let the mark of Cain be upon him, and let him be "a vagabond on the earth all the days of his life," and if God can save him from the deepest, hottest, perdition and woe, without a penitence, deeper than earth's cavern, and more bitter than the wormwood and the gall, I do n't know how—that's all.



Down by the river a weeping maiden stole,
Black as that river the flow of her soul;
Deep as that river the woes that oppressed her,
Wide as that river the thoughts that possessed her;

Fast as that river flowed her heart's blood,
 As by the river a moment she stood.
 White as the river when rising in foam,
 Her death-stricken cheek as she turned from her home ;
 The soft locks that pressed the snow of her breast,
 Were rich as the river, when over its swell
 The light of the moon in golden rays fell. —

She is gone—and the river moves slowly along,
 She is gone—and the river is moaning its song ;
 She is gone—and the breast of the dark water heaves ;
 She is gone—and the winds tell the tale of the leaves ;
 She is gone—and the owls sing a dolorous wail ;
 She is gone—and the moon turned sickly and pale :
 The spring of her tears its last tribute has paid,
 And she sleeps 'neath the willow tree's saddening shade.

Whence cometh the river, and whither its flow ?
 The false one that injured her never shall know ;
 Nor ever again shall his hard heart rejoice,—
 Unceasing, that river's mysterious voice
 Shall rush like a spirit along by his bed,
 And murmur the plaint of the innocent dead.

L A M E N T,

For Alanson Warren, of Manchester, who was drowned in the American River, California—and will apply with equal force and beauty to all our friends who “sleep their last long sleep” in that far-off land of golden dreams, and is alike intended for all—among whom I will just mention Cornelius Row, James Lozier, Clinton P. Craig, Esq., Capt. George Dunn, and Gilbert Angevine from our immediate community.

IN the far-off land of the stranger's home,
 Where the south winds fan the breath,
 'Mid lovely flowers and golden dreams
 They laid him down in death.

A lone tree marks the sacred spot,
Where he sleeps his dreamless sleep,
And the moaning winds with a pitying sound,
Their nightly vigils keep.

And beauteous birds with silvery wings
Will nestle in that tree,
And Spring's sweet violets deck the grave,
Which loved ones ne'er can see.
And O! how oft will strangers' feet,
That lonely spot pass by,
Nor think of one who came so far,
From his early home to die.

Oh! sad was the day, and the fatal hour,
When his spirit sighed to roam,
When he turned from the dear and sacred joys
That clustered round his home;
Away from friends and kindred dear—
Beneath that current's roar,
He struggles, gasps, and then he dies,
And he will roam no more.

Farewell, Alanson, a long farewell,
You live in memory still,
Your stricken friends, all mourn your fate,
Yet bow to heaven's will.
Those ways are often marvelous
And hard to comprehend,
But happy those who do at last,
Find God a present friend.

AN ELEGIAC ACROSTIC,

Upon the death of a brother's infant son—by request.

JUST as "the olive plant" put forth its tender blade,
Or rather the *sweet* BUD, in death it soon did fade;
How frail is human life! how many foes surround!
Nor peace, nor safety here, are seldom to be found.

And yet, how apt are we to place affections where
Man's fondest hopes soon end in grief or sad despair;
More wisdom then, by far the pious do display,
In making sure that "treasure which fadeth not away."

Come then, "ye weeping parents," your fondest babe give
o'er,
On Canaan's soil it blooms, nor can it wither more;
The sweets it now enjoys, transcends all human thought,
The robe which it doth wear, by Jesus' blood was bought;
O! may you each obtain the sanctifying grace,
Nor need I only add, that "there you'll see its face."

OBITUARIES.

THE GRAVE.

Oh, Death! a fearful refuge *thou!*

No sorrow *there!*

The plants are hushed that heralded decay,
While the dread shrinking from th' impending day,
And fearful wasting of the frame away—
Cease in the grave.

No withering grief—

That the poor heart o'er burdens with despair,
Or vain endeavor to escape from care;
No broken vows,—no tear-dimmed eyes are there,
In the lone grave.

The storm's dark wing,

Though spreading deepest gloom in angry skies—
While through the darkness vivid lightning flies
That blast and scathe, till vegetation dies—
Harms not the grave.

Want has no home,

And envious slander, *here*, has lost her power:
No friend's neglect—like fierce descending shower—
Can crush the heart, like a storm-stricken flower,
In the dark grave.

Let us rejoice—

That rest *like this* awaits us when life's day,
Fitful and troubled, ends. Its shadowy way,
Through Death's lone valley lit by *Faith's* pure ray
Beyond the grave.

In my time I have written *scores* of obituaries, by *request* and otherwise, the most of which I have preserved in printed "slips," and had intended to publish them in my little book, for the gratification of "mourning friends," but I *must* omit them, because, in spite of all my efforts at "retrenchment," my book I see will be larger than intended, and larger than desired. But cost what it may—enlarge as it will, I must record a *few*, which it would be both ungrateful and unjust to pass unnoticed.

Robert Sunman, of Pennsylvaniaburgh, Ripley co., Ind., died on the plains of Mexico, as a soldier and a patriot. His brother, Thomas Sunman, Esq., a gentleman and a scholar, and withal a *particular* friend of mine, at an expense of much "time and money," made a trip for him to Vera Cruz, exhumed and brought him home for burial beside his honored father and friends in the beautiful family burying ground, where he now sleeps his "last long sleep that knows no waking." At the time of his last interment, mine was the distinguished honor—the mournful pleasure—to pronounce the eulogy or oration, to an exceedingly large and interested concourse of his friends and fellow-citizens. He had won the fame of being a *brave* and good soldier, as he was a kind and good citizen, and as such I take great pleasure in "embalming his name" and memory in my little book. Ah!

"Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
Sounding with death groans."

Then again, why should nations fight more than private men?

Why not resort to reason, to a friendly arbitration, or to some

Legally constituted tribunal, as in the courts of justice. O the agony of "a battle-field," the waste of morals, of money, and of life, who can duly estimate—what numbers fully express it?

Soon be the dawn of that happy day, when "the nations shall *learn* war no more."

Thomas Watts, son of the Hon. Johnson Watts, of Dearborn county, Ind., (who was himself a soldier in the war of 1812-14, a gentleman whom his friends and fellow-citizens have oft "delighted to honor," my early and my worthy friend,) also died on the plains of Mexico, and was returned and buried, with suitable honors and ceremonies, beside his "loved kindred and friends," in the old church burying ground at home. The official announcement of his death is before me, and but for lack of space, I should with great pleasure record it here, as intended. Suffice it to say, that it speaks of him in the highest terms of commemoration and praise, duly certified by my esteemed friend, Col. Dumont, and his subordinates, which is a good indorsement. With him, however, the "war is o'er," and we fondly hope that he has also made "the good fight of faith," and won the crown of everlasting life. "Peace to his quiet dust."

Dr. Cullen Crookshank, son of Dr. Nathan Crookshank, of Harrison, long and favorably known as an eminent practitioner, scholar, and geologist, and my old *familiar* friend, also fell in Mexico, where, buried with "the honors of war," he slumbers in a soldier's grave, and mingles with the dust in that far-off land of "bloody warfare." He was a young man of most extraordinary abilities, and one of

the finest poets in the West. Let us hope that he tunes his lyre to

“Nobler strains above.”

David Conger, son of Hon. Judge Conger, formerly of Manchester, now of Iowa, also sleeps upon the plains of Mexico. He was one of my kindest and most *cherished* pupils, and as fine a youth as ever trod the earth; pious and exemplary in all the walks and duties of life. A very accomplished lady and poetess of New Albany, sang to his memory the following appropriate and beautiful lay, which may, in some respects, with equal aptness be applied to all:

Soldier, thou resteth on the enemy's soil,
Far, far from thy native land;
Thy dream is o'er, with its peril and toil,
Away on the Rio Grande.

We weep that one so young, so brave,
Of the valorous Dearborn band,
Should seek a name, and find a grave,
Away on the Rio Grande.

But the glory of the warrior passeth away,
Like lines that are traced in the sand;
The laurels thou hast gained can never decay,
Like those of the Rio Grande.

Died—Perez C. Cotton, and Lewis Ammi B. Cotton, my own dear infant sons.

Sweet babes, farewell,
Go seek that quiet shore,
Where sin shall vex,
And sorrow wound no more.

Died in infancy—Victoria and Alvira, daughters of A. B. and Jane Cotton, my own dear little grand-children.—

Josephus, son of James P. and Priscilla Milliken.—Estella, a surpassingly sweet and interesting little daughter of Peter C. and Eliza Wilcox.—Sarah, another dear, sweet girl, daughter of Amos and Levina Noyes.—Abigail, another most lovely child, daughter of Benjamin and Sarah Sylvester, my little nephew and my little nieces.—James M., son of Alden H. and Amanda Jumper.—Helen Frances, daughter of James and Augusta Sellers.—Sparks, son of Joseph and Ellen Schooly.—Omer, a sweet, suffering child, son of Gilbert and Elizabeth Platt.—Cassa, infant dear of Tyler and Martha Morris.—George, a dear and only son of Richard and Elizabeth Knox.—A sweet, dear little child of Ahira and Matilda Meader.—A sweet, dear infant child of Luther and Alcy Horham.—A dear, sweet infant babe of Robert and Fanny Ketcham.—A little dear babe of Charles and Betsy Cook.—An interesting little boy, son of William W. and Mary Jordan.—Mary, and two unnamed children of David and Nancy Crocker; a sudden and sore visitation.—A sweet infant babe of Purnel and Rachel Parsons.—Helen, sweet girl, daughter of Alonzo and Catharine Martin.—Isadore, Theodore and Mary, dear, sweet children of Joseph and Hannah Hansel.—Jenny, an afflicted, sweet little daughter of Addison and Mary E. Chandler.—All children of my relatives and friends, whose names I here embalm for preservation in my little book. Taken “from the evil to come,” they are being early gathered into the fold above, “for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” Sweet babes, farewell.

“As when at morn the sturdy mower’s seen,
With sweeping scythe among the meadows green,
Grass, shrubs, and flowers, all undistinguished fall,
And wide-spread desolation covers all.”

Daniel and Nancy McMullen lost a sweet little girl, which called forth a nice little poem from a friend. I will only give the concluding verse:

Then dry your tears, each weeping friend,
For unto you a hope is given,
If you but serve God to the end,
You'll meet Alvira up in heaven.

Died—Mrs. Elizabeth M., consort of Richard Platt. My only daughter, and the sweetest daughter that ever blessed a parent, died at the age of about 20, leaving a son two years old, and an infant daughter only six days old. But she died in the transport of a living faith. "I am dying now," said she, "but I have no fears of death, my soul is happy; O I never had such a sense of my Savior. It is hard to leave my kind husband and my little babes, but the will of God be done. Let me kiss them once more—take good care of them, and raise them up well," and again she fondly pressed them once more to her bosom and her lips, and gave them up, being quite exhausted and nearly gone,—reviving a little, she said, "O, Pa! O, Ma! weep not for me, I shall soon be with Jesus in heaven!" and then sealing upon our burning cheeks love's fondest, purest, holiest seal of affection and love, she fell asleep so peacefully it seems almost a sin to weep. How truly Young paints the scene, when he says:

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged above the common walks of life,
Quite on the verge of heaven."

"Lord, she was thine, and not mine own,
Thou hast not done me wrong;
I thank thee for the precious boon
Afforded me so long."

O! loved Elizabeth,

"I SEE THEE STILL."

"Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
Thou comest in the morning light,
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night.

In dreams I meet thee as of old,
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear.
In every scene to memory dear,
I see thee still.

In every hallowed token round—
This little ring thy finger bound,
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by thee was braided;
These flowers, all withered now like thee,
Sweet daughter, thou didst cull for me;
This book was thine, here thou didst read;
This picture—ah, yes, here indeed
I see thee still.

Here was thy summer's noon retreat,
Here was thy favorite fireside seat;
This was thy room, here night and day,
I sat and watched thy sad decay;
Here on this bed, where thou didst lie,
Here on this pillow, where thou didst die;
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold,
As then I saw thee, pale and cold,
I see thee still.

Thou art not in the grave confined—
Death can not chain a deathless mind;
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But virtue dies not in the dust.
Thee, O my daughter, 'tis not thee
Beneath the coffin lid I see;
Thou to a fairer land art gone,
And there I hope—life's duties done—
To see thee still."

And although I greatly miss thee, and deeply mourn for
my sore bereavement, yet I would not forget thee, no,

never, never. The remembrance of thy dutiful obedience and great amiability of "mind and manners," the glorious composure and happy triumph of "the closing scene," the last *sweet, fond*, and "farewell kiss," are "cherished remembrances," more precious than gold, or even life itself. Yes, if the *softest* WHISPER could bring thee back to earth, that *whisper* should be suppressed. No! my "loved and cherished" daughter, no; live on "in glory and in bliss," "fast by the throne of God," and when the "duties and conflicts of life" are o'er, I'll meet thee—by "the grace of God," I'll meet thee—join in the holy anthem, and swell the holy chorus "to Him who hath loved us and redeemed us by his blood." Hallelujah! hallelujah! amen and amen.

Mrs. Phœbe, consort of my lamented son, Alfred B. Cotton, one of the fondest, kindest, neatest and smartest wives that ever blessed a husband, died in seven days after my lamented and ever cherished Elizabeth, leaving also a little daughter five days old. Her last and parting words to all her friends were, "meet me in heaven! O meet me in heaven!" and fell asleep. My bereaved son survived a few years, and then he too passed from earth away. He was my first sweet little boy, the one I had in my arms when beset with a panther, (see biography;) a good son, a high-minded, honorable man, and "honest as the day is long." Children, farewell.

"As the snow-flake, dancing beneath the light
Of the glorious sun will melt from sight,
So fond ones pass away.
With the speed of a thought that upward tends,
Do we hasten on with all our friends,
To mourning and decay."

Died—Mrs. Sarah Jane Morris, a most amiable and fondly cherished niece.—Mrs. Clara Smith, a cherished

friend, a lady of *mind* and refinement.—Mrs. Helen Freeland, an ever dear niece, loved and cherished.—Mrs. Sebra True, modesty and virtue personified.—Miss Alvira Noyes, a dear sweet niece, one of the finest young ladies, and sweetest poets, of her age, to be found.—Miss Harriet Pardun, Miss Caroline Powell, and Miss Sarah Barrows, famed for their piety, loved in life, and lamented in death.—Miss Sarah Smith, for mind and piety almost an exception.—Miss Mary Jane Snell, Miss Eliza True, Miss Hannah Jane Conger, Miss Celia Ann Hansel, and Miss Sarah M. Jackson, were all young ladies of great moral excellence and piety, and all that I have here named were dear loved pupils of mine.

Then here comes back to memory my dear and ever cherished friends, Miss Polly Ehler and Miss Ann Rodgers, how sweet how precious their memory still.—Mrs. Mary Ann McMullin, Mrs. Polly Slater, Mrs. Ella Bodine, and Mrs. Mary Slack, early pupils of mine, dearly loved and fondly cherished.—Mrs. Susan Ross, and Mrs. Philena Fisher, dear sisters and fondly cherished friends, are registered in my kind remembrances, and I can but do myself the pleasure to embalm their names in my little book, as they are in my heart, my affections and my memory. They were all amiable. most of them pious, and died in “peaceful and holy triumph.” Sweet poetic lays have been sung by surviving friends to their departed loveliness, which I should indeed be pleased to accompany these notices, but space utterly forbids. My good friends must excuse me, and “take the will for the deed.”

Miss Jane, daughter of the Rev. Daniel and Lucy Plummer, is also a name too precious to be lost. Though never a pupil of mine, *her* friends are *my* friends, and I can not pass so cherished a name unnoticed. It is saying *much*, I know, almost *too much* for credence, when I say, in common parlance, she was deemed by many to be “the flower of the family.” Her kind and talented sister, Mrs. Dr. Harding, sang one of her sweetest poetic lays on the occasion,

inscribed "To a Sister in Heaven," and so did Miss Lizzie Jackson to hers, to which I would gladly treat my readers, did space permit. In the place of which, and others before referred to, I will here introduce a very beautiful little poem from the pen of Mrs. Bassett, corrected a little to suit, which I think very appropriate and beautifully applicable to them all, and then I pass:

"As comes the flowers in spring-time, to cheer us for a day,
To charm and then to leave us, so pass our friends away;
Yet not like these they wither, they only pass from earth,
Transplanted in their beauty to a land that has no dearth.

Or like the stars that lend us their gentle beams at night,
Not *lost* in the bright morning, they only pass *from* sight;
Although the *chain* be severed which binds our hearts in
love,
The links shall all be gathered, and joined again above.

On earth in the dear "home-circle," a dear sweet voice is
hushed,
And a heart has ceased its beatings, from which loved
music gushed;
One lonely seat is vacant, too, at table, church and prayer,
A daughter, wife or sister, is missing everywhere.

In heaven a happy seraph, amid the "angel bands,"
With crowns, and harps, and spotless robes, in radiant
beauty stands,
And *pure, rich* "strains of melody," which angels list to
hear,
Is added to "the choir above," though it be *missing* here."

EPITAPHS.

OF the many epitaphs that I have written, "by request" and otherwise, I can give place only to a few, as "specimens." I pronounced the "funeral sermon" of Joseph Hannegan, a venerable old "Revolutionary soldier," to a vast assemblage of his friends and fellow-citizens; at the conclusion of which I read, and then presented to the family and friends, the epitaph below, which was kindly and thankfully received. Subsequently I pronounced the "funeral oration" of Jas. Skaats, another venerable "Revolutionary soldier," who was buried with "military honors" and parade, under the command of Colonel Mark McCracken, Captain Hugh Scott, and others. There was, of course, "a perfect wilderness" of men, women, and children in attendance, with "music and banners"—a day not soon to be forgotten by me, or by "the citizens of York Ridge." By striking out the eleventh and twelfth lines, and inserting the following in their places, this epitaph will as fitly apply, and be quite as appropriate, as though it had been composed expressly for this purpose, and it is hereby intended so to be applied and used:

A patriot *true* all proud oppression hates
And none more so than our lamented Skaats.

For JOSEPH HANNEGAN, a venerable Revolutionary soldier.

Beneath this stone an aged veteran lies,
Who early fought for "freedom's golden prize,"
(234)

And lived to see her "eagle, stripes and stars,"
 On every sea, the pride of "gallant tars."
 In "seventy-six" he joined the "martial band"—
 For liberty he "fought with sword in hand;"
 Hunger and toil, in common, was his lot,
 Which he endured, fought on, and murmured not.
 Kings vainly boast the "right divine" to reign—
 ALL men by birth equality obtain;
 Each patriot—the young, the older man—
 Fought for this *truth* with our loved Hannegan.
 "Three score and ten" he more than lived to see—
 Honored by all, as he indeed should be;
 How *sweet* his rest—"the prize was nobly won"—
 He *boldly* fought—he *sleeps* with WASHINGTON.

For General MORTIMER DE LAFAYETTE.

"The nation's guest" of "North America,"
 In slumbers *sweet*, rests in this "house of clay,"
 And o'er his dust *all* freemen shed their tears,
 As they recount his former *brilliant* years.
 While yet a youth, to aid the West, he flies,
 Then "struggling hard" for "freedom's golden prize;"
 None surely can, no, *never* can forget
 The "timely aid" of our loved De Lafayette.
 All France must feel a loss before unknown—
 On one more true the sun has never shone;
 And Lafayette will "live in history" dear
 Until the *close* of the *last* "rolling year."

For Mrs. AMOS NOYES and her infant babe.

Here lies a mother whose first born
 Rests in her arms till the "great morn;"
 They sleep unconscious of the tear
 That tells "the tale of sorrow" here.

For Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAM HORNER, who died within a few days of each other. They sleep side by side, and one marble slab marks the resting-place of both.

A father, friend, and husband dear,
In sweet repose, lies slumbering here;
His faithful wife soon after died,
And here they slumber "side by side."

For Mrs. CHARLES NOYES and infant babe.

Here lies a mother with her babe
Slumbering in her arms;
Virtue was hers—*pure* virtue hers,
And many were her charms.

A husband dear those virtues prized, and her his idol made,
But she has left his kind abode for "joys that never fade."
Though short her "passage to the tomb," the struggle was
severe—

Many the friends who mourn her loss—"witness" the flowing tear.

For infant twin-brothers, children of JONAS and SUSAN MATTHEWS, also of ROBERT and MARY SMITH.

Twin-brother babes, "fair as the rose,"
Lie slumbering here, in "sweet repose;"
Freed from a world of care and sin,
They are "with God and bliss" shut in.

For my own sweet infant son, and others.

So *sweet* a bud, so *fair* a flower,
Is seldom seen on earth;
Comely in form, and *bright*, and good,
E'en from his very birth.
Transplanted soon to "fairer climes,"
By tempests no more riven—
A bud too sweet, too fair for earth,
Now blooms for us in heaven.

SHOULD my friends see fit to mark my "last, long resting-place" with a "tombstone," let the following—neither *more* nor *less*—be the inscription upon it, except to fill the blanks correctly, computing the years of my ministry from 1817, at which time they *really* commenced, and I, of course, aged only seventeen at that time.

H E

WHO LIES BENEATH THIS STONE

WAS

BORN IN POWNAL, MAINE, APRIL 20, 1800.

DIED IN

_____, 18—;

AND WAS FOR ——— YEARS

A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

—————
 "He being dead, yet speaketh."—SCRIPTURE.
 —————

Let my foibles and my faults be "forgiven and forgotten," and the good influences I may have exerted in the world, and "the record" of "the Book of Life," alone preserve my name and my memory from "everlasting forgetfulness."

A N D

O! stay, stranger, stay, and pause awhile
 Upon your "future state;"
 As I am *now* so you *must* be—
 It is the "law of fate."
 Virtue alone can you prepare
 "Death's trying hour" to meet;
 My "still small voice" consent to hear—
 My slumbers, O, how sweet!

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN INDIAN'S GRAVE.

INDIAN graves abound all over this country, but the one to which the reader is now directed is a peculiar one. When the Tribe was about to remove from "the New Purchase," now Ripley County, one of the tribe was exceedingly ill, nigh unto death. The moving day at last arrived, and the sick and dying one was left with an early settler, Mr. Moss, I think with whom the tribe made an arrangement for kind nursing and a decent burial. The parting scene was peculiar and affecting—that being over, they took up their line of march toward the setting sun. The sick man soon died, and was buried on North Hogan Creek, just above Moss' old Mill, in the vicinity of Elder Meader, who is both extensively and favorably known, and hence this reference. Standing by this unmarked grave, some years ago I pencilled down the following:

REFLECTIONS AT AN INDIAN'S GRAVE.

"THE Red Men of the forest" are fast melting away,
And must be extinct at no distant day;
When the white man first found them, they were happy and
free,
Possessed the whole country, lake, forest, and sea.

They lived by the chase, lived happy and well,
But the white man came! and they suddenly fell;
Driven out from their homes again and again,
They emigrate West, still the white men complain.

They still want more room, and have it they must,
If original owners be crushed into dust;
At first received kindly, they discovered too late,
In sustaining the white man, they sealed their own fate.

In their conflicts for empire the best of them fell,
And the "tollings of time" is their own funeral knell;
How scattered, and wasted, and feeble they are,
Committing rash acts from "want and despair."

Philanthropy weeps at the tale of their wrongs,
Preserved in legends, tradition, and songs;
Slumbering here lies one of that ill-fated race,
Who must die or "clear out," to give white men place.

All feeble and faint, with a mortal disease,
His tribe all forsake him, but first if you please,
They secure him good lodgings, and kind nursing care,
And then for their journey forthwith they prepare.

The scene was affecting, and the parting pow-wow,
Seems echoing back from the hill-tops just now;
But the struggle is o'er, his spirit has fled,
And here he reposes with the low sheeted dead.

His kindred and tribe will long cherish his name,
And the Christian philanthropist will cherish the same;
And erect as I trust, right here on this spot,
A suitable monument that perisheth not,

That ages hereafter may shed the warm tear,
O'er the sad fate of him who is now slumbering here;
O fate! cruel fate, can naught interpose,
To rescue this race from so many sad woes?

Not short of that country all blooming and fair,
Where nations and tribes find rest from all care;
The Gospel of peace marks out the true way,
Which leads from "all night" to the realms of "all day."

There races and tribes of empires and lands,
Shall meet there in friendship, and join their warm hands
In token that war and contention is o'er,
And sing of redemption, and the Savior adore.

O! then rest in peace "thou forsaken and lone—
Man of the forest," the winds' hollow moan
Shall sing thy low dirge, and birds carol here,
To the end of all time—adieu, with a tear.

N. B. No one would have this all an Indian country again. God never designed that it should so remain; we only complain of the rash and cruel acts of the white men individually, and not nationally. When Indian tribes have served the purposes of their creation, God will blot them out, as he has nations and tribes before them. "It is God's doings, and marvellous in our eyes."

CHERISHED PUPILS.

Miss Clara J. Collier, Miss Clementine B. Cook, Miss Alice Clark, Miss Catharine Fisher, Miss Lydia P. Roberts, and Miss Harriet Labourn, all interesting Misses, and loved and cherished pupils of mine, some time since wrote me a chaste and beautiful letter each, as their loved and cherished teacher. In answer to which I send each of them a corrected copy of the following poem.

FAIR Miss for thee I would inspire,
And touch with truth my trembling lyre;

To sing thy praise in strains refined,
For the improvement of thy mind.
So easily thou canst indite,
And then so fair, both spell and write.

Proceed fair Miss, of genius soon
Thou shalt receive the priceless boon;
Of praise and fame—yes even now,
That garland fair entwines thy brow;
With laurels that shall blossom gay,
When beauty's wreath shall fade away.

There is a charm in genius, which
No art can reach—so rare—so rich,
That all bow down and worship there,
While *beauty* sinks into despair,
And weeps that youth was spent with toys,
Neglecting learning's lasting joys.

Go on dear Miss, remember soon,
Youth's morning passes, and the noon
Of life comes on and on apace,
When youth and beauty lose their grace;
But virtue's charm when these depart,
Refines and beautifies the heart.

Then seek the prize with studious care,
'T will make thee wise, and *keep* thee fair;
'T will be thy friend in grief and woe,
And cleave to thee while here below;
O! ever walk in wisdom's ways,
And merit *fame* and honest praise.

THE SQUIRREL.

My brother-in-law a few days ago,
Shot at a squirrel, I heard him say so;
But missing his mark, the swift twirling ball
Soon called at the house of Sylvanus Brimhall.

While high in the air it made a strange noise,
Fell flat on his roof, and was caught by his boys;
The morning was mild, the report he heard,
Took about four steps as the ball appeared,

So the time 'twixt the start and the end of its flight,
Wasn't over five seconds, nor even that quite;
Sixty-five to the pound is what the ball weighed,
And seven score charges the same powder made.

From where the ball started, to where the house stood,
When measured, was found, just three and a fourth rood;
So where the ball took its sudden discharge,
To bring a small squirrel from a tree pretty large,

Its acclivity's grade, I am happy to say,
May be ascertained in this simple way;
The base forty feet as near as may be,
Perpendicular sixty, and inches twice three.

Ye learned and great, if any of you know,
Please tell me how far this ball had to go?
And how far forthright suppose it did steer,
What then was its course in coming back here?

And what was its achme or 'longation from earth?
The wise wish to know, though fools should make mirth;
An occurrence like this is certainly rare,
Hence the pains I have taken to improve it with care.

N. B. This is all true to the letter, and furnishes a fine
question in projectiles. Boys try it, will you?

MOUNT ABRAM.

IN one of my visits East many years ago, in company with several dear relatives and friends, I visited Mount Abram, situated about 50 or 60 miles north of Augusta, in Maine, whose summit is 3500 feet above tide-water, and 3300 above its own base. It is a hard and long climb, owing to its rough and bold surface, but paid well. The prospect was grand beyond description, taking in at a single glance the whole romantic scenery around, as far as the eye could penetrate through the blue ether. It was exceedingly cold, (though a very warm day below) entirely above vegetation, except very little shrubs and mountain cranberries. It often thunders and lightens, and rains below while the summit is basking in pure sunshine. I found a scientific gentleman with his barometer and other implements for observation, who had gained the summit just before me from another direction. There were in all nineteen of us, and nothing but I must preach before we descended, and sing, pray, and preach I did, and I think we all found it a very pleasant, precious season. My friends so expressed themselves in referring unto it. My text was "I will teach you the good and the right way." We had wandered strangely in our ascent up thither. We need not so wander in our way up Zion. A contrast with the fruits and prospects, and the company and the other *etceteras* filled up my sermon, to which my friends often since refer with seeming delight. Responding to which, in plain prose I conclude thus:

AND now my dear friends and my kindred most dear,
For me grieve not—vent not one sigh or one tear;
For when fleeting time shall have rolled its swift round,
I hope on Mount Zion with you all to be found.

On that holy mountain all those who obey,
Shall each wear a crown which fades not away;

The streets paved with gold, they shall walk at their ease
And pluck sweet ambrosials from life's fruitful trees.

The fruits of Mount Abram, and Mount Bradbury, too,*
Lose their beauty and sweets when Zion's fruit is in view;
More glorious the prospect, more extended the sight,
More lofty their notes, more full the delight.

There glories and glories incessantly roll,
And sweet anthems of praise enrapture the soul;
How numerous the host on that happy shore,
There millions on millions the Savior adore.

With wonder and love his loud praises repeat
And cast in full rapture their crowns at his feet;
How lofty their notes! thrice holy is he,
Who bear all my sins on Mount Calvary.

There with the blood-washed we shall join the glad song,
To Him who hath loved us all praises belong;
The regions of glory we there shall survey,
And the tears of affliction shall be wiped away.

The crystalline stream of the water of life,
We shall drink as we please, and live without strife;
So now dearest friends all your mournings forbear,
And dry up your tears, but O! meet me there,

Where friends never part, and where tears have an end,
Where all in full rapture eternity spend;—
In conclusion, dear friends, permit me to say,
I long shall remember that most pleasant day.

* In the vicinity of Portland.

MY NATIVE STATE.—A PARODY.

MAINE, Maine, dear, dear, cold old Maine, my birth-place
proud and free,

A traitor's portion be my lot when I prove false to thee;
While rolls the Androscoggin bright in silver to the sea,
While Mount Katardin rears its head I will remember thee.

By every recollection dear, by friendship's hallowed tie,
By scenes engraven on my heart, by love that can not die,
By the fond, sweet farewell kiss, of sisters two and three,
Maine, Maine, dear, cold old Maine, I will remember thee.

I may not climb thy misty hills at twilight or at morn,
Nor pluck the fruit in richness there, nor bind the sheaves of
corn;

I may not climb the crags that hear the thunder of the sea,
But by those ever hallowed scenes I will remember thee.

Though in the far and fertile West, a pleasant home be mine,
Though friendship pure should charm my heart, or beauty
pour the wine;

I will not listen to the harp that plays for revelry,
But in pure water plunge my cup, and drink a health to thee.

And if from time to time, I chance to wander back,
How blithely will I tread again, the old familiar track;
And if my friends prove true and kind, (and false they can
not be,)

Maine, Maine, from thy pure mountain streams, I'll drink again
to thee.

MOUNT BRADBURY,

HERETOFORE referred to, was owned in part by my lamented father. Many a happy hour have I spent about its base and its somewhat lofty summit, from which point the prospect is picturesque, grand, and imposing. Villages, churches, and schoolhouses in every direction, are spread out like a beautiful map before you. Higher mountains in the north and east rise up to greet you. The beautiful Atlantic with her beautiful islands and floating palaces, with their canvas all spread, greet you on the south, and the White Mountains in the west greet you with their snow-capped summit. You may well imagine the scenery, grand and beautiful beyond description. The following lines, corrected to suit, are true to my fond musings.

MY NATIVE MOUNTAIN.

My native mountain O! how dear

Thy memory is to me;

Thy lofty peaks and dizzy heights,

I fain would often see.

Again as when in boyhood's prime,

I'd seek thy cooling shades,

And sport among thy cavern cliffs,

Thy shrubs and pretty glades.

I'd clamber up thy rugged steeps to catch the healthful breeze,
And slack my thirst from trickling rills that generate no disease;

I would behold "the green blue sea," her islands and her sail,
Her towering mountains round about, clad in eternal mail.

Let cities boast their glittering spires, the fanes that men may rear,

Their halls of art, their dusty streets, and smoky atmosphere;
But give to me my mountain home where all is pure and free,
And you may have the world beside, for beauty, health, and glee.

THE LOVERS.

IN one of my eastern visits, I found one of my exceedingly dear fair friends betrothed to a mariner, then at sea. He, however, chanced to pay a flying visit, and then must away again, over the blue sea. The meeting was rather interesting—the parting full of solicitude. Sympathizing deeply with them, and anticipating their feelings, I threw the following into form, and handed it to my fair friend, who seemed to say, by a trembling tear, and a half-suppressed sigh, that I was a pretty fair *judge* of such matter.

A SEAMAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS LADY-LOVE.

THE time has come, I must depart—
I leave you with an anxious heart;
What tongue can tell how true friends part,
 To meet, perhaps no more;
The wind blows fair, I must depart
 For yonder distant shore.

Though I must bid you now adieu,
Oft shall I think, my dear, of you,
As my bark plunges through and through
 Each surging wave;
Where'er I am, I will prove true,
 Down to the peaceful grave.

As I bound o'er the swelling sea,
I oft in prayer will bow the knee,
For her with whom I wish to be,
 At her own fireside;
And O, what joy 't would be to me
 To call her my sweet bride!

In view of that most happy day,
Weeks, months, and years wear slow away;
Nor will I one fleet moment stay

From her I love,
More than to earn and get the pay
To bless my pretty dove.

In distant climes, my dearest dear,
For you I oft shall drop a tear,
As at the helm I stand and steer,
Or pace the midnight deck,
Till I my bark shall homeward veer,
Or meet a total wreck.

To know that I am loved by you,
Affords me pleasure pure and true,
More than the treasures of Peru,
And yet I sigh
To turn away and say to you
That painful word—"Good-by."

ANSWER.

WELL, if you must, then, dear sir, go,
Though I regret it must be so;
Go, meet those toils which none can know
Save seamen bold:

My love for you shall ever flow
As in the days of old.

When storms arise, when thunders roar,
And wind and rain in torrents pour,
And drive you from your native shore,
O'er the rough sea,
My soul in prayer for you I'll pour,
For you are dear to me.

My heart, my love on you is placed,
So deep, it can not be erased;
Nor do I feel myself disgraced
 To own it here;
Should my affection prove misplaced,
 'T would wound me most severe.

But better things I hope of you—
I have no doubt you will prove true;
No unkind act will ever do,
 Through base design,
But grace with love each interview
 Through life's decline.

My earthly joys on you depend—
With you my days I hope to spend,
And find in you a constant friend,
 Through all the ills of life;
It would my heart in anguish rend
 To live with you in strife.

When all your voyages shall be o'er,
And you regain your native shore,
Then hie to me as heretofore,
 No more to part;
Joyful I'll meet you at my door,
 And clasp you to my heart.

R E T O R T .

My Poetical and Political Address, in 1832, subjected me alike to praise and censure. Passing along the streets of Lawrenceburg, I supposed myself to be the subject of ridicule, as the following will explain.

IN Lawrenceburg, this very day, as every one may know,
I passed, perhaps, a dozen men, all in a portico;
'T was at the tavern door of Mr. Jesse Hunt,
Nor had I far gone past, till thus I heard one *grunt*:

"There goes an able poet—he lives in Manchester."
"Quite eloquent," said one, "else may I never stir."
Now if I only knew that this was honest talk,
I should, perhaps, be tempted to take another walk.

For every noble mind would choose to overhear
His talents thus respected—no flattery could be there;
And if those were my friends, in them there was no lack,
They talked about my virtues *precisely* to my back.

I do not make, however, this flattering, provide
I looked upon it thus, that me they did deride;
They were a worthless set, a thousand unto one,
And on their *naked pates* I'll pour the tide of fun.

A shabby gang of loafers, I am inclined to think,
Half *corned* on unpaid grog—bah! how they s—k!
They little thought, perhaps, my hearing was so good,
But what I've here related, I clearly understood.

And then there was among them a most uproarious snicker—
"Come along, my boys," said one, "let us go and liquor."
I rather guess hereafter they'll let me pass in quiet,
And now, my larks, if this do n't do, do you again just
try it.

BUNKER'S HILL MONUMENT.

MANY years ago I ascended this world-famed monument, from the summit of which the prospect is most delightful. It can not be adequately described, and I shall not attempt it. I will, however, record some of my reflections while standing upon its proud summit.

CAN this indeed be Bunker's Hill, so famed in song and story,
Where Freedom struggled to be free, and won immortal glory?
The British here, with nodding plumes, with muskets—not with
rifle—

Thought to possess the small redoubt was but the veriest trifle.

In solid column they parade, then march to gain the summit,
But soon they found, much to their cost, they could n't begin to
come it.

The Yankees, true as flint and steel, soon had them in hot water;
Their leaden messengers proclaimed, "My friends, *you'd better
potter.*"

In wild confusion driven back, again they form and rally—
Again are filled with sad dismay along both hill and valley.
Our ammunition now gives out, the Yankees though—O golly!—
Give them one more deadly round, a farewell leaden volley.

The next we know, they're on the move, all safely now retreat-
ing—

The British take an empty fort, and fain would call *that* beating;
But Fame declares that Freedom won a most decided battle—
She made the hearts of Britons quake, and all their "dry bones
rattle."

They felt it then, they feel it now, our boys were quite too many,
And foot the bill with many lost, and many a shining penny.
Alas! for us brave Warren fell, and lay him down all bleeding,
For bravery and honest fame his comrades all exceeding.

Said he, "My general, place me where there is the greatest danger—

My heart to fear, in freedom's cause, has ever been a stranger."
Immortal youth, "the scroll of fame" has not a brighter jewel—
To tarnish thy world-spread renown, there's none so base and
cruel.

This moument of "polished stones," proclaims, in tones of
thunder,

We gained the day at Bunker's Hill—the world says yes, with
wonder;

Thus musing, here I feast my eyes with prospects grandly fair—
Here's Charlestown city at my feet, and Boston over there.

And there I see Faneuiel Hall, and there is Boston Bay,
And there the White Hills pierce the clouds, northwestward, far
away;

Here I could linger with delight, and feast my ravished eyes
On scenes that charm, but time forbids, and I obey with *sighs*.

O, throw away the "filthy weed," and whisky, rum, and beer,
And save your "dimes," young gentlemen, to pay a visit here;
Here you can drink from Nature's fount—O, come and drink
your fill—

Full well I know you'll ne'er regret your *trip* to Bunker's Hill.

THE WEATHERVANE.—FICKLE-MINDEDNESS.

"LOOK ON T' OTHER SIDE, JIM."

MANY years ago, while gazing upon a weathervane, in a tempestuous storm, the following were my reflections.

HALLOO! Mr. Weathervane, up there so high,
To call the attention of each passer-by;

For dodging and turning thou hast a great fame,
And seemest to glory in nothing but shame!

“Stability and firmness” are strangers to thee—
Thou art veering and veering, as we all daily see;
Fit emblem of those who would every one please—
Neither “backbone,” nor muscle, and very weak knees.

They float with the current, and never touch an oar,
To keep in the channel, or out from the shore;
Shame, shame upon those who, dreading the strife,
Affect nothing good all the days of their life.

A blank and a cypher, they ’cumber the ground—
No “fruit unto righteousness” in them is e’er found;
And up there thou standest, by night and by day,
Dodging and turning, to show them the way.

But hold, Mr. Weathervane, I have done thee great wrong—
Looking “on t’ other side,” greatly changes my song;
Like a brave-hearted man, thou facest the storm,
By night and by day, in cold weather and warm.

There’s wisdom in that, and good generalship, too,
Which need not be argued, I’m sure, unto you;
Tail foremost or sidewise, you’d take the whole shock,
And know not what was coming till you felt a hard knock.

Be on the alert, and keep a good guard,
And you’ll find nothing in life that is overly hard;
You are right, Mr. Weathervane—your example is good—
You face every storm just as every one should.

You make your life easy by facing each foe,
And “which way the wind blows,” you let every one know;
A sentinel so true deserves *honest* fame;
And shame blister his tongue who’d give you a bad name.

There’s a moral in this, if nothing that’s witty—
May you all profit by it—thus endeth my ditty.

THE FOREST OAK.—FIRMNESS.

“LOOK ON THIS SIDE, THEN ON THAT.”

ONCE on a time, while viewing a large and beautiful forest oak uprooted and prostrated by a furious blast, I fell into the following train of reflections.

OLD forest oak, you've long been lauded to the sky,
Because unyielding, you'd sooner break and die;
Well, here you lie—your glory gone and shattered,
Although your stubbornness profusely has been flattered.

I'll talk unto you plainly since here you lie all humble—
I'll do it for the good of *your's* though you yourself should
grumble;
Censures and praises are too often misapplied—
Men censure where they should applaud, applaud where
they should chide.

You have the *grit*, as all agree, so has the stubborn mule—
If less stubborn, he'd find it better, and you by the same
rule;
Can it be wisdom to contend where we are sure to fall?
Keep your position while you can, and that is *firmness* all.

And then if you don't win to-day, you may some other time—
I hope this *hint* will do you good, though couched in simple
rhyme;
Let men praise stubbornness if they choose, in that there is
no merit,
Although I know that your's by birthright you inherit.

You see your error now, but then it is too late—
Learning a lesson from it, I leave you to your fate;

Why is it that men can't see but one thing at a time?
Such can not half life's sweets enjoy—here is more truth
than rhyme.

Unyielding men are all for fight, and always in dispute
'Bout little things of little worth—you can not thus refute;
Would you succeed in doing good, you must both give and
take,
Where things seem balanced, or even where there is not
much at stake.

Another time you may succeed, and vindicate the right,
And all proceed in harmony, in friendship, and delight;
Now *little* oaks, if you are wise, when mighty tempests roar,
You'll yield a little to the blast, then straighten up once more,

And live to be the forest's pride, instead of lying flat,
Which you, if stubborn, can't avoid, now just remember that.
Here is a moral true and good, intended for young men—
Hoping that all may profit by it, I'll stop and mend my pen.

N. B.—“Contentment,” and “A Rolling Stone,” and “The Jug Handle,” being of a similar character, are omitted. Why, we owe all the great improvements in the arts and sciences to *discontentment*; and no man ever effected any thing good for himself, or the world, by lying supinely on his back in inglorious inactivity. Do all that can be done, and then be content with whatever Providence may give. So again, “roll on and roll ever”—no time to idle away—“push along, keep moving,” so long as you can *do* or *get* good. But a shiftless, restless, undecided minded man never accomplishes any thing good, but wastes and squanders what he has. A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways—such

“A rolling stone gathers no moss.”

A very firm and *set* man, we say, is “like a jug handle”—all the time on one side. Well, when a man is *right*, that is just where he ought always to be, and you always know where to

find him; and beside, the "jug-handle," knowing that it could not better itself, or any body else, by a change of places, is content to remain just where it is. There's a good moral for you out of a "jug-handle;" and here is another one of the same sort; for although it often has liquor right under its very *nose* it never tastes a single drop of it. "Go thou and do likewise." The moral contained, and silently, yet eloquently proclaimed, by these inanimate and much-abused things, is "the key that unlocks" the mystery to many—why it is, and how it is, that I am ever *busy*, and yet a *quiet, happy man*. I pass.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS, FOR 1832.

IN the 47th No. of the Indiana Palladium of 1831, the following editorial appears, to wit: "We had a confab with our devil last night, upon the subject of the approaching New Year. And his satanic majesty authorized us to offer this paper for one year, which we now do, to the author of the best New Year's Address, of from 80 to 100 lines in length, either in prose or poetry. I responded thus:

To his Satanic Majesty, the Printer's Devil.—Your Reverence:

IF five and six make just eleven,
 Then in number forty-seven
 Of the Palladium I do see,
 That your satanic majesty
 Has authorized the printer to offer
 A few of "the rusties," out of your coffer;
 Or what is still better, though a strange caper,
 For one whole year your excellent paper,
 For a piece well adapted to the coming New Year,
 So at it I go, as below will appear—(*which won.*)

We hail with joy, our friends upon this day,
May bitter strife be banished far away;
Thus shall we all with songs of joy appear,
To welcome in the new-born, happy year.

O! what changes occur in human life,
A strange compound of pleasure, pain, and strife;
Yet friends and foes each twelve month do appear,
To wish to each, a new and happy year.

And thus do we, with joy all celebrate,
The happy year—the high, the low, the great;
All equal feel, and equal all appear,
To wish to each a new and happy year.

When we look back upon “the days of yore,”
Much cause we find our Savior to adore;
His name we praise with voices loud and clear,
That we behold another happy year.

O, what dangers we’ve past in safety by,
What matchless grace we’ve found forever nigh:
Then let us all with grateful hearts appear,
To celebrate the new-born happy year.

The pestilence its fatal darts has hurled,
Both thick and fast throughout the wide-spread world,
Thousands have fell both in our front and rear,
Yet we survive to see another year.

True, one year more of our short time is past,
Nor do we know but this will be the last;
How precious then each moment must appear,
Let’s ’prove them well the present happy year.

By retrospect what errors we may may find,
Let us correct with all the heart and mind;
Thus shall we feel a conscience always clear;
Nor can we fail to spend a happy year.

We should do well to take a broad survey,
Of men and things upon this happy day;
From cheeks of grief, O! let us wipe the tear,
By works of love the present happy year.

How many pine for want of daily bread,
While happy we, on luxuries are fed;
O! let the poor the joyful tidings hear,
You shall find aid the present happy year.

And some again both on the land and sea,
In bondage groan, and long to be set free;
They sigh in vain—in vain they shed their tears,
And thousands will, the remnant of their years.

Yet we rejoice to see the efforts made,
The interest felt by men of every grade,
To free them all, and wipe away their tears—
May they succeed e'er many fleeting years.

Our liberty, more precious than fine gold,
We still enjoy as in the days of old.
Many such thoughts in colors bright appear,
At the return of each new happy year.

And there are those whom reason hath forsook,
Such men we see, where'ersoe'er we look.
Yet we retain our senses bright and clear,
To greet our friends with a new happy year.

How many sick are groaning under pain,
At home, abroad, through Europe, France, and Spain,
Yet happy we, in perfect health appear,
At the return of this new happy year.

What numbers have from life's ambiguous shore,
Pushed off in haste, since New Year's Day before;
And o'er their dust we shed our flowing tears,
And sigh to think of former happy years.

Such thoughts as these should nerve us for the race,
And stir us up to quicken our slow pace,
And secret prayer to christians ever dear,
We should observe through each succeeding year.

All such as do the golden rule obey,
In reference live to an eternal day,
Forsake all vice—hold virtue to them dear,
Will surely spend a happy, happy year.

The printer, friends, should never be forgot,
He toils for all, and respite he has not;
All new and fresh, each week his sheets appear,
Support him well the present happy year.

But oh! how soon New Years will be no more,
Eternity will crown the ample score.
Majestic scenes most surely will appear,
At the grand close of the last solemn year.

The burning sun, the silver queen of night,
And all the stars that shine with luster bright;
Shall quit their orbs, and ever disappear,
At the awful close of the last dying year.

The trump shall sound, and all the dead awake,
Seas shall retire, and all the mountains shake,
The Judge descend, ten thousand saints appear,
To crown the scene of the last awful year.

The wicked quake in horror and dismay,
They stand aghast! and now aloud they pray:
Rocks on us fall—the day of wrath draws near,
We are undone—O! for another year.

The Judgment sits, the books are open wide,
He calls the good, makes them his happy bride.
From every face he wipes off every tear,
Thrice welcome then the closing final year.

For then shall we our pious kindred meet,
And join with them to walk the golden street ;
In songs of praise to angels ever dear,
We'll sing and shout a long, long happy year.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

THE moments fly—a minute's gone ;
The minutes fly—an hour has run ;
The day has fled—the night is here ;—
Thus flies a week, a month, a year !
A year, alas ! how soon 'tis past—
Who knows but THIS will be the last :
A few short years, how soon they 're fled,
And we are numbered with the dead !!

ALL hail the day ! the happy day, the first day of the year—
The day that we with joy and glee, salute our friends most
dear.

As the days of yore return no more, be gone each gloomy fear,
Free from all hate we celebrate the new-born, happy year.

May love and peace with us increase—may strife be done away,
And thanks and praise crown all our days while here on earth
we stay.

Let us correct by retrospect what errors may appear,
Free from all sin seek to begin the new and happy year.

“THE TEMPERANCE BALL,” let's one and all just give it one
more turn,

And may it roll from pole to pole—a cause of vast concern.
Where'er 't is hurled throughout the world it scatters want and
fear,

And gives to all both great and small a *sober*, happy year.

Much has been done since we begun to *dry* this fount of woe,
The halt and maimed have been reclaimed, and on rejoicing
go.

The fair with smiles our toil beguiles, which brings to them
good cheer:—

Take courage then ye Temperance men, and do your *best* this
year.

Another year it doth appear, of our short time is past ;—
It may be so for aught we know, that this will be the last.
To go along then with my song, each moment, O, how dear!
Both great and small, we wish to all a new and happy year.

In Cape de Verd we've often heard, they lack for daily bread,
While we, indeed, scarce know to need, on luxuries are fed.
And we are free as free can be,—there's naught on earth so
dear,

While the poor SLAVE seeks in his grave his only *happy* year.

And some indeed, we should take heed, are now on beds of
pain,

While happy we, through mercy free, our health and strength
retain.

While some again are quite insane, our faculties are clear,—
We should adore our Savior more the present *happy* year.

Many there were who bade as fair twelve months ago as we
To see this day ; but we must say long have they ceased to be—
Long have they lain among the slain,—o'er them we shed our
tears,

Nor will they more as heretofore, salute the new-born years.

Yet we behold with joy untold, this truly happy day,
Then let us now to Jesus bow, and own His sovereign sway.
And to His praise devote our days, nor think the task severe,
Since by His grace His love we trace through each succeeding
year.

When we survey the narrow way which leads to life and peace,
With here and there a fatal snare, to make our jars increase,
We should draw nigh to God on high—ask grace to persevere;
Thus should we all, both great and small, enjoy a happy year.

Such thoughts as these by swift degrees do crowd themselves
along

On New Year's Day; and well we may prolong the grateful
song.

All such as do this course pursue—hold virtue to them dear—
Are amply sure if they endure, to spend a happy year.

But soon, alas, we all must pass into "the Dread Unknown,"
Far in the air we know not where, our spirits will have flown.
Most sure we must take all on trust beyond this vale of tears;
Yet we intend somewhere to spend unnumbered happy years.

God's precious Book, when in we look, dilates the soul with
joy;

It paints the scene in verdant green, where pleasures never
cloy,

On streets of gold we shall behold our pious kindred dear,
And live in bliss, when freed from this, a long, long happy
year.

Fleet years, alas, how swift they pass—soon time will be no
more—

Eternity a boundless sea will crown the ample score.
And there may we for ever be—loud hallelujahs hear,
In joyful lays our Savior praise through an eternal year.

EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER REDSTONE.

SOME five years ago, on one of my temperance tours, I was enjoying the kind hospitalities of a friend in Mt. Sterling, when suddenly all were startled by some fearful explosive element, that shook to its very foundation the fine dwelling we occupied. What it was, no one could conjecture, and we gave it up, leaving it to time and chance to explain. But we were not long held in suspense, for shortly after a courier was seen spurring onward his already jaded nag through the village, proclaiming, as he passed: "The steamer Redstone has just blown up, a few miles below Vevay, scattering death and ruin in every direction!" and on he urged his way, to inform some acquaintances, who were deeply interested, of the sad state and condition of their friends. With a sad and trembling and fearful heart, I retired to my room, and with my pencil threw the following reflections upon paper.

O STEAM! steam! steam! thy fearful power, when "bursting"
from control,
Is quite enough to *chill* the blood, and *freeze* the very soul;
Upon our rivers and our lakes, upon our oceans wide,
What fearful ruin thou hast wrought—by thee, what thousands
died!

And lo! another fearful tale is added to the list,
Of friends who have just passed away, to be bemoaned and
missed;
Perhaps some dear kind friends of mine,* whom I have fondly
cherished,
Are tortured now with bitter pains, or suddenly have perished.
The "Redstone," that proud, gallant craft, has just "collapsed
her boiler,"
And sent to his eternal home many a hardy toiler:

*It was even so—three young men of Lawrenceburg, friends of mine, perished in that fearful occurrence.

I felt the shock, I heard the sound—O, what a fearful slaughter!
The dead and dying strewn around, far o'er the land and water.

Some were engaged in life's pursuits, and some on tours of
pleasure—

Some hastening home to greet their friends—to meet no more
for ever;

The pain and anguish scattered wide, no language can portray,
Filling the hearts of many friends with anguish and dismay.

O steam! steam! steam! what hast thou done—what wide-
spread ruin wrought?

Never to be made up in time—never to be forgot;

And yet thy matchless power for good is far above all price,

And when controlled by skillful hands, it is both safe and nice.

We can not do without thee now, for speed, or power, or *dimes*,

And he who really thinks we can, is far "behind the times;"

Let good and sober engineers stand ever at the helm,

And sad disasters seldom will the land with grief overwhelm.

Then let us hear for evermore thy proud, majestic *puff*,

And shame on him who first cries out, "*Hold up—enough,*
enough!"

Nay, let thy mighty *moving* voice be heard from pole to pole,

Until the wheels of time wear out, and cease their mighty roll.



IN my communication about the ill-fated steamer "Redstone," reference was made to the three young men of Lawrenceburg, who perished in that fearful catastrophe. They, after much search, were found, and brought home, and buried side by side, among their slumbering friends, in the City Burying Ground of Lawrenceburg, Ind., and a beautiful monument,

erected by the young men of the city, marks their resting-place. A few days ago, for the first time, I stood beside it. While musing there, I penned down the following reflections. Like the former, these poetic numbers are deficient in order and harmony—the off-handed effusion of the hour.

ALAS! alas! how frail is human hope and life—
 Frail as a fleeting breath;
 Quick as thought men often pass away
 To the repose of death.
 The fond pursuit of pleasure, wealth, or fame
 Presents no “Plea in Bar;”
 And O! how soon an unexpected sad event
 The brightest prospects mar.

The three young men who rest beneath this stone
 Illustrate this great truth;
 Though dearly loved, they passed from earth away
 In the bright morn of youth.
 They left their friends upon a pleasure tour,
 All full of life and glee,
 Not dreaming of their near approach
 To great eternity.

The pilot's bell is heard—the wheels at once are still—
 The boat made fast to shore—
 The steam retained—friends meet, and part
 To meet in time no more.
 “*The boiler bursts*”—sad ruin and dismay,
 Wide-spread, upon them fall,
 And shrieks and groans now rend the air,
 That *iron* hearts appall.

O! what a change one fleeting moment wrought
 On that ill-fated crew!
 How precious then our short-lived moments are—
 Would all could feel *how true!*

The "Redstone" fair, the proudest little craft
On the Ohio clear,
Collapsed a flue a few short years ago,
And trophies sad *lie here!*

CHISMAN and GOLDE, and DURBIN, too,
Young men of honest fame,
In one sad hour all passed away, except
The memories of their name.
That never can, long as this marble fair
Shall stand the test of time;
So slumber on, kind cherished friends—
Rest and repose were early thine.

The passer-by will gaze upon this stone
With interest and delight,
As he shall learn your early years
Were stamped with "*honor bright.*"
Kindred and friends will cluster here
To pay the tribute due;
My time is up, and I must go—
Young men, adieu, adieu!

THE SNOW-BIRD.

DURING the late bitter cold winter, "the little birds" were fluttering about my doors and windows, sharing my bounty, (for we always feed the "winter birds") and exciting my admiration and my sympathy. To beguile a lone hour in very feeble health, with which I have long been afflicted, and from which I hardly hope ever to recover, I sat me down and "ground out"

PRETTY little snow-bird, with tiny feet bare,
In this bitter "snow-storm" you can find shelter—where?

The forests are leafless, and deep is the snow,
From perishing *this night*, O, where canst thou go?

Ah, there is my hay-loft, my stable, my shed;
They'll afford you good shelter, and a "cozy" warm bed,
And bright in the morning, and oft through the day,
I'll come out and greet you, but don't fly away.

Just stay there in welcome, and smile at the storm,
'Till the season rolls round when 't is everywhere warm;
When hungry or faint, come to my south door,
And pick up the crumbs swept out from the floor.

Then fly to my window—there on its warm sill
You'll find a great plenty, and can "feast to your fill,"
No one will molest you, though all gather near—
'Tis to make you more welcome, *you little sweet dear.*"

We'll watch "pussy cat" and keep her away—
You'll be quiet and safe there "the living long day,"
Then 'way to my hay-loft, my stable, or shed,
And repose through the night in your nice little bed.

You're welcome—thrice welcome to all I can do,
To feed and protect you this cold winter through;
You are modest and plain—but no matter for that;
(You old Tabby—you! scat—there scat!!)

Some birds are more gaudy and make a fine show;
And they sing sweetly, too, as you very well know,
Yet no warbler's rich notes are more grateful to me,
Than your modestly sweet chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

The "summer birds" greet us in sunshine and spring,
But when winter approaches they're "away on the wing."
An emblem of friends who cluster around,
While honor and plenty profusely abound.

But when you most need them, like the "fox and the hare"
They'll "let the dogs at you" and mangle and tear.
Nay—join in "the chase" and cheer on your foes,
'Tis alas, but too often, that friendship thus goes.

But like "a true friend," you "stick by" to the last,
And cleave closer and closer through the cold "bitter
blast."

Hence no warbler's rich notes are more grateful to me,
Than your *modestly sweet* chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

GENERAL JACKSON.

It is well known to this community that I have always cherished a predilection for General Jackson, and and not a little enthusiastic in the estimation of many. I have never had the pleasure of seeing him, although I have coveted the sight with more solicitude, than I have to see any other man in our beloved country. I have, until recently, cherished a fond hope that my ardent desires would yet be gratified. But learning that he was in a precarious state of health, I, a short time since, abandoned the long-cherished hope, whereupon I wrote to him, assuring him of my attachment—that I asked not his influence for any office or promotion—that mine was in truth and sincerity *the tribute of the heart*.

All that I asked or desired was a few lines in return, of his own autograph, that I might preserve them as a precious memento of him—and, if it were convenient, to enclose me a lock of his silvered hair; that I should value it far above all price. Under date of Sept. 29, he responded to me, from the Hermitage, in his graphic and superior style, concluding with this truly melting strain.

"Agreeably to your request, with pleasure, I enclose you a lock of my hair. My extreme ill health prevents me from writing more at this time. I am unable to wield the pen

though I have made the effort. I thank you for your kindness, and wishing you a long and useful life, and a blessed immortality beyond the grave, where through the atoning merits of a crucified Savior, I hope to meet you, I subscribe myself yours, most sincerely,

ANDREW JACKSON."

Any person desirous of seeing the letter and the lock of his venerable hair, can enjoy the pleasure at any and all times by calling on me at my residence. I returned the general my grateful response, with the following verses appended thereto.

A LOCK OF HAIR.

Most honored sir, I do declare,
That silvered lock of your pure hair,
Which you in answer to my prayer,
Enclosed to me,
Of tokens all it is most fair—
'Tis fair as fair can be.

Where'er in life my lot is cast,
I'll call to mind the anxious past—
Your mighty acts—so many—vast,
As on that lock I gaze;
I'll prize it high—I'll hold it fast,
'Till sighs are lost in praise.

O let us daily ask for grace,
To run throughout the Christian race;
Then if we see each other's face
Not once below—
On Zion's mount, thrice holy place,
We each shall see and know.

Sweet is the hope—the joy complete
When anxious friends shall yonder meet,

And flit along the heavenly street,
In robes of white;
And loud hosannas shall repeat
With pure delight.

Our friends who have before us gone
Shall join with us in the glad song;
Yes, we shall each sing loud and long
When all meet there.
Your hope in Christ is full and strong—
Heaven save you is my prayer
A. J. COTTON.

His excellency, GEN. JACKSON.

FAREWELL TO MAINE.

THE summer of 1839 I spent with my parents in Maine. Having torn myself from the embrace of all my dear friends, and the scenes of my childhood, I took passage on board a vessel at Portland, bound to Philadelphia. It is not in the power of language to describe what were my feelings as we gracefully left that beautiful port, and rounding the point some few leagues distant, when the beautiful bluff, contiguous to that fair city, vanished from my vision. The following lines I composed on the occasion, but they fall short, infinitely short, of doing justice to the deep emotions of my heart.

O! 'T WERE worse than vain to attempt to portray
My heart's deep emotions, as I glided away
From the *home* of my youth and the *land* of my birth,
The sweetest dear spot on this beautiful earth.

Though I am well pleased with the fertile "Far West,"
Where fortune hath smiled, and much I've been blest;
Yet try it who may, they will find it a truth—
There is no spot so dear as the home of one's youth.

Sweet home of my youth, I bid you "good-by,"
With a fluttering heart, a tear, and a sigh;
Perhaps never more to behold thee again,
Nor the many dear friends that I now leave in Maine.

How many, alas! that I greeted before
Are entombed in the dust, and I see them no more;
I mourn and I grieve o'er the ruin of Time,
Yet a sweet mournful pleasure is assuredly mine.

For the mountains, the plain, and the clear running brook,
Enraptured my heart at the very first look,
As I called up to mind the sweet scenes of past days,
Where I oft used to gambol in juvenile plays.

The merry sleigh-ride—our pranks on the ice,
Where we mounted our skates, and were off in a trice;
Then I hied me to school, nor tarried to play,
But studied my book the living long day.

My kind little mates, whither have you all fled?
Full many, alas! to the land of the dead!
There I was first taught to love the "Good Book,"
And I bless my kind parents when in it I look.

And each Sabbath morn I to church did repair,
And at eve to my parents would repeat the *Lord's Prayer*;
In all my far wanderings, by land or by sea,
The sweet recollection is most precious to me.

Sweet scenes of my childhood, how dear to my heart,
And must I, O! must I from thee ever part?
Hold up, gallant ship, let me take one look more
At yonder sweet bluff, my own native shore.

Ah! she will not obey—'t is going—ay, fled—
And entombed all my kindred, both living and dead;
Then farewell for ever to the land of my birth,
The sweetest dear spot on this beautiful earth.

NIAGARA FALLS.

HAVING once visited this most sublime and romantic scenery, its bare mention sends the blood gushing and warm with accelerated motion throughout my whole frame; even my very fingers seem to tingle, while, with my "old gray goose-quill," I attempt to throw upon paper a few thoughts connected with my visit to Niagara. Pens, swung by the most masterly hands, under the guidance of the most vivid and fanciful imaginations, have utterly failed to give an adequate conception of its greatness and its grandeur. As I drew near, and took my position upon "Table Rock," on the Canada shore, where I had, for the first time, a commanding view of the whole tremendous cataract at a glance, such a sensation of awe, amazement, and wonder I never before experienced in all my life. The following impromptu, which I noted down in my journal at the time, will but faintly describe my emotions, or paint the glowing scene.

ALL-WISE Jehovah!

On all around thy impress I behold,
So rich, so grand, "the half can ne'er be told;"
Here I'm entranced as if by magic power—
For ever hallowed be this consecrated hour.

From "Table Rock," where thousands oft have trod,
I view these mighty works of an Almighty God;
The trembling earth, the dashing foam and spray,
At once attunes my beating heart to praise and pray,

O mighty waters! how vast and how profound!
How thrills my inmost soul, how shakes the solid ground!
Thy snow-white foam, thy deep and whirling flood,
Fills with delight, yet chills my warmest blood.

The towering rocks, the clustering cedars fair,
All seem convulsed, and tremble in the air;
Earth's deep foundation 't would seem had given way,
And ushered in the last Great Judgment Day."

But no, in a dense cloud of the ascending spray,
"The bow of peace" its beauteous tints display;
At once disrobed of every gloomy thought,
With pure ecstatic joy the whole is richly fraught.

Romantic scenery! here I, with rapturous awe,
View nature's mighty God, and nature's perfect law;
And as I gaze above, below, amid thy deafening roar,
With trembling, I thy "First Great Cause" adore.

N. B.—I would advise every gentleman and every lady, who have the means, to make a pilgrimage to this consecrated spot. Here one feels the littleness of all worldly achievements, and the vanity of pride; and he feels too, as he never before felt, the personal application of that inspired saying, "Thou, God, seest me," and exclaims with one of old, "How dreadful is this place!" Thus is the heart made better by the contemplation of the wonderful work of God. But I must forbear, though I never can forget my visit to the "Falls of Niagara."

THE OHIO RIVER.—IMPROVED.

OHIO! stream of beauty, roll thy dark-blue waters on—
River of ages! mighty deeds have on thy shores been done;
In former days, in other times, when forests lined thy shores,
Thy bosom bore the “birchen bark,” and felt the Indians’ oars.

And those were days of fearful times, when “Indians’ war-
whoops” rang,

As loud above thy murmuring roar was heard the bent bow’s
twang;

How many scenes thy flood has washed away with “lethean
tide”—

How many stories could they give were *silence* not thy *bride*.

The birds that on thy islands sing, may sing as once they sang,
But other stranger sounds have once along thy channels rang;
But gone are now those days of yore when “red men” strove
in fight—

The “red man’s” dead, or o’er the hills all, all have fled from
sight.

But thou, O ceaseless, mighty stream, dost roll thy waters on—
As flow’st thy tide the present time, so flowed it days ago;
And so the mighty “stream of time” is rolling on amain,
And happy who, when all is o’er, “the port of heaven shall gain.”

ALB U M S.

IN my time, I have written in many albums, both original and selected articles, and to which I had assigned a separate department, in which I had recorded some twenty or thirty of those articles for the amusement and entertainment of my fair young readers; but, for lack of space, I am reluctantly compelled to dispense with this department altogether, but

will here give two as specimens, which all my fair readers may appropriate to themselves. I had also assigned a separate department to acrostics, scores of which I have written in my time; but, for the reason above assigned, I am compelled to dispense with this department, also, which I had largely filled up; and as I omit my own and my lady's, I hope my young friends will not murmur or complain. I regret the necessity which compels me to adopt this measure, and thus to throw away much that I had written. I will, however, preserve two for their novelty and originality. "Many in One" is an original idea with me, and I think it comprehensive, and, in skillful hands, beautiful. I also give one in prose, that all may see how easily any one can thus write. I often write them for little children, to please and encourage them; an acrostic upon their own names is a great treat. My little niece is now an exceedingly fine and intelligent lady, and well settled in the world. But enough.

A L B U M.—No. 1.

DEDICATION.

On these unsullied leaves fond ones will write
The glowing wishes their fond hearts indite,
And friendship's hand, with thoughts to mem'ry dear,
Will twine "a wreath" of fadeless beauty here.

When time shall touch thy locks and "turn them gray,"
And "steal the rose" from thy *fair* cheeks away,
Then thou wilt find thy "treasured album" lends
Some "loved mementoes" of thy early friends.

Sweet recollection then will come with form and visage bright,
And bid thee linger o'er each past fond sweet delight,
And softly touching the mystic, the electric chain,
Will give thee back thy early days again.

Choice be these pages then—let none here intrude
Their "heartless compliments," or their *tributes* rude;

But with "*sweet tokens*" be it for ever blest,
From "*cherished friends*," the *truest, purest, best*.

A. J. COTTON.

ALBUM.—No. 2.

You ask me, fair Miss, to write a few lines
On this pure and polished paper;
But wherefore, dear Miss? "Your autograph, sir!"
Dear me! how shall I cut such a caper?

Fair Miss, "my muse," though so kind and so true
When my heart and my fancy were young,
Now throws me her harp, but exclaims it won't go,
For all its sweet chords are untuned and unstrung.

O come to my rescue, "sweet aid of my muse,"
While on this pure sheet of unsullied white
My name I inscribe, that my friend, if she choose,
When I sleep with the dead, may survey with delight.

It is done, my dear Miss, the struggle is o'er—
In your chaste, pretty album I will scribble no more;
May the blessing of heaven all your footsteps attend,
Is the *wish* and "the prayer" of your ever true friend,

A. J. COTTON.

N. B.—I must do myself the pleasure of recording one more.

ALBUM.—No. 3.

MEMORY CLINGS TO THEE.

There's not a place where we have met,
A favorite flower or tree,
There's not a scene by thee beloved,
That is not prized by me,

There's not a word thy lips have breathed,
A look thine eyes have given,
That is not shrined within my heart
Like a sweet dream of heaven.

Whene'er I hear the linnet's song,
Or woodlark's modest lay,
Or mark upon the gorgeous west
The "rosy clouds" decay;
Whene'er I catch the breath of flowers,
Or music from the tree,
Thought wings its flight to distant bowers,
And memory clings to thee—my sister.

A. J. COTTON.

ACROSTIC.—No. 1.

MANY IN ONE.

MYRTLES and roses, and humming-birds, too,
I behold with delight, indeed *that* I do;
So my *fair* young friends, ever *cherished* and dear,
Shall receive at my hands "a kind token" here.

A bright and brilliant star,
Like Venus in the sky,
Ling'ring above the horizon,
Enrapturing the eye,
Till we are filled with visions bright,
Turning our darkness into light,
And all things seem a pleasing sight.

Echoes soft, and woman's tears,
Like the sweet "music of the spheres,"
Inspire our hopes and quell our fears;
Zephyrs that float o'er earth and main,
Are emblems fit of thy *cherished* name.*

Jessamine flowers and a sister's pure love,
Alike are most precious, and all praise above;
Not all the rich treasures of sea, earth and air
Equals a fame thus *spotless* and fair.

Sunbeams and rainbows, and diamonds bright,
Are precious indeed, and beheld with delight;
Rejoice, O my soul! there's a still greater treasure,
And all may obtain and enjoy it for ever—
Hallelujah! hallelujah! it fadeth never.

Alleluia, alleluia, I repeat,
Now drawing near the mercy-seat—
Divine enjoyment, O how sweet!

An ocean of dewdrops in the moon's pure light,
Dancing in sunbeams all shining and bright,
Are (is) ever and always a most pleasant sight;
Like "glittering pearls" that shine from afar,
Is pure modest virtue, which nothing can mar;
Nor taint it, nor tarnish the pure heartfelt bliss
Enjoyed by all such, *fair beauteous miss*.

A fond and happy sisterhood—
Never at "outs"—all doing good;
Gathering sweets from every flower—
Enjoying peace from hour to hour;
Vexatious strifes ye seldom knew—
I know full well that this is true;
Now for their brows, poetic powers,
Entwine "a wreath" of *fadeless* flowers.

A. J. COTTON.

* Perished, "like a pretty flower which some grazing kid in wantonness had nipped."

ACROSTIC—No. 2.

My dear niece—of all my numerous pupils,
I number you among the most fond, kind, and
Studious. Your improvement, consequently, has
Seldom been equaled or surpassed.

Endowed, as you are, with a good mind and heart,
Let it ever be your aim to cultivate and
Improve them, as you hitherto have done;
Zealously aim to excel in moral excellence,
And you must succeed to great usefulness and
Be loved, and honored, and happy.
Every mental acquirement will strengthen
The mind, and prepare it for still
Higher attainments. Go on, then,

Nor cease your efforts to “climb the hill of science,”

While youth animates, and hope cheers you on.
I most sincerely and devoutly pray the
Lord to pour upon you, now and ever, his
Choicest, richest blessings and his grace.
O, Elizabeth! I shall ever cherish your memory with
'Xquisite pleasure, while life shall last.

A. J. COTTON.

N. B. I can hardly consent to omit the following:

ACROSTIC.—No. 3.

ON the death of Henry Van Middlesworth, of Aurora, who
was fearfully mangled, and suddenly killed on the morning
of “the glorious 4th,” 1822, by the untimely discharge of
a cannon, which he was loading.

HAIL memorable day, that called Henry 'way,
Ended his career;
Near the rising of the sun, the shocking deed was done,
Run the flowing tear;

You've a solemn call, that saw him thus fall,
 *———For death now prepare.
 Van Middlesworth is gone, gone to tarry long,
 And none knows his fare;
 Nor did he expect such a sad neglect—
 Much less did he think,
 "Independent day" would call him away,
 ——Sudden as a wink.
 Dreadful! yes, indeed, to see him fall and bleed,
 Dying in full life;
 Leaving his children dear, to mourn and suffer here,
 Endeared to his wife;
 She is left to mourn, he'll no more return,
 ——Comfort to impart.
 What more shall we say? "Independent day"
 O'erjoys each *true* heart;
 Revive sweet liberty, for ever keep us free,
 To heaven our thanks rise,
 Hail! *blest* WASHINGTON, thy happy toil's done;
 ——But ours is the prize.

MOORE'S HILL COLLEGE,

Located at "Moore's Hill, Dearborn Co., Ind."

This is a splendid mansion, three lofty stories high,
 And stands upon an eminence most pleasing to the eye;
 The rooms are fine and spacious, nor would I have them
 less,
 The railroad being just in sight, 't is easy of access.
 The morals of the place are very *pure* and fair,
 No gambling shops, or doggeries—not one can you find
 there;

* The lines beginning with a dash are no part of the Acrostic.

The people go to Church, and to the Sabbath School,
To "keep the Lord's Day holy," is there a standing rule.

The mind and morals of the young are fostered with great
care,

If you would send abroad to learn, be sure to send *right*
there;

"The fare" is good and healthy, "the bills" are very low,
I'm often with the people, and claim the right to know.

"The faculty"* is hard to beat in this or any State,
The improvement of the pupils is wonderful and great;
The *luxury* I've oft enjoyed, of hearing them recite,—
It filled my heart with gratitude—my soul with *pure*
delight.

I smiled and wept in turn, while hearing them perform,
They'd "calm the rolling billows," and thus "control the
storm."

Anon "the warring elements" would dash again in foam,
And like "the wave-tossed mariner," you'd almost sigh
for home.

But each performed his part with such exquisite skill,
He'd chain you to your seat, and you *sit easy* still;
The "music by the choir," and instrumental, too,
Was, indeed, "a treat" to me, and would have been to you.

The "declarations and essay" were *rich* in "learned lore,"
The poetry was "rich as cream," but I must say no more;
"The friends of learning" every where should *patronize*
it well,
And to the credit of the State, make this "*fine COLLEGE*"
tell.

* Professors, Adams, Curtis, and Olcott.

"Fork over" freely, *one* and *all*," your *dollars* and your
dimes;"

"Bread cast upon the waters," will be gathered in after
times ;

Long may this INSTITUTION *bless* our *proud, young* "HOOSIER
STATE,"

And here "I rest my plea," and pray, and hope, and wait.

N. B. I commenced with "Religion," and conclude with her
twin sister, "Literature." I here offer this sentiment, and
pass :

"INTELLIGENCE AND VIRTUE,"—the shield and ornament of
of the Fair—the "life-guard" and *endorsement* of the sterner sex,
the "main pillars in the Temple of Freedom."

END OF POEMS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE some choice Poems from a dear brother, niece, cousin, and friends, to which I had intended to treat my readers, as well as to *honor* and *gratify* myself; but I am absolutely *compelled* to forego the pleasure. In spite of all my efforts at “retrenchment”—throwing two lines into one wherever admissible, and a resort to a finer type than was originally intended, as seen by a few of the first pages, my own Poems have occupied almost as much space as I had intended to occupy with my entire book. I promised only a small book—I wanted only a *small* book—because large books are seldom ever worth reading *through*, and because the price at which I offer it will not *pay* for one of that character. But “win or lose,” I must redeem my pledge to “give a sketch of my own humble life, and the incidents and history of the county and country for the period of time that I have resided in it.”

A mere sketch—"a bird's eye view"—under the circumstances, is all that I can now treat my readers and patrons to, in either department, lest my book should be utterly too voluminous for perusal, to say nothing about the profitableness of it to the Author. Many who are perfectly terrified at the thought of having to travel over a ponderous volume in search of any kind of information, scientific, historical, or what not, will, peradventure, with great cheerfulness, set out upon a short journey to accomplish so desirable an end. Keeping this ever in mind, I have not attempted anything but truth, simplicity, plainness and brevity, which, I think, is much better adapted to the end I wish to accomplish, than any "rhetorical flourishes and embellishments," which *I*, at least, can command. The mind will not thus be fatigued, nor the memory overcharged. And any attempt to impart useful information in a pleasing and easy manner, has claims to that praise which is the reward of good intentions. And with this the Author will be abundantly satisfied, since being serviceable to others is the most agreeable and sure method of becoming content and happy with ourselves.

THE AUTHOR.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

It has been very beautifully and truthfully said, that "love of country is a sentiment natural to man, and common to the inhabitants of every part of the globe;" and with a "*Yankee*" this feeling has the power of a strong passion. It must, however, be admitted that "*Yankee*" is not always a passport to favor or honor; yet who ever saw a son of New England ashamed of his birthplace or his country? From every and any place under the arched canopy of heaven, where duty, business or fortune may have placed him, he turns his thoughts and affections to

"The land of his birth, and the home of his youth,"

with an affection which distance can not diminish, nor time impair. To him, "New England" is a land of surpassing loveliness and beauty. If her skies are not deemed as bright as the "sunny south," in the grandeur of her mountain summits, the loftiness of her forest pines, her beautiful bays and islands, he finds enough to make his early home exquisitely beautiful, and lovely, and dear to his heart. If her "cloud-capped mountains" are bleak and bare, her placid lakes and ponds, her rivers and her brooks are swarming with trout and salmon, the finest of all the "finny tribes,"

and are located with enchanting loveliness, or flow through romantic vales and flowery meads. Add to this her proud institutions of literature and religion, which claim the warmest affection of his heart, and the *tribute* of his tongue; so say writers, and so say I, experimentally, and truthfully; and, of course, I am proud to claim Yankeedom as my birthplace. Tradition says I am a descendant of the Rev. John Cotton, of the Plymouth Colony. I was born April 20th, 1800, in what is now known as the town of Pownal, county of Cumberland, and State of Maine. I am the fourth of nine children—four sons and five daughters—all of whom are living unto this day, except a dear brother, next younger than myself, who was cast overboard in the darkness of a tempestuous night, and thus drowned at sea, poor fellow, as noticed in my poems. My ever-cherished father died fifteen years ago, at the age of seventy-five. My venerable and dear mother still survives, and is very smart and active, at the age of eighty-five years. She uses neither a staff nor glasses. My parents were not members of any religious society, but sat under the ministry of the Presbyterian or Congregationalist Church. But if they had belonged to fifty churches, they could scarcely have raised their children with more tenderness or care. Vulgar or profane language, cruelty to animals, the robbing of birds' nests, the violation of the holy Sabbath, were all strictly forbidden and religiously enforced. We were all early taught the

catechism, to repeat portions of the sacred Scriptures, to bow around the fraternal and the maternal knee, to fold our little hands and use our infant tongues and lips in prayer and praise to God. To this early religious training, as I have before said, I am indebted for all that I have that is really worth possessing. Perhaps I can say what few of my age can say—a corrupt, vulgar, blasphemous, horrid oath never escaped my lips. No, never. And the thought is exceedingly comforting to my heart, now that I am bound down with infirmity and old age. My parents were only in comfortable circumstances, so that my opportunities for acquiring an early education were limited to the public school facilities, which afforded from two to three months schooling each winter; but I made the very best of that, being very studious and orderly in school, and always secured the approbation of my teachers; and although “the birch and the ferule” were in great repute and constant demand, never, no never, save *once*, in all my school-boy days, was either applied to me, and that, too, very lightly, and for a trivial offense. All that I now know beyond “the rule of three” or proportion, of grammar, geography, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, law, etc., I have acquired by hard and close application to my books, unaided by a teacher, since I was a married man. My spare dimes I have appropriated to books and periodicals, and rainy days and leisure moments in their perusal, instead of squandering them away

at the haunts of vice and dissipation; and the harvest I am *now* reaping is rich and ample, and full of grateful and pleasurable remembrances.

I have before shown that I was awakened, converted, and joined the church before I was sixteen years of age. At a little past seventeen, I was "licensed exhorter," at twenty-one a preacher, ordained in 1825, and elected to elder's orders in 1829, which relation I still retain in the church—"a local elder." I believe none doubted my piety or my zeal from the first hour of my conversion; but with many my capacity to exhort or preach with profit to the church, or credit to myself, was doubted by my best religious friends; and but for Joshua Randall, the circuit preacher, who, of his own voluntary accord, and unknown to me, made the application and defended my case, I should not *then*, and hard telling when, if ever, have entered the work of the ministry. In his address to my class, said he: "I have examined him thoroughly, and though, as you all say, he is very unlearned and awkward, 'the root of the matter is in him.' His studious habits and love of reading, and his great and fervent piety, will bring him out, and you will be astonished, if he lives, to see what an eloquent and efficient minister he will make. Pass him, brethren, on my responsibility;" and they did pass me thus, as I learned, for the first time, when I made my first visit back to Maine, after an absence of twelve long, eventful years. In some sense, I may say

without vanity, the prediction of Brother Randall, my early and ever-cherished friend, and one of the most eminent divines in the land, has been realized. But how much more abundantly so would it have been had I early, fully, and exclusively consecrated myself and my all to the ministry? From a very humble and obscure beginning, the little celebrity I have as a minister has been obtained by dint of close application, of close observation, and close communion with God. What has been said of an eminent divine (so far as the application of means is concerned), may with equal emphasis and truthfulness be said of me. I, too, commenced preaching at the age of seventeen (for my exhorting was all preaching), such as it was, and ungainly and poor at that. Starting out in my ministerial career at an early and tender age, with such qualifications only as were common to all; an education which had been little more than commenced, under the pressure of many disadvantages, but turned to some little account by unremitted devotion to elementary books, and private study in leisure hours.

With a heart and a will to go forward in the great work I had assumed, I felt, from the very first, and at every step forward in my official duties, that some thing beyond the ordinary food of the mind was necessary to prepare me for my pulpit duties and responsibilities; that determined and personal energy, application and efforts were absolutely and indisputably necessary to my suc-

cess either to fame or usefulness as a minister of the gospel of Christ; and relying upon divine aid, I *did* and have applied myself accordingly, as know all my intimate friends. Without guide or model, I have projected and explored my own pathway; have aped no man; but, from beginning to end, have been my original self, in the pulpit, as in all the other duties and relations of life. With inexplicable yearnings to learn and to know the means and expedients that I have been driven to, as the only possible condition of ability and usefulness as a minister and as a man, can, perhaps, be readily imagined, but it can not be fully expressed by me, or by my friends for me. Yielding to the yearnings of my heart to be both good and useful, I appropriated all within my reach to my special aid and benefit. Reading, writing, reflection, observation and experience, all the energies of body and mind, were invoked and applied to for light and guidance.

The midnight lamp has often found me at my books. Thought demanded materials, and ends exacted means. Without constant effort for mental growth and enlargement, all chance or hope of success was forever foreclosed. Such were the circumstances of ignorance and want, and trial under which I commenced my ministerial career, and during which time I must have pronounced at least some three or four thousand sermons. And, although I have much to regret that my sermons have not been more eloquent, more

efficient for good, I rejoice that they have, in some sense, been serviceable and acceptable to the church, and that I never have knowingly trifled with myself, with my high and holy mission, by turning it to worldly advantage, or to tickle or please the fancies of others. I have rather sacrificed all my worldly hopes and aspirations, that I might "make full proof of my ministry," and "finish my course with joy." I have not "lied to the Holy Ghost" to please any man or set of men, for personal effect. I am not conscious of any ambition or aspiration unworthy the high mission of "an ambassador of the Cross of Christ." But feeble and inefficient as they have been, they have been my very best efforts, under all the circumstances; and I have often been exceedingly happy and joyful in their performance. In "breaking the Bread of Life" to others, my own soul has feasted upon the heavenly repast, and I often made to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." So much, then, for my ministerial career, which is, in all human probability, about being wound up and closed for ever. And I am cheered with the hope that I shall be able to render an account of my stewardship with joy and not with grief, through mercy rich and free.

My recollection runs back distinctly to an occurrence that took place when I was only two and a half years old. I had strolled away into the woods and became lost, and quite a search was

made for me, and I now see my cherished father as he approached me and clasped me in his arms, and I feel the warm and almost suffocating kisses of my mother, my poor distracted mother, when I was returned to her all safe and sound, after several hours of painful solicitude and suspense. It is now as vivid and fresh to my mind as an occurrence of yesterday. I have also an indistinct recollection of an incident that occurred, perchance, a little before that time, and to introduce it, I will say, that my good mamma says, that although "fat and hearty as a pig," I cried more in infancy than all her other eight children put together; that I literally *bawled* both "day and night," when, for the life of her, she could discover nothing to cry for. Of course, she thought me hardly worth raising, and let me bawl it out, as bawl I would. Well, on a time, I went into the room all alone, took up a small pair of tongs that had fallen into the fire, and contrived to get them astride of my neck—the sizzling and frying operation soon commenced, and then I, as usual, commenced bawling; but then it was the old tune, and my mamma let me sing away. At last she thought that there was a little more *emphasis* than common, and concluded to look after me, when, lo! she beheld my sad predicament, with two large blisters on each side of my neck. She exclaimed, "You little sweet dear, you are crying for *something* this time," and nearly smothered me with her kisses. Hope sprung up in her heart. I had given

evidence of some little sense, at any rate, and she thought that, perchance, I might be worth raising after all. And, sure enough, only see what a man I have made of myself from so unpromising a beginning. Wonderful!!! I now tell my mamma that I suppose my intention was to laugh instead of to cry, but that I didn't know *how*. The tongs, however, set me right, and from that day up to my present illness, I have laughed more than any other man of my size in my palmiest days, and that is saying much. "Laugh and be fat," has been verified in me to the very letter. "Despise not the day of small things," for behold what a *great* man a *little* boy will make, sometimes.

The embargo times, and the war times of 1812 are still fresh upon my mind. Preparatory to the war was the embargo act to call in our own vessels, and to keep our money and our means at home. Our privations, of course, were many and exceedingly severe. We used pumpkin and sugar-tree molasses, sage and many other domestic teas, carrot, pea, and rye coffee, almost exclusively. Our mothers submitted to it without a murmur, because the rights of the country required the sacrifice. We paid from \$1.75 to \$2.00 per bushel for corn, and from \$14 to \$18 per barrel for flour, and hauled cordwood from eight to twenty miles for \$1.50 to \$2.00 per cord. I drove a team with wood many a day and night at those rates. We would start for Portland, a

distance of twenty miles, at sunset, drive all night, and get into market at early dawn or sunrise, and if we met with a ready sale, home at early bedtime in the winter; otherwise, at a very late or rather early hour on the next morning. I have been so overcome with fatigue, and cold and broken rest, that I have dropped my knife and fork a dozen times while eating my supper, my good mamma standing by me all the time to cheer, and comfort and feed me. I have traveled many a mile in a profound sleep by the side of my oxen, got hold of the bow, lost myself, woke up and found myself at least a mile ahead, and all this for a mere pittance, hardly enough to "keep soul and body together." Then a naked crust of bread was sweeter than the richest bridal cake I ever tasted, and that is saying a great deal. Year after year the early frosts cut off our crops, and we had to depend upon southern corn, which we had thus laboriously to obtain. Talk about hard times, whosoever may, we don't know *here* in the west at this time, the *first single letter* in "the hard times alphabet." These reminiscences bring tears of gratitude to my eyes at this moment. And but for the benefit of the seaboard and her inexhaustible fisheries, I see not how we could have possibly survived total starvation. Our country, however, produced potatoes, peas, beans, and garden vegetables in a fair abundance, and we were able, by a great deal of hard labor and economy, to keep up a fair dairy, and sheep to

furnish us the materials for winter apparel, which our mothers and sisters carded by hand, and spun and wove at home.

The music of the spinning-wheel,
The shuttle and the loom,

greeted us from early dawn till nine or ten o'clock at night. I fancy I see—I hear it now, and I am young again—back to the days of youth and childhood—back to the dear parental hearth—parental care and protection, and the fanciful contemplation is mournfully sweet to my heart.

But the embargo times were succeeded by others more severe and trying. Our husbands, sons, and brothers, either by “drafts” or “enlistments,” were torn from home to meet death, perhaps,

On the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
Sounding with death-groans.

I shall never forget the time when an express was sent into my neighborhood, post-haste, one sabbath afternoon, for a draft of so many to be made, forthwith, and to be at Portland on the next day, “armed and equipped for military duty.” The British fleet lay off in sight, and an attack upon the beautiful city of Portland was reasonably anticipated. That was a time that tried men’s souls. Some responded to the draft cheerfully, and seemed eager for the fight. Others ingloriously paid almost any price for a substitute. And my lady’s brother, Benjamin, at a good round price, took the place of one less courageous and less patriotic, perhaps, though

it must be admitted that circumstances alter cases. If ever I longed to be a man, it was then, when I was hardly thirteen years of age. Bright and early on Monday morning, our brave boys bade a hasty adieu to home and friends, and amid tears and blessings took up the line of march for the post of danger and death, to defend their common country or die in her common cause. But so it was, after lying off in sight for some time, and no doubt, by some means or signals, ascertaining that we were ready to give them a *warm* reception, they abandoned the intended expedition, and hauled off to other fields of operation, and many of our valorous men returned home after an absence of several weeks, vexed that they had *missed* a fight. I more than once visited what is called Portland Neck or Promontory, when its forts and barracks were swarming with men "with nodding plumes and coats of uniform." I hear their drums and fifes, I see their then marshal tread and evolutions, and catch the glowing enthusiasm, while thus I write, as in the days "Lang Syne."

The Enterprise and Boxer were brought into Portland harbor, and I went on board and saw both in a somewhat shattered condition, splintered and battered by the molten messengers of "death and destruction." Two gallant English tars were quartered at a friend's of mine; one with his leg amputated close to the body, another with a grape-shot lodged in the cavity of his bowels, which could not be reached or safely extracted. Every

possible attention and kindness was paid to them that humanity and skill could suggest. And I asked myself *then*, and ask every body *now*, why should those men be so mutilated and put to so much pain, when, as men, we had nothing against them or they against us? And, as before asked, Why could not Nations, as well as States, settle matters of dispute by "a legally constituted civil tribunal?" Echo, with its wonted impertinence, as if to mock the all-important inquiry, answers back—*why?*

When the startling intelligence swept over the land, that the city of Washington, the Capitol of the Nation, was taken and pillaged, "the hearts of patriots died within them." I could name many that I now see in my mind's eye, as they mournfully walked the street, or, gathering together in little groups, to counsel each other upon the sad and disheartening intelligence. I recollect, too, some of the anti-war men, who seemed to exult that they were not committed. And with great complacency, as though they were sages and Solomons, they would, with seeming delight, "cast into their teeth," *I told you so*. Many a wakeful, restless night have I spent, dreading the consequences, wishing that I had the power to avenge and save my country, and praying God to interpose in our behalf. And when I learned that the next attack would, in all probability, be made upon New Orleans, and General Jackson had charge of her defense; every night at my youthful prayers, (for

I was taught never to close my eyes in sleep without prayer,) yes every night I prayed for General Jackson, of whom I knew nothing up to this time. Every patriot eye was turned in that direction, and New Orleans was the engrossing theme of thought, of conversation, and of inquiry. Between five and six weeks after the battle of New Orleans, the glad, the overwhelmingly joyful news was heralded through Maine by government expresses on horseback. Put your horse through at the top of his speed, as far as he can go, and then turn him out and mount another. "Uncle Sam" will foot the bill, seemed to be the instruction. Intelligence on a joyful theme like this could not be disseminated through the land in less than five or six weeks! Now it can be done in about as many seconds of time!!! What an age of improvement and progress truly.

The joyful intelligence from New Orleans reached me thus. I was at school, about one mile from home, and about the middle of the afternoon, Josiah Walker, a dear cousin of mine hove in sight, on his return from Portland, with his oxen and sled, a handkerchief tied to the top of a long stake, old "star and bright" going it at the speed of "double quick time," and he proclaiming at the top of his voice every few minutes, "General Jackson has whipped the British! General Jackson has whipped the British!!" The whole school was perfectly electrified, my own heart beat quick and free, the teacher ran out to make inquiry, and

learned that an express of that kind had just been received at Portland. On went Josiah, and in came the teacher, announced the joyful news, and turned us all out in a hurry! and such another scampering I never saw. "Without stop or let" I hastened home at the top of my speed, and nearly out of breath, I burst open the parental door, and exclaimed most unceremoniously, as best I could, General Jackson has whipped the British! General Jackson has whipped the British!! O, I was perfectly frantic with delight; almost too happy to live; and recounting the scene I weep too much to write, and must pause to give vent to my feelings, pay a tearful tribute to the past, and a grateful one to the God of nations as well as of men.

Such a meeting together of patriots, such rejoicings I never before, or never since, saw or heard. The valleys and the mountains echoed back joy and thanksgiving and praise in every direction. And from that day to this, no living man ever occupied so large and so warm a seat in my affections as a military or political man as General Jackson. This is the key that unlocks (what once seemed a mystery to many) my devotion to General Jackson. Mine too was a reasonable devotion, as all the good and great everywhere now respect and venerate his memory, and approve his general policy. Peace to his quiet dust and immortality to his memory, and justice and truth, and *freedom*, and prosperity, and perpetuity to the interests and institutions of our

common, our beloved, our heaven-favored country.

The proclamation of peace sent a thrill of joy to every patriot heart. Bonfires and the muttering roar of cannon were seen and heard all over the land, and I, perhaps, the happiest boy on the globe. I could n't keep still nor refrain from expressions of infant or youthful enthusiasm. I have seen and felt much in my time of suffering, privation, and hardship, that the young of these days are strangers to, and probably ever will be. I hope they will. May the tocsin of war never more be heard in the land, and the time speedily come when "swords shall be beaten into plowshares," and "the nations shall learn war no more." I would fain linger here. I could write a whole volume; but a sketch must suffice, and I pass.

At the age of sixteen, while attempting to put a very large, heavy log of wood into my cart, to haul to market, I felt something give way in my stomach. My log I let go, sat down upon it quite faint, recovered a little, loaded up with light wood, went to North Yarmouth, a distance of eight miles, returned home very sore and sick, and was laid up for the season, spit blood profusely from time to time, for a long season, and, in fact, never fully recovered from it, and never shall. I have suffered much but complained little on that score.

“A NIGHT WITH A BEAR.”

AND now, boys, for that bear story, which I have promised to some of you. At the age of about fourteen years, I was sent down east, as we called it, as far as the Sandy river, a distance of some sixty odd miles. I started off, “a-foot and alone.” The evening of the second day, at sunset, found me within eight or ten miles of my journey’s end. Somewhat weary, but full of ambition, I was resolved to reach my uncle’s before I went to rest. I knew, however, that I had a long dreary piece of woods to pass through, without an inhabitant for some four or five miles. A part of the way a pond lay on either side of the road, and all the way through a thicket of pines. I entered it just at dusk of evening, with a new moon some two or three hours high, and shining brightly, with here and there a fleecy cloud, and gentle zephyrs murmuring in the tree-tops. A little boy, all alone, and far from home, and in a land noted for white-faced bears, which were often seen and often killed, it may well be supposed that I plunged into this gloomy recess with a palpitating heart. But manning up my courage, I dashed on, seeing strange sights and hearing strange sounds from the forest and the ponds. I had got on full half the way through, when I was “brought up all standing,” with a *great big* white-faced bear just ahead of me, and close beside the road. I first thought to “take the back track” with all possible speed, but a second thought admonished me that I could not possibly escape thus that distance by flight, and to halloo would be useless, and, in truth, I was too much frightened to halloo; and there I stood transfixed, with uplifted hands, and with my staring eyeballs nearly popping out of their sockets. And now it made a move; my blood froze in my veins. I must do some thing, and that right soon. I finally concluded that if I had to run, I would run the right way; and as the bear was just on one side of the road, I would take the other, and try and pass him,

and thought, peradventure, at an even race, I might save my distance—that was my only hope. Only think, two days' travel from home, alone in a dark and lonely forest, out of sight and out of hearing of every living mortal, save Him who sees and hears all things. It moves again, and with my heart in my mouth, I moved, too, and dashed ahead, with my eyes riveted upon the object of terror that had thus beset me; and as I got just opposite, or a little turned past, I saw it clearly, just in the attitude of—a big pine-stump! burned all over, except a little on the side toward the moon, which made “a great big bear with a white face.” The moving was a pine bough waving in the breeze, and standing between me and the stump. I ventured up, and scanned all the premises carefully, after the Rubicon was passed. I laughed and I wept, and with gratitude to God, I set out afresh to complete my journey, which I accomplished, safe and sound, before bedtime. Receiving a warm greeting and a warm supper, I was soon in a warm bed, and at rest in soft and peaceful slumbers. Now, boys, ain't that a considerable of a bear story after all? I laughed when I got through with it, and so may you, for it is truly *laughable*.

Before I farther proceed, I will record another little occurrence in my life, simple though it be. I had found the drumming log of a partridge (as we call them) upon the mountain, which I have before noticed as constituting a part of my father's farm. I prevailed upon my kind good father to let me go and try to shoot it, when I was quite young. So loading his fowling-piece, he explained all things to me in reference to taking aim, etc., for I had never once shot at a mark. With a bounding heart, I set out to climb the mountain early in the morning. I found that my bird was drumming again, and with great caution I approached within shooting distance, behind the covert of a large tree, and there stood the bird, which had got sight of me, and just as he was about to jump off the log, *bang* went my gun, and down fell my bird with a deadly

shot; and the way I gathered it up, and hastened home, is no one's particular business except my own. General Jackson at New Orleans, or General Taylor at Buena Vista, or General Scott at Vera Cruz or the City of Mexico, did not feel to be a greater general than I did when I shot and took my first partridge. There is not one scene in my whole life that I remember with more distinctness or livelier emotions. How these early impressions cling to the mind; and with what a proud step I entered my home, with my bird in my hand, may be imagined, but can not be expressed. I took the second in the same triumphant manner. The third I missed, and if I had lost an empire, I could scarcely have felt more crest-fallen, chagrined and vexed than I did then. I felt as though I could crawl through a half-inch augur-hole, as the saying is, or that I was attenuated to a point and cut off; and, from that day to this, I have learned that no earthly bliss is abiding; but, as the old pump-handle said, "there are a great many *ups* and *downs* in life."

A NIGHT WITH A PANTHER.

IN the years of 1816, '17 and '18, what was then called the "Ohio Fever," prevailed, to a very great extent throughout the Eastern States, especially in the State of Maine, my own natal State. And many, during these years, sold out their possessions, bade adieu to their weeping friends and "the scenes of youth and childhood," and emigrated to the then "far west." In the fall of 1817, fifteen families from about one neighborhood, and eleven of them, with ten wagons and twenty-four horses, and seventy-eight souls, started off together from Cumberland county, in one day. It was a great move, and excited the curiosity of the country through which they passed; they were spoken of as the great "land fleet." Their route was through the beautiful city of Portland, Haverhill, to Albany, thence up

the fertile valley of the Mohawk, thence across to Olean Point, on the head-waters of the Alleghany, thence down the river, in boats and on rafts, to Pittsburg, thence down the beautiful Ohio to Lawrenceburg, in Indiana, where they cast anchor, cabled up, and sought each a resting-place and a home in the then wilds of the west; and most of them located on what was then called Green Brier Ridge, now known as the pleasant village of Manchester; among whom was the Rev. Daniel Plummer, so favorably and extensively known.

In the fall of 1818, the writer emigrated "westward ho!" Sailed from Portland to the monumental city (Baltimore), thence across the mountains to Pittsburg, thence down the Ohio to the abode of his old friends and acquaintances, (more than two months' journey—it may now be traveled in three days,) found them all well, received a cordial welcome, and verily a happy meeting it was.

Shortly after, he was married, according to the Good Book; for he most emphatically "left father and mother" (dear and revered names), and clove unto her to whom he was affianced; reared him a cabin, and settled in the woods. All was one vast unbroken wilderness around him, save here and there a little cabin and a small opening, the labor of the new-comers the previous year. These were scattered about on what was then Green Brier, as before observed; so called by hunters, because of the prevalence of a brier of that color that abounded in the forest. My cabin was far removed from any other habitation, "solitary and alone," at first. I had bushed out a wagon-track, as we call it, and had, also, "blazed" a foot-path, a "nearer cut" to the settlement. My mind reverts with an indescribable emotion to that period of my life. Many is the time and oft that I have entered this dismal and solitary homeward path, when, for a good part of the way, it was so dark that I could not see my hand to save me—was compelled to feel out the path with my feet; with my heart in my mouth, my hair well nigh erect, and my blood nearly

curdled, for the prowling wolves were about my path, and had often raised their hideous yells in my very door-yard. Indian habitations and tragedies, fresh upon the mind, in this dark solitude, and lost in these dark meditations, when all of a sudden off would bound some thing with an unfamiliar tread, and then a hideous yell of wah-wah-wah-wah, ho-ho-ho-ho. The shock over, you would feel thankful to find your scalp safe, and that the causes of your affright was the bounding of the affrighted deer, and the night-owl, "in hoarser harmony," tuning its vesper notes of praise.

Onward you would wend your dubious way, until your ear would catch the unearthly melody of a familiar "hoo-hoo," which your anxious and lonely wife would, ever and anon, send over the dark forest, to cheer your heart and direct your steps. Reader, this is no fanciful sketch. Often have I heard that welcome sound, compared to which the music of Orpheus and the mellow notes of the Æolian harp would be grating discords. As you came near home, you would see a brisk light, and your wife standing in the door, as if to penetrate the gloom to get a glimpse of you. At your approach, she would fly to meet you at the bars, and greet you with, "My dear, are you come? I have been so alarmed for you; the wolves have been howling back here ever since dark. O! I am so glad that you have arrived safely." As you enter your neat cabin-home, you find supper has been long waiting; your little boy asleep, whom you kiss again and again; then you give thanks and eat; and after prayers, retire to rest, and after telling many a long yarn, and recounting the mercies of God, you fall asleep in the kind embrace of Morpheus, and your rest is sweet.

Sometimes, as you were going through the woods with a hickory torch, you would frighten all the beasts and birds along your track, and they, in turn, would frighten you. I remember, as though it were yesterday, that when coming home through a by-path, with a torch in my hand, that cast a dark circle all around me amid the green

foliage, when all of a sudden I beheld two flaming balls of fire, that looked frightful indeed. What could it be? They moved, they disappeared; with a kind of snort and a bound it passed off, and came upon you in another direction, and then the same blazing balls of fire were staring you full in the face. I tell you, reader, it would bring one unaccustomed to a forest life "all up standing." Conjecture was baffled, and all I had to do was to trust in God and go ahead. It soon left me, and I passed on to receive another cordial welcome home, with abundant matter of conjecture, and for an hour's chat. It was evidently a deer, as I afterward learned. Hunters sometimes kill them in that way; it was called "firing deer;" their glaring eyeballs reflect the light in this manner. The hunters took many of them, and wild-turkeys in abundance. Well, notwithstanding I was unaccustomed to a forest life, and was often put up to all I knew to get along with the strange sights and sounds that accosted me, yet many a time and often have I left my bed at midnight, and gone far out into the woods, to relieve my faithful Jowler, when he would raise the yell, to let me know that he had some thing treed. If it was on a sapling, I was sure it was only an opossum; I would fell it, and Jowler was ready for him. If on a large tree, I was sure it was a coon; would strike up a fire, and wait till morning, when one, two or three coons were sure to be taken. Jowler never missed fire, though I often shot wide of the mark. Those, after all, were happy days; and, indeed, there is some thing so fascinating and romantic in the life of a backwoodsman, that I often sigh for those days again. But I must forbear, and hasten to my story.

About the middle of Nov., 1822, more than thirty-five years ago, I and my lady, with our only child, a little son about two years old, had been to Mrs. C.'s father's, and had tarried until 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening, when we started home, about a mile in the unbroken forest. The moon was shining beautifully, about an hour and a half

high—a few fleecy clouds were floating gracefully in the heavens—the moanings of the night winds as they gently murmured through the tall tree-tops, the rustling of the sere and falling leaves, the shadowing of the silver queen of night as she was gently sinking to rest, and the deep solitude that surrounded us, cast a kind of pleasing melancholy around our homeward path. Still we were happy, and were beguiling the moments with some agreeable chat, when all of a sudden Mrs. C. cried out, “my dear, there’s a wolf!” Just at that moment, my eye caught the object, some four or five yards to my right, in an old tree-top, covered with green briars. I had just passed a large tree that stood on the edge of the path. I stepped back in a moment, and Mrs. C. coming up, we stood behind it together, and by side glances endeavored to ascertain what kind of a customer we had. I discovered some animal in a crouching position, but the deep shade that enveloped him, and my own excited feelings were such that I could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion. In a moment or two he squatted flat upon the ground. I tried to hope that it was Jowler that had come out to meet us. Mrs. C. said no; fearful to have him approach even if it were him, I ordered him home again and again; but it was “all no go.” “You are right, my dear,” said I, “it is not Jowler, sure enough, and we must do something soon, or the moon will be down, and we left entirely in the dark. Now do you take *bub* and go ahead, and I will stand here and keep the animal’s attention on me, and when you get a good start I will then follow, and if I shall be devoured, better one perish than all. Take good care of yourself and *bub*, and meet me in heaven, for if it is God’s will to call me hence, I feel through mercy that I am not altogether disqualified or unwilling to go.

“Do you think that I would leave you here alone to be devoured by wolves? No, never,” said Mrs. C. “I can never do that; I will stay by you be the result what it may.”

All the remonstrances were vain, and I gave it up. She wished me to throw the animal a bit of fresh meat which we were taking along for breakfast, and then immediately start. I had many objections to this, but told her to start with *bub* and I would stand between them and harm, and if the animal followed I would throw it to him and we would escape for life. It was a critical moment, but we finally mustered fortitude to start; my eyes nearly popping out of their sockets, being so intensely fixed upon my unwelcome guest. I fancied I saw him move as we set forth, my hair seemed to stand erect; my blood to curdle in my veins as I almost fancied his fangs upon me. But no! there he lay until we had gained the distance of a rod or more, then turning my eye away, we "put out in double quick time," for our lone cottage in the wilderness, some half a mile off. We had not gone far when we heard him trotting on the leaves, taking a cross cut toward the house.

"It must be Jowler," said I, "but let us hasten." When, however, we arrived at the bars, Jowler came out of his kennel, and bade us welcome home, and happy indeed were we to be there all safe and sound. As we entered Jowler went in with us. We had hardly seated ourselves and were with gratitude talking of our wonderful escape, and nearly smothering our little babe with kisses, not having yet struck up a light, when Jowler began to sniff, and going to the door raised a portentous growl. I suddenly opened the door, when lo! there sat, on the door-step, the cause of our affright, and made a bound to enter. I caught him and Jowler between the door and both went out together. After a short scuffle Jowler played off, and my friend came and sat down again upon the door-step.

The moon had about gone down, and having what we called in those days, a "stoop" over the door, I could not yet determine what it was, but concluded that I had had enough of him for once—that I would try and give him his walking paper; and having neither axe or rifle at hand, I took the fire-pole, opened the door a little—Mrs Cotton

held it. I thrust out the fire-pole—a small hand-spike—and brought down, full tilt upon his pate, a fair lick that would well nigh have felled a beef. He tumbled over, without the least outcry, not even thanking me for my *striking* attachment; picked himself up in a moment, and bounded over the fence like a dart, and Jowler after him, but he soon returned without treeing him, or coming in contact with him.

What it was, I could not contrive. I was now satisfied that it was no wolf, and a panther had not once entered my imagination, and well that it had not. After returning thanksgiving and praise to our unseen but kind deliverer, we went to rest, and our slumbers were sweet as our rude home was lovely and pleasant. In the morning, I went to an old woodsman residing some distance off, to report the case and ask for information.

“Why,” he said, “it was a panther. He had scented your fresh meat, and had waylaid your path. He was just in the act of bounding upon you when you discovered him. Your timely discovery and the tree baffled him. He intended to have waylaid you again, and would have done it if you had given him time. No light being in the house, he was intent to follow. There are panthers about—I have heard them. It is a wonderful escape that you have made, truly.”

And then I recollected all the panther stories I had ever read, and saw them all verified to the letter, in the manoeuvring of my “unknown guest.” And at the recognition, my blood chilled again, and I adored the hallowed name of my great deliverer, who, for wise, and great and good purposes, mercifully preserved me, perhaps to proclaim salvation to the sons of men, and to take part in the great and glorious Temperance enterprise; and I trust, in that particular, that I have not been spared in vain.

Be that as it may, I and my good lady still survive. My son, my dear lamented son, died several years ago, leaving his second wife and three children behind him. Two other

little sons and our only daughter, and the sweetest one that ever blessed a parent, sleep beside him in the peaceful grave. Our only surviving child is a son, married and settled in Illinois. I incidentally note these things here. Jowler, poor fellow, my faithful, trusty friend, came to a tragical end many long years ago. O, what changes have occurred since that fearful night! The howling wilderness has become as the garden of God. Fine farms, and orchards, and mansions, and school houses, and seminaries, and colleges, and churches, and turnpikes, and canals, and railroads, and telegraphs surround me on every side. (See my Forest Ode.) And I am now writing this sketch within one mile of the spot where I was beset with that panther, which I might have killed, and, no doubt, should, had I not been under the impression that it was old father Mead's yellow dog that had become lost. In a forest life, "Love me love my dog," is true to the letter. The real panther or his mate was shortly beheld sunning himself in the lofty tree tops, by one of my neighbors, when, quick as thought his rifle was at his shoulder, his eye darting along the iron tube of death. The leaden messenger summoned him to surrender forthwith, which was instantly responded to, and he was borne off in triumph, as others had been before him. This one, however, appeared to be "what the shoemaker threw at his wife," as we neither saw nor heard anything more about panthers in the neighborhood after that.

Tender and thrilling recollections of the past come rushing back upon me as thus I write, and admonish me that life is short and uncertain—that this earth is not my home, nor would I have it be. And oh! forbid it heaven, that this beautiful world should be any the worse off for my having been in it. But I must forbear, with gratitude to God, and with a thrilling and abiding interest, do I cherish the remembrance of

"The night I spent with a panther."

Reader—my unvarnished and simple story is told—

truth, every word truth. And here for the present I take my leave of you, and hasten to my prayers and repose. Good night children, and happy dreams to you all.

Presuming that the reader, like myself, feels much refreshed, I ask him to go back with me to old Maine, once more, to see if I was not a little extra in youth, if not in old age.

When father Noyes, that sainted, good man, had sold out, in order to accompany his favorite minister, the Rev. Daniel Plummer and others to the then "Far West," I, of course, was only seventeen years of age, and utterly too young ordinarily to think about getting married. But our families were on terms of intimacy, and his daughter too bright a jewel in my estimation, to be lost without an effort, and as she was about to be removed to what then appeared to be the uttermost verge of civilization, if not the very "jumping off place," I thought, and thought correctly, too, that what I did I must do quickly; it was with me *now* or never. So, after mature deliberation, I sought a favorable opportunity, and, with suitable apologies, introduced the subject to my lady-love, and then postponed the matter for mutual deliberation. My suit having met with a favorable reception, I thought myself fortunate and happy beyond description. But then there were difficulties still in my pathway, to be surmounted or removed, before my golden dreams could be realized. I was quite young—several years before I should be of age—and then, perchance, her family might be opposed to the arrangement, even if I should ever be able to find her again. I knew that at the proper time, and under proper circumstances, mine could not possibly be better pleased. But how now I could not say. And that I might not make a fool of myself, nor disappoint my fair friend, I determined at once to know "just how the land lay," in every direction. So I first took my good mamma and father aside, and opened my heart and affairs to them, offering as an apology for my early move, that it was now or

never. And that, if they assented to the arrangement, I wanted them to let me follow her "out west," the next year. To my great joy, I found it all right in that direction. I then named the thing to father and mother Noyes, told them I was too young to talk about such things, but that circumstances altered cases; that they were going far away, and I did not want to build up false hopes. And I had the unspeakable pleasure to find it all right in that direction; so that the entire coast was now clear. Nay, more, father Noyes offered, with the consent of my parents, to take me along and use me in all things as one of the family until I chose to set up for myself. But, being in poor health from my injured breast, and desirous of a little more schooling, I chose to tarry behind for at least one year; and if that was n't a long year to me, "I would n't say it," *'pon honor*. But the year wore away at last, the 20th of September arrived, and I bade parents and friends, and home farewell—a little past the age of eighteen years—and, all alone, started for the object of my affection and hope. As before stated, sailed from Portland to Baltimore, crossed the mountains "afoot and alone," to Pittsburg, got on board a family boat (for there were no steamboats then to be relied upon) and by several changes from one boat to another, I at last found myself safely landed at Lawrenceburgh, on the 10th of December, 1818, a journey of almost three months time, which appeared to me almost an age. My friends out west being advised of the time of my departure, had abandoned me for lost, *nearly*. It can be traveled over now in two days. My safe arrival was greeted with a hearty welcome by the old folks, and as to the balance it may be guessed at. Suffice it to say, that I was shortly after married, and before I was nineteen years of age. And in little more than a year after that, we were blessed with the little son we had with us when we were beset by that panther. Now what young man can boast of a greater adventure than my marriage

arrangement, or to do it up in a more manly or business-like manner?

My whole history has been odd and peculiar, like myself. It was thus that I found myself "a western man," and in many respects *that* was the making of me. Thrown upon my own resources at an early age, and that, too, without money or means, I learned to economize in time, in expenditures, and in every thing else—eschewed the ardent and the weed, and made the most and the best of all the means in my power, consistent with all my personal and official duties. And if I never have enjoyed abundance, I have never really suffered want. Though many a time I have found myself "hard run" to keep along. But diligence, patience, and perseverance have thus far took me safely through.

The country being new, I soon found myself in demand as a teacher, as well as a minister, orator, and lecturer. Have taught school more or less every year since 1821, three years only excepted—in solid time about twelve years, and have had not less than some two thousand pupils around me. Some of whom have worked their way to honorable distinction and usefulness—and one, at least, into the penitentiary; and a few others I could name, will, in all human probability, graduate at that State institution, or be elongated in a hempen necklace. So look sharp boys, "lest you fall into an evil net"—bring reproach upon yourselves, and your parents with sorrow to the grave. I early learned to use love and kindness instead of harshness in the schoolroom, and I have found it to work like a charm. My experience and observation as a teacher, I should like to communicate in full, for the benefit of all the parties concerned; but my book being already too large, I must omit it here. Suffice it to say that, almost all children can be governed by mildness and decision. If you can't reach them one way you can another, if you have sufficiently studied their dispositions and their home training. If utterly ungovernable, when all kind expedients have

been faithfully and fully resorted to—then, perhaps, the better correction is a dismissal, at least, for a season. Get the love of the children, not by letting them rule *you*, but by showing to them clearly, that you wish to rule *them* for their own good. Fix that in the mind by kind and gentle means, and the point is gained, and the schoolroom becomes a happy place, both to the teacher and the pupils; and that my soul knows right well, as may readily be seen by my poetic literary department. O! I love my scholars, and they love me—I know they do, generally, with a warm heart.

A CANDIDATE.

IN 1828, I commenced what may be termed my political career—was announced by a friend as “candidate for the Legislature.” It was an age most emphatically of “grog and decanters.” But I was so sentimentally opposed to the practice that no entreaties upon the part of my friends could induce me to sanction it by my example. I was the first candidate that I ever knew that did not submit to the custom, and I never have *once* in all my life. Well I commenced my career in “the day of small things,” received just two hundred votes at my first heat—next time two hundred more, and so on for six heats without an election, coming up to within ten votes of it once. I kept in right good heart all the time, knowing that at “these licks,” it would be my turn by-and-by, if I did not become weary in well-doing, and surely I possessed “the gift of countenance” to a remarkable degree.

AN EDITOR.

BUT at this time my ever-cherished friend, John Bennet, sold out, and removed to Henry Co., in this State, and was extremely anxious that I should accompany him, made me several propositions that I deemed valuable, and as I had all the time kept myself embarrassed by my ministerial and gratuitous services, I concluded to sell out—right up

and remove; and as a lawyer would say, commence the world *de novo*. I very reluctantly left old Dearborn; but thinking it to be the better way for my family, I tore myself away from my early friend, and located myself near New Castle, upon a beautiful little farm, which at an unusual good lay, I had purchased of my ever-cherished friend, Isaac Bedsaul, who gave me a great bargain, and easy terms, to secure my location in that community. Soon after my arrival, the citizens of Henry started a county paper, called

THE NEW CASTLE BANNER.

and desired me to edit it, which I consented to do for a season, and until other and better arrangements could be made. Forthwith some of the editors, whom I omit to name, said I was a broken-down politician, and seemed to regret that the New Castle folks had been imposed upon by me. Being measurably among strangers, these unkind and untrue sayings "stung me to the core." I knew it was all false as sin, and I knew that those editors who sought thus to revenge themselves upon me for political and personal variances, also knew that every word of it was untrue, or at least ought to know it, perhaps that would be the most charitable saying. I, however, felt that I owed it to myself and friends, forthwith to resign the editorial chair, which I did accordingly. There being two judges to elect that year in old Dearborn, I shut up my house, came back on a visit, and stood a poll for judge. There were four candidates, and two to be elected, and out of 2500 votes cast, I received 2210; and the highest vote by several hundreds that any one man had ever received, and all without grog at that. This was such a refutation to the pitiful slang of unkind and ungenerous editors, that I had no language to express my gratitude; but determined at every loss to serve my old friends, and forthwith arranged all my affairs accordingly, sold my Henry farm, re-located myself again in old Dearborn, where I ever have, and doubtless will remain.

I had secured a beautiful location, and one of the prettiest farms, and many exceedingly kind friends in Henry Co., whom I was loth to leave, and whose names and memories I fondly cherish still. The following precious names I must and will embalm in the pages of my little book. John Bennett, Philander Ross, Thaddeus Owen, old Father Lyness, Isaac Beadsaul, Judge Sandford, John Powell, Hon. Miles C. and Eli Murphy, Judge Elliot, Zadok Bennett, old Father Shelly, Dr. Reed, Judge Bundy and George Rodgers and families, and would like to more. Friend Rodgers is *now* in the drug business at No. 51 Main St., Cincinnati, under the firm of "Rodgers, Son's & Co." I take pleasure in recommending my good, and honest, and *honorable* friend Rodgers to the favorable consideration of *all* my readers, who may visit the city on business in "his line." Give him a call friends, as well for your *own* as for *his* or *my* sake.

After serving a term of seven years upon the bench of the Circuit Court, I was appointed sole judge of the Probate Court, by Gov. Whitcomb, and was subsequently elected to the same office by a heavy and good majority, over one of the very best citizens in the county, R. D. Brown, Esq. My friends did it up "brown" that time, and no mistake. The duties of which office I performed for the space of more than five years; when our New State Constitution terminated the office or Court of Probate, which let me out. At which time the Bar were kind enough to express their approbation and good will in the following preamble and resolutions, which I estimate so highly under all the circumstances, that I can not deny myself the pleasure of introducing them here. If it be vain I can't help it, and don't want to.

BAR MEETING.

ON motion of Abram Brower, Esq., the following proceedings of a meeting of the Bar of Dearborn County are ordered to be entered on record.

At a meeting of the Bar of Dearborn County held at the Court House on the 24th day of September, 1852, James T. Brown was appointed President, and Abram Brower, jr., Secretary. The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas the Probate Court of Dearborn County being about to go out of existence, the members of the Bar feel it their duty to place upon the record of said court a testimonial of their respect for Judge Alfred J. Cotton, whose services, as Judge of said Court, will close with the present term—therefore

Resolved,—That we have been associated with Judge Cotton in the administration of Justice for seven years as Associate Judge of the Dearborn Circuit Court, and for more than five years as Judge of the Probate Court of said county, and that it affords us pleasure to bear testimony to his close attention to judicial business—and to the patient hearing of all cases submitted to him, and his earnest efforts to administer law and justice in the discharge of his varied and complicated duties.

Resolved—That we entertain the highest respect for the moral worth of Judge Cotton, and part with him with the kindest and best of feelings.

JAMES T. BROWN, CHAIRMAN.

ABRAM BROWER, SECRETARY.

A true copy from the minutes of Probate Court of Dearborn County, Indiana, of the term of August and September, 1852.

Cornelius O'Brien Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas and the seal thereof hereunto affixed at Lawrenceburg, this 30th day of October, A. D. 1855.

CORNELIUS O'BRIEN Clerk. [L. s.]

It is not to be inferred from the foregoing proceedings, that the "members of the bar" consider me a Blackstone or a Kent—by no means. And yet, perhaps, I can say what few other judges can. For more than five years, with a heavy docket in the Court of Probate, and some very knotty and important cases, not one single decision of mine was reversed, either in part or in full—not *one*; but all appeals (which were not numerous) were sent back, "In all things affirmed." And on the Circuit Bench, for seven years, there were, I believe, only three reversions of my concurring opinion. For this happy and creditable state of affairs, both to myself, my friends, and my country, I am much more indebted to a good bar of attorneys than to any profound legal attainment of my own; though you may be sure I applied myself closely. The bar being faithful to their clients, and very industrious withal, furnished to my hands all the authorities, with their own opinions and comments; so that it only required at my hands a sound discrimination and an honest and fearless heart to decide aright. It is matter of great convenience for a judge to be profound in the law, but with such a bar as we have here in old Dearborn, it is not essential, as my own history clearly demonstrates.

It is very easy for some people to speak contemptuously of lawyers, but I regard it as the most fortunate event of my life, when I was officially associated with them. True, the practice of the law calls loudly for a reform, and the gentlemen of our bar have often so expressed themselves to me, both publicly and privately. All it requires is some one to lead off in the proper direction, and all will forthwith aid in the good enterprise. I asked and obtained admission to "the bar," for no other earthly reason than to "put the ball in motion," and to encourage young men to look up and take courage by my example and success. See more fully my "Law Notice," a few pages ahead. And as I have undertaken to speak of myself, I will not make a fool of myself, through false modesty,

by keeping back that which I owe to myself, as autobiographer.

The members of the bar will bear me testimony that once on a time the presiding judge had charged the jury, and they had retired, when I suggested to him that he had overlooked a strong point in the case, whereupon he ordered the sheriff to bring the jury forthwith into court, when, openly giving me credit for the suggestion, he reversed his charge, and they found accordingly. My charge to the grand jury will not soon be forgotten—surely not.

At another time, an important case was before the jury, and the president desired me to give them the charge, and, under the assurance that he would correct any error or omission, I went forward very deliberately and fully, when the president said, in just so many words: "Gentlemen of the jury, I fully and heartily concur in the charge of Judge Cotton. Every position that he has taken is correct, and he has not omitted a single point in the case. I have not another word to add. Take the case, gentlemen." Several similar occurrences followed.

Once on a time, an attorney, having a personal interest in an important suit which he was managing, made application for a "change of venue," alleging in his affidavit that he could not get justice in this court, on account of the prejudice of the presiding judge. Of course, my brother associate and I awarded to him "a change," by complying with the provisions of the law in such cases, and there the matter rested. And when we had reached the case, the president informed me that he should not sit upon it; that no man who would hold up his hand and swear that he believed that his personal prejudice would be carried into his official duties, could not have the benefit of his opinion. "Why, judge, I can not do without you. This is an important bank case, and without a *precedent*." "I know that," said he, "but I am willing to risk you, and if you commit an error, all judges often do the same,

and the appellate court will set you right." Entreaties were vain, and not a single hint could I get from him in the premises. Suffice it to say that it was "a demurrer" to the bank's declaration. And no sooner was the case called, and the attorney had risen to address the court, than, sure enough, the president vacated his seat. After a long argument and a patient hearing, I thought myself master of the question, and without consulting my honorable associate, I gave my opinion, and overruled the demurrer. In this I was promptly sustained by my colleague, which settled the question. At recess the attorney very pleasantly accosted me with, "Well, you decided that case against me, and as you are inexperienced, it is not to be wondered at; but, then, you were clearly wrong, as all the bar say. Now, as I have another case of the same kind for to-morrow morning, I want you to reflect, and take counsel, for your own credit, as a judge, not that I care particularly, for if you do not reverse that decision, I shall take it up, and it will be reversed at sight."

"Very well, I will hear you patiently, and if I see my error, I shall be both happy and ready to correct it." I listened to his second address; it was long and labored. when I told him I saw nothing to change my former opinion, and should decide this in the same way; so said my colleague. Well, both cases went up, and both came back "in all things affirmed," and upon a question, too, that had never before been sprung in any case whatever. Now I ask you, gentle reader, if that "*aint some*" for a poor friendless and penniless boy as I was when I started out into the world? And is it not too good to be lost and kept back from other poor boys or young men who are trying to make something of themselves? I think so, and therefore I record these things for their encouragement, as well as for my own personal gratification.

One of the last cases I had to decide in the Probate Court, was an important Will case. The attorney took his appeal with great seeming confidence, and many of my

friends, who were familiar with the case, said I had missed it for once, sure. "Gentlemen," said I, "you have not thought of this case as I have. I have slept upon it, or rather I have laid awake upon it, and if that decision is not affirmed, I'll not guess again." And sure enough, in due time it came back, "in all things affirmed." And thus began, continued, and ended my judgeship.

One thing more and I dismiss the subject. One of my decisions in the court of probate afflicts me much—more than all others put together—though but little was really involved in it. A gentleman, going to California, deposited with his friend, Abram Brower, an eminent young lawyer, and an excellent young man, (and, by-the-by, an early and ever-cherished pupil of mine,) some fifty or sixty dollars, telling him, if he never returned, he designed it as a present to him. It so happened that he died in California. Some one, on hearing the intelligence, said that he died some dollars in his debt; whereupon Mr. Brower, in the generosity and honesty of his heart, for the first time, said that he had some money in his hands belonging to the estate, and if he had a just claim, he would pay it off. The thing got out; application was made for letters of administration; Mr. Brower thought administration useless, as he was ready to pay, if a just claim was presented. Whereupon it was suggested that there might be several other claims, and the safer and better way was to administer upon the estate in due form. Mr. Brower thought he should then administer; and I was so fearful that I should be suspected of doing wrong, that I actually did it. First, I ought not to have granted letters, as neither relative or creditor applied for them; secondly, I should by all means have appointed Mr. Brower administrator, if any body. I did not see *all* the points in the case until it was too late. The claims presented I found to be all unfounded, and so decided them; yet every single dollar, I believe, was "legally filched" from the pockets of Mr. Brower by way of costs; and that I should have inno-

cently been a party to the transaction afflicts me much, even to this day. I ought to refund every dollar to him, and will if I am ever able to do it. The best miss it sometimes, and here I did it most egregiously, upon a small scale; and I record my error as a warning to others, and as an act of justice both to Mr. Brower and myself.

He, however, made me sweat for it before I left the bench. He had a suit in court, the investigation of which seemed to vex him not a little, and the opposite party quite as much, and rather sharp and angry words were being passed between the parties. I, of course, interposed, in my mild and easy manner, but it was no go—the fires were too deep, the provocation too great, and both parties seeming rather to court a wordy contest, and knowing, as I did, that friend Brower was a little vexed at me, or at least had good reason to be—my term of office being then near its final termination—and no other parties or persons being then in court, I yielded them a slack rein, and, of course, the parties were soon rather boisterous and “uproarious,” when lo! to my utter chagrin, who should drop in but the Hon. Judge Downy, one of the very best and most dignified and commanding judges in the State. Usually I was ever happy to see the judge, but this time his simple presence gave me “the horrors” for keeps. I, however, “grinned and bore it” with the very best possible grace, but you may be well assured that “I sat ’mazin’ uneasy.” As a dignified presiding officer and a judge, I suddenly fell at least thirty degrees below zero in my own estimation, and, I presume, entirely below the point of observation in the estimation of Judge Downy. However, I have lived through it, and only record the occurrence as one I vividly recollect in the checkered scenes of my humble, yet somewhat eventful life.

Mr. Brower, as ever, is one of my warmest friends, and as such, he was the mover to the bar proceedings, as will be seen by the record, which I highly appreciate and reciprocate. One thing more and I am done.

There is an incident connected with my judgeship which I beg leave to note. In 1826, I taught school in Elizabethtown, Ohio, and among my pupils was enrolled the name of Abram Brower, then a very promising, interesting little lad, and as fine a scholar as one need desire. But the idea that I should ever be judge, and he one of the most efficient lawyers at the bar, nay more, my right-hand man, the ready, skillful and beautiful clerk of my court, had not at that time entered either of our imaginations. But it all came true in time; and when from the bench I saw how nobly and skillfully he demeaned himself as an attorney and as a clerk, I could but feel proud at the reflection that he was once a pupil of mine, and if I had done nothing to develop his active mind, I surely had not spoiled him. This merited compliment to Mr. Brower, growing out of this incident, I think is in place, intending no disparagement to either attorneys or clerks, who are "hard to beat" the world over.

A TRIBUTE

To my Associate Judges is here due from me. Hon. Miles C. Eggleston, the Presiding Judge, was one of the best legal men in the State. Judge Livingston was an honest-hearted man, and had been elected several times to the same office. And, although we were often at variance in opinion, yet as men, we lived on terms of great personal kindness. Both have gone to their reward, and I alone linger upon the earth. Peace to their slumbering dusts.

I should very much like to pay a personal tribute to all the gentlemen of the Bar, and officers of the Court. But to do that in the fullness of my heart, would occupy more space than I can possibly spare. They all have my best wishes, and share in my daily prayers. And with that, I trust they will be content.

After being admitted to the Bar, on the motion and testimony of my good friend J. T. Brown, and cordially

greeted and made welcome by others, I published the following "law notice," which produced quite an excitement, and not a little laughter.

LAW NOTICE.

ADVERTISEMENT—EXTRA.

"Look here everybody," and more too!

JUDGE COTTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW!!

THE undersigned, having been formally "admitted to the bar," as an Attorney and Counselor at Law, takes this method to inform "all the world and the rest of mankind," that he will practice as such, in any and all the courts, either in the county or State; also, in any and all the courts in the United States and territories, in Nova Scotia, in the Canadas, in Russian America, in any and all of the Mexican and South American States, in any and all the courts in Europe, and throughout the Eastern Continent, and "the islands that slumber upon the bosom of the mighty ocean:" Provided, always, his terms suit, and he has any thing in his legal line to practice, and, provided, also, that health and all other circumstances are favorable to such an arrangement.

For his deeply profound legal attainments, his overwhelming shrewdness and cunning, his marvelously correct and active business habits, etc., special reference is made to all those who are the LEAST acquainted with him—if TOTAL STRANGENESS, so much the better.

He respectfully solicits, and confidently anticipates a very liberal share of ("do nothing" with) the law business—(except to keep out of it.)

His office is at the "White Cottage," Locust Avenue, Mule Town, Dearborn Co., Indiana, where he may at any and all times be found, when he is nowhere else. Don't all call at once, gentlemen.

Editors, generally, will please "lie low and keep dark" about this advertisement, lest I be overrun with "nothing to do."

REV. JUDGE A. J. COTTON,

Attorney and Counselor at Law.

Jan. 29, 1858.

For the Register.

MR. EDITOR:—My little novel law notice has not only excited much merriment, but subjected me to much quizzing as to my terms, etc. Please spare me a little corner of your sheet, and I will answer all at once, and be done with it.

In the first place, I must have a good round fee to begin with, either in hand, or well secured. Widows and orphans, a double fee as a matter of course. And then it is to be distinctly understood, *all the time*, that I will never descend to any mean trickery or manœuvering, to save a client,—that I would scorn to do to save myself—will not ask for a favorable judgment or acquittal, unless I honestly think that my client is justly entitled to it—will never ask for a continuance, or "change of venue," merely to harrass innocent or injured parties, or to escape a just penalty. Nor will I ever attempt to confuse or embarrass "a deposing witness;" but will let the whole truth come gushing, full and free, like the mountain torrent, whether for or against my client. I adopt and publish these "rules and regulations," because I think that "the practice of the law" calls loudly for reform in all of these particulars, and I am fully determined to start off *right*, or not start at all. Now, the law rightly understood, and properly administered, is exceedingly beautiful—it is soul-ennobling—it is heart-cheering and inspiring—it meets out equal and exact justice to all, under all possible circumstances—it throws its protecting arms around the new-born babe, hovers over him all along through life, over his bier, and over his house of death. It follows the culprit

into court—into prison and upon the scaffold—secures to him a fair trial, a just judgment, and the full enjoyment of every unforfeited right and privilege ; it is, indeed, the wisdom and experience of ages, condensed and reduced to a system of rules for the protection and good of all. Such is the law. And yet the practice of it has become disreputable ! and a lawyer is at once too generally set down as a wicked and perverse man—a villain and a knave. Now these things ought not so to be, even in imagination, much less in fact. A minister and a lawyer, as a latinist would say, should constitute a *par nobile fratrum* in virtue's cause—"the cause of all mankind."

I know well that there are a great many high-minded lawyers, who feel it their duty to descend to things which are irksome and painful to them, yet the practice seems to require it, and, therefore, they feel compelled to "grin and bear it." This unhappy state of things has been brought about, in part, by a misapprehension of a lawyer's duty. Being *true* to his client has been thought to mean that at every and all hazards, "by hook or by crook," he is bound to see his client out of the meshes of a violated law. And it may well be questioned if this state of things is not chargeable for many, if not most of the offenses against the peace and dignity of the State. If I chance to be caught, says the offender, a few dollars and my attorney will work me out of it. All law writers say, escaping punishment is a great encouragement to crime—'tis not the severity, but the certainty of punishment that deters evil doers. See Dymond's Moral Science, page 29.

Now can we suppose that the wisdom of a State, assembled to frame laws for the peace and order of the community, would constitute one set of officers to see that the laws be duly respected and executed ; and another set, bound under the solemnities of an oath, to the utmost of their abilities to pervert and misrepresent the law, and that, too, after having been sworn to observe and maintain it ? Preposterous !!! Now, all that an attorney owes to his

client is, to see that none of his rights are invaded or infringed upon ; and this is all in perfect keeping with his oath to maintain and respect the laws. Do n't you see it, friends ? Now, if I can only put the ball in motion, that shall purify and make honorable a practice so essential to the well-being of all, I shall consider that I have accomplished a great and good work—that my little book, which I intend shall bear abroad these suggestions, is not written in vain—that I have not lived in vain. And, in conclusion, if my terms are acceptable, and health, and all other things favorable, bring on your business, gentlemen. “I’m your man.” But for the pleasantry of the thing, you would do well, perhaps, to bear in mind, that I have assumed rather a large field to operate in. South America and Europe are embraced in my imaginary circuit. My book, is to be a book of truth, and this is all *true*—imagination. Nor is this all—for would you believe it—the very next day, and evening after it was announced to the world, that “I was a regularly built attorney,” duly authorized to practice as such, I say, that I forthwith received a communication from the sun, moon, and stars, which was transmitted with the velocity of a ray of light—whereupon it was significantly suggested, that my “professional services” would be in quite as good demand, and pay quite as well, in those shining orbs, as in South America, or Europe. I knew, years ago, that some of my poems had appeared in the London papers, placed to my credit, and sent back to this country, and I thought that quite a getting up in the world for a poor obscure boy. But, that my fame should ever reach those “worlds of light, that hang pendulous in the blue arch of ether,” is quite mysterious and overwhelming. Because I ever “set my mark high,” I reckon. Well, of course, I shall go when officially called upon, a suitable fee tendered, and a suitable and safe conveyance to and from, are provided for me. More especially as this *little* globe has ever been altogether too small a field of operations for my inquisitive and capacious mind—capital!!

Arranging the affairs of the moon, as I am upward borne, and so on, as I pass from globe to globe, perchance the first that my old friends of Dearborn will hear of me, will be post-marked, Orion, or Arcturius, or one of the beautiful Pleiades, in the immensity of space, perchance, from the morning or evening star. So be patient, friends, you shall neither be neglected or forgotten, when I am "'way up *thar*." Let that suffice. And now I leave it to the reader to say that if I am not "the *greatest* author he ever knew—if I aint "the *tallest* "by more than a feet."

REV. JUDGE ALFRED JOHNSON COTTON, etc., etc.
Attorney and Counselor at Law—and more too.

Reader, you have now read my humorous law notice, and may have had a hearty laugh over it, as I intended you should. Having "a few thoughts more of the same sort left," I will treat you to them, and pass.

When you are nearly melted with the burning mid-summer sun, only think how comfortable I must be attending court, on the other side of it, perfectly in the shade, where, of course, I should be most happy to see you. Whew!

You have often seen and heard much about the "man in the moon," but never knew who he was, I suppose. Well, next time you look at the moon, just suppose that the court has adjourned, and I have slipped out to see if I could see you. Just imagine that you see a part of the courthouse, and the cupola where I am standing, and when a silvery cloud passes between me and you, only think that I am waving my *great broad-brimmed hat* at you, and you have it all "in a nut-shell." The man in the moon is Judge Cotton, eh? "Good as wheat," and *gooder*, too. When you behold the glimmering light of the distant pleiades, the ever-faithful and true north star, or the dazzling, bright and beautiful Mars and Jupiter, just imagine that their courthouses are brilliantly illumin-

ated for an evening session, and that I am perfectly "astonishing the natives"—holding judges, jurors, attorneys, and all the bystanders perfectly enchained with wonder and delight with my *lofty* eloquence, in one of my masterly efforts upon "constitutional law" and "eternal right and justice." Ain't that making quite a raise in the world, and getting up into the pictures?

Where is the eccentric and witty James T. Brown; the grave and deeply-profound P. L. Spooner; the forensic and captivating D. S. Majors; the eloquent and high-minded A. Brower; the industrious and eminent T. Gazley; the legal giant E. Dumont; the strong team, the far-famed *par nobile fratum* Hanes and Holman; the unequaled State's Attorney; the venerable and poetic John Dumont; the perfect walking-law-library, the lamented John Ryman; where all the young and promising "gentlemen of the bar," when compared with "*this high and lofty pleading*" of mine? Ay, where the world-renowned and world-lamented Grundy, Clay and Webster? Just no w-h-a-r!

I have indulged myself in these fanciful contemplations at my own expense, in order to prompt the young to originate thoughts and reflections; for none surely will deny to me the paternity of these musings. In the next place, I designed their perusal as a little pleasant and agreeable pastime, which is alike useful both to mind and body, in small portions. Lastly, I have said that one reason for writing my little book was, that I did not wish to die, and lie down, and be at once and for ever forgotten. Now, it is one thing to speak or write so as to be understood, and quite another so as to be clearly and distinctly remembered; and I *now* venture that no one who has read these humorous and fanciful flights of the mind, can ever read the geography, or survey the maps, of any and every part of this county, or even of this globe, without thinking about Judge Cotton's practicing law there, as, for instance, South America or Europe. Neither can he ever behold the sun, moon, or stars, without associating my humble

name and memory with them. For aught I know, children may yet be taught to regard the man in the moon as being Judge Cotton—*good!* And really and truthfully I anticipate a much loftier and bolder flight hereafter; far beyond the most distant planet, I shall fondly hope to “inherit a kingdom,” and wear crowns and diadems fast by the throne of God, in bliss immortal, high up in heaven, when “the duties and the conflicts of life are o’er;” and here I cease my majestic flight, dazzled with the transcendant splendor, and lost in the infinite greatness of the “great First Cause,” Cease, did I say? No, I shall go on brightening in glory and bliss, worlds and ages without end—hallelujah—amen.

“HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.”

AND now, as light and shade, harmoniously blended, and in due proportions, form the beautiful landscape, so does light and grave reading the pleasing and interesting book. I shall, therefore, right here, in close proximity, and in open contrast with my fanciful imaginings, record some “hair-breadth escapes,” in my humble life, of rather a serious character. That “night with a panther,” if not with a bear, and my rattlesnake story, will, of course, be remembered here.

A FALL FROM A CART.—When I was a lad of some eight years old, I fell from a load of hay, right in front of the wheel, and so closely to it that it made a slight skin-wound upon the very crown of my head. One inch farther under the wheel would have been hopelessly fatal to me. My dear good father thought me lost as it was; and I can never forget how thankful he appeared to be when, upon examination, he found that I had received only a slight wound. I see him now—I feel the pressure of his lips, as with tearful eyes he greeted me, and thanked heaven for the narrow and wonderful escape. Yes, although fifty years ago, I see the very spot—the cart-wheel, as it rolled

suddenly upon me, before I could move—I see old “Star and Bright,” as though it was an occurrence of yesterday.

A FALL UNDER A SLED.—Again, at the age of thirteen, perhaps, while going to market with a load of wood, in the winter season, I stepped suddenly upon the nose of my sled, in order to let another team pass. My foot slipped, and I fell across the nose of the sled, as we used to say, and in turning over to get up, my right leg dropped below the runner, which, of course, soon run on my leg, just above the knee; and with my arm out upon the tongue, and my other leg and thigh above and against the roller, I was carried several rods before my friends could stop my oxen and my horse, which had taken fright at my thoughtless ado and outcry; for with a load of wood upon my leg, and that dragged along by my resistance to prevent its going over me, you may be assured that, aside from the fright and the fearful position that I then occupied, “it *hurt* like the mischief.” And thus I lay some time before my friends could disengage me. Fortunately no bones were broken. My kind friends took charge of my team, put me into a sleigh, and took me home, where I was confined for some weeks. Had the sled passed over me, I must have lost my leg, and, in all probability, my life. I tremble as I recount this little, yet very hazardous occurrence; I am in the very midst of it again while I record it.

THE RIFLE BALLS.—Once on a time a gun was accidentally discharged, and the ball struck the house not six inches from my head. At another time, as I was passing along in the street, whiz went the leaden messenger close to my head, only a few inches to the right, and above. It was discharged at a squirrel some distance off, and altogether out of sight of me. O, I wonder that people are not often slain in this manner; it is indeed marvelous to me.

A BLOW FROM A SLEDGE HAMMER.—Once at a raising, a man with a large iron sledge hammer, in attempting to

drive a pin, hit me a full glancing blow just on the crown of my head. Had that blow struck me a single half inch, or even one-fourth of an inch lower, it would have crushed my head all into atoms. As it was, it perfectly stunned me. I whirled, and should have fallen, had I not have been caught by those who were present. I was conveyed to the house, where, after a little rubbing and bathing, I came to myself again, and soon got over it. My friend thought he had killed me, and was horror-stricken at the thought.

A STEP OVERBOARD.—Coming home from New Orleans upon a steamboat, I was pacing the hurricane deck, absorbed in thought, when I walked so far off, that it was with the greatest effort that I was enabled to throw myself so as to fall just upon the outer verge of the deck. It was at the hour of twilight, and upon the mighty Mississippi. Had I went overboard I must have perished, and perchance, unnoticed. Even now I shudder at the thought!

THE RATTLESNAKE.—Once on a time, in search of my cows, I chanced to step close to an unobserved, coiled up, and very large rattlesnake. But true to his generous nature, to “bark before he bites,” I heard his ominous and familiar “rattle,” right at my feet, and if I did n’t jump quick and far, I did my best, my very best, in both particulars, you may rest assured, and just barely missed his well-aimed strike, and the deadly poison of his fearful fangs. A single half inch, I think, is all that I had to “come and go upon.” Was that not a “hair-breadth escape,” and from the bite of a venomous reptile some five feet long, and nearly one foot round? And to crown the imminence of the danger, I was “barefoot” at the time. Tut—tut—tut! did you ever? If I have n’t stept right into my little book all “barefoot!” Well, the book’s my own, the thing is *did* and can’t be helped now, so it can’t, and I may as well make the best of it and let it pass without useless tears or regrets—nay, I’ll turn the

same to "good account," by a little good advice about "barefeet."

Some parents appear to be unwilling that any body should know that their little dears have feet and toes to them like their poor neighbors have, consequently they are encumbered with "stockings and shoes," almost from their birth. It would be exceedingly vulgar and cruel to let their little feet be seen or to touch "old mother earth." No wonder that we see so many puny, sickly children in the "higher circles" of life. See the "barefooted" little urchins about the street or in the country! how "rosy-cheeked" and plump they are. There seems to be something peculiarly healthy absorbed and imbibed by coming in contact with the loose, mellow, and new-stirred earth. And O, how invigorating and delightful is the sensation, not only to the naked feet, but to the whole system, from "the crown of the head to the soles of the feet;" and old as I am, I often treat myself to "barefooted exercises," and "barefooted pleasures," in my fine and mellow garden. If you really love your children, give them occasionally a little "barefooted exercise." I pass.

A TEMPEST ON LAKE ERIE.—In one of my eastern tours, I took a steamboat at Sandusky bay, bound for Buffalo. We were no sooner out from the landing than we were met with a violent storm of wind and rain, and soon the "surging billows" were rolling almost mountain high. At about midnight it was observed that our vessel was rolling from side to side very often, and as often was heard the familiar phrase, "trim the boat, trim the boat." The captain being aroused from his slumber, either by this repeated outcry or by the motion of his boat, arose, and to his utter consternation found her nearly ready to sink, with three and a half feet of water in her hold. But, like a *true* philosopher, he kept all to himself—set the pumps at work, and found her soon afloat about right, when, upon a careful examination, he found that she had not "sprung a leak," but that one of the hatchways having been left

open, every dashing billow that broke over the deck, found way into the hold of the ship. A little farther delay, and all would have gone down together. As it was, we lost some two or three hours time, and the captain gave a breakfast to all on board, some four hundred at least. He told me all the particulars in the morning, and that that was the *first* time he ever had to breakfast his crew, which he did with great cheerfulness, and thought himself fortunate under all the circumstances, to get off safely with that. I knew that something was the matter, but what, I could not tell. The fearfulness of the night and the "foaming angry billows" so reminded me of my poor lost brother, that I sat up to a very late hour in pensive mood, not so fearful as awestricken by "the wild commotion of the warring elements." The next day the cry of "a hat overboard," was several times heard, but, as good luck would have it, there was no head in it. Fine fish, too, would often throw themselves clear of the watery element, as much as to say, "we want to see what is going on in the world as well as you," or "here I am, catch me if you can."

These reminiscences are to me mournfully pleasing. "A fearful tempest on the lake," I never can nor ever shall forget.

PORTLAND.

IN one of my "homeward bound" trips from Maine, I took ship at Portland, that most delightful "Forest City," and, in some respects, the most delightful city on the globe. The stately and the beautiful elms adorn the whole city, almost in every direction, and from one end unto the other, perfectly arching all the fine and beautiful streets with their wide-spreading boughs, and their picturesque and cooling shade. In the hot summer season, when clothed in green foliage, it is a luxury to behold, and a luxury to enjoy. Add to this "the bay and harbor"

of Portland, which is not, perhaps, exceeded, in the "romantic and beautiful," by any other bay or harbor upon this "beautiful green earth." If the "Bay of Naples" is even *supposed* to exceed it, it is only on account of its "time-honored" and hallowed associations; its surrounding objects; its palaces; its colossal and moss-grown ruins; the smoking, rumbling, fearfully grand Vesuvius in the background. But in all the original elements of beauty and grandeur; the size and form of the bay; the lay of the land; the graceful and sweeping inclination toward its pebbled shore; the diversity of hills, mountains and plains; of wild and of highly cultivated ground; of beautiful and fertile gardens; and the multitude of bright and beautiful islands that slumber upon the bosom and in sight and in the vicinity of the bay—can not be surpassed, even in imagination itself. Nature seems to have exerted all her energies, all her skill, in producing the "enchanting scenery." And there it lies in all "its primeval loveliness," with only just such changes as personal convenience might require—enough merely to show that man could appreciate surpassing beauty without being vain enough to suppose that he could improve it; and it was no very extravagant fancy of one of the most beautiful and fanciful poets of that region, when he said that "they were originally a fairy creation—the summer retreat of an elfin race."

I have already spoken of the delightful prospect presented to the eye from the summit of Mount Abraham, Mount Bradbury, and the world-famed Bunker Hill monument; and they are surpassingly grand, majestic, and beautiful. But the landscape view from Portland Observatory totally eclipses any vision I ever beheld. "The everlasting hills" of granite, White Hills and all, that, like "Alps on Alps, arise" in the north, piercing the very clouds; the villages and churches that checker and adorn the plains and valleys below; the placid bay of Casco on the east, and Saco on the west, and the broad and mighty

Atlantic on the south, with her thousand and one islands gracefully and peacefully slumbering upon her heaving bosom, in calm and sweet repose; and, to add to the enchanting scenery, there go the ships to and fro, in every direction, with their towering masts piercing the skies, and their full-set and wide-spread canvas whitening the sea—coming in, going out, or passing by for some other destined port. To the curious, to the man of taste, to all the lovers of the “romantic and beautiful,” a view from Portland Observatory pays well for all that it may cost to obtain it. No tongue, no pen can adequately tell the story, or paint the beauties of the scene. To be fully appreciated, it must be seen, and felt, and enjoyed. “*Portland scenery against the world!*” I have thus dwelt, because I was here *introduced* to the immortally glorious, yet much persecuted, NEAL Dow, of prohibited notoriety; and because Portland lies just in sight of my early home, and with it are associated many of my earliest and most cherished remembrances. And, of course, I “preach and lecture” there every time I go east. At my last visit, it was arranged for the Rev. Mr. Morse, my familiar friend, to preach in the morning, and for me to preach in the afternoon, or rather, I declined the morning service, which was pressed upon me. But after listening to the sweet, melting and eloquent sermon of Brother Morse, I regretted that I had not preached first, or even had consented to preach at all in his church; and a kind providence, as I thought, had interposed in my behalf, by sending us, during the intermission, the first refreshing shower that had blessed and cheered the city and the country for weeks, or even months. It came down in torrents, precluding, as I thought, the practicability, if not the possibility, of the afternoon service; and O, how it relieved my mind, and revived the parched earth, and the almost perished vegetation—verifying the beautifully appropriate lines of HOYT upon

A S H O W E R.

In the valley that I know—

Happy scene!—

There are meadows sloping low,

There the fairest flowers blow,

And the brightest waters flow,

All serene;

But the sweetest thing to see,

If we ask the dripping tree,

Or the harvest-hoping swain,

Is the rain.

Ah! the dwellers of the town,

How they sigh!

How ungratefully they frown

When the cloud-king shakes his crown,

And the pearls come pouring down

From the sky!

They descry no charm at all

When the sparkling jewels fall,

And each moment of the shower

Seems an hour.

Yet there's some thing very sweet

In the sight,

When the crystal currents meet

In the dry and dusty street,

And they wrestle with the heat,

In their might;

While they seem to hold a talk

With the stones along the walk,

And remind them of the rule,

To "keep cool."

But in the quiet dell,

Ever fair,

Still the Lord doeth all things well,

When his clouds with blessings swell,

And they break a brimming shell
On the air;
Then the shower hath its charms,
Sweet and welcome to the farms,
And they listen to its voice,
And rejoice.

Well, as I was saying, we had a sweet refreshing shower, but it held up in good time for church, and it appeared as though all the city were going to be in attendance—such a crowd along the streets, and such “*a perfect jam*” in the church, was seldom to be seen. Indeed, I was quite overcome by the vastness of the assembly I was about to address, but in apostolic language, “the Lord stood by me,” and I enjoyed a very comfortable and precious season, and had a good assurance that it was even so, in an eminent degree, to my very attentive and seemingly delighted audience. The concluding remarks of my dear Brother Morse, the preacher in charge, were certainly very complimentary and cheering, and met with a hearty response from the vast assemblage in attendance—verifying, to the very letter, the truthfulness of that divine saying, “A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country,” etc. A similar compliment was paid to me, in the same city, fifteen years before that, on a similar occasion, by Brother Norton. Said he: “If this is a *fair* specimen of ‘the illiterate and incompetent ministers of the west,’ about whom we hear so much in the periodicals and journals of the day, may our city often be blessed with such specimens.”

— To my western oratory, personal peculiarities, and the divine “unction from above,” I owe the happy reception of my humble efforts. Many clustered around me at the altar, with a warm hand and a full heart, saying, “Brother Cotton, I recollect distinctly, and never can forget, either your text or sermon pronounced here twenty-five and fifteen years ago;” and covering me all over with blessings and good wishes, we parted, to meet, perchance, no more in

time. My lecture to the Sabbath-school, in the evening, was also an exceedingly pleasant affair. Stepping on board the steamer on Monday morning, "homeward bound," whom should I meet but the Rev. Brother Morse, who at once introduced me to the captain, who recognized me in a moment, gave me a very cordial greeting, and paid me a very flattering compliment. Said he: "I had the pleasure to listen to your afternoon sermon yesterday, and I must say that I was never better entertained in all my life—so much so, that I traveled the whole length of the city nearly to hear your Sabbath-school address, which certainly was the most appropriate and profitable address of the kind our citizens have ever been treated to." It was one of my oddities, and that no doubt was the beauty of it. The delight of the captain seemed so complete and full, that the thought, unbidden, crossed my mind, that, perchance, for once in my life, I might come in for "a free passage." But no; he was too much engrossed with his own affairs to say "a free passage" once; and the only *one* I ever received in all my life and travels was a "free ticket" for myself and lady, last fall, "to Vincennes and back," on a visit to my son. To the voluntary interference of my good friend, Colonel Jacob W. Eggleston, and the generous and noble-hearted President of the Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad Company, Mr. Clements, am I indebted for this very timely, most acceptable, yet unexpected favor. I embalm their names in the pages of my little book, as is the remembrance of this great favor, this generous and liberal act, in my grateful remembrance, thus enabling me not only to visit my son, to view this ancient and primeval city, but also to view the world-famed "Treaty Ground" of the lamented General Harrison and the immortal Tecumseh—a luxury which I had long desired to enjoy. Thanks to my generous friends.

A TEMPEST ON THE OCEAN.

As I was saying, I sailed from Portland to Philadelphia, "homeward bound," and while off the coast of Massachusetts, we were overtaken by a storm, and such an one, as the captain informed me, that he had never before encountered on "the mighty deep." Under a double-reefed foresail, we were driven at a fearful rate over "the crested foam of green mountain billows" into the harbor of "Tarpaulin Cove," where we intended to "cast anchor," and "outride the storm." When the cove hove in sight, it was literally a perfect wilderness of towering masts. All the vessels on the coast, and in reach of it, had put in for "safe keeping." Our Captain (Crowell) said as we had a fearful night before us, he would try to work his way through the shipping, so as to get a good inner mooring, which he effected very skillfully and adroitly; and when the order was given to "let go the anchor," for some cause the anchor "got foul," as a sailor would say—that is, it did not drop readily, and it required quite an effort, and not a little time to disengage, and let it go. Consequently, we were carried quite a distance beyond where we intended to anchor, and really beyond good anchorage-ground. And, of course, when our ship swung upon her cable, "she dragged anchor," and we, forthwith, commenced drifting toward a rough and rocky shore; slowly, to be sure, but still we were drifting; and unless our anchor brought us up, we could not more than outride half the night. All that we could do now, was to rely upon our anchor, and take what was for us. The wind blowing "a perfect tornado," and the rain pouring down in sheets—in perfect sluices. O! that was a fearful, a dismal night; and, again, I thought of my dear, lost brother, and thought, too, that in all human probability, I should soon slumber with him beneath "proud ocean's angry foam." The night wore away, and still we were nearing the fearful breaker on the shore. The captain said the ship, unless brought up soon, must

be wrecked, and lost; but if we all kept cool, and exercised good judgment, we might, perchance, all be saved, and went on to tell us how. Of course, none of us slept a wink "the live long night." A little after midnight our proud ship *struck* upon her keel, which made her timbers tremble from bow to stern, and sent the blood almost congealed to ice, all through my frame. Yet, hope of a better inheritance cheered my heart, and somewhat resigned me to my impending fate. Thump went the vessel, again and again, as the rolling billows receded from shore; and we were all awaiting in fearful suspense or calm composure, the final issue, when the captain came to me and said: We are riding *now*—and have been for several minutes, and if the flukes of our anchor have a good hold, we may yet "outride the storm." If she drags again I will let you know it immediately—soon he said, cheer up boys! she still rides safely—and, in short, she safely "rode at anchor" all the rest of that bitter night, and the wind veering in the morning, she "swung upon her cable," far out from that fearful threatening shore, and at about noon, the captain gave orders to "weigh anchor," the merry "yo heave" was soon heard at the capstan—the anchor taken on board, and under a light sail, and a full and fair breeze, we were soon standing out to sea, all safe and sound, as though nothing had happened, except all seemed exceedingly happy and thankful for our marvelous and merciful deliverance. One ship went on shore a total wreck, and several were badly injured, two that lay just alongside of us, cut away their masts to save themselves and cargoes. That was one of the nights, by me never to be forgotten. My Muse thought the occasion worthy of a lay at the time, which I here record, for the gratification of my readers, and for my own gratification, as one of the thrilling incidents, and "hair-breadth escapes," in my eventful life, as well as to preserve it from oblivion. For really, I deem it worthy of preservation, not for the beauty or harmony of its poetic numbers, but for the thrilling incident it records in "life's checkered scenes."

The angry billows roll in foam, the howling tempests roar,
And we are drifting fast astern upon a rock-bound shore;
A thrilling, fearful shock proclaims the fatal hour is nigh,
When we must be a total wreck—escape we need not try.

Be ready, men, keep cool, keep cool, let each his part act well,
The ship is lost! yet we may live the fearful scene to tell;
Cheer up my lads, again he said, she's riding safely now,
And if her anchor-hold proves *firm*, all will be saved I trow.*

The morning dawns, the winds come round, we swing right out
from shore,
And all with gratitude and praise, God's saving hand adore.
"Weigh anchor" now my hearty lads, again we'll put to sea,
"Yo-heave!" was heard—"yo-heave!" "yo-heave! in merry,
happy glee.

Unfurl your canvas to the breeze, up with the flying gib,
And soon we were at sea again, and sailing very glib;
And now far out upon the main, I set me down to write
A line or two upon the scenes I passed through safely in the
night.

In after time I shall recall this thrilling scene to view,
And gratefully adore, that hand which took me safely through;
And never let it once be said, I was preserved in vain,
To live for naught, or worse than that, to give another pain.

Nay, let me live to do some good, both for "church and state,"
I would be busy all the time, though naught I do be great;
When all my duties are performed, and life with me is o'er,
In climes above I would again, that saving hand adore.

Recording these thrilling and "hair-breadth escapes,"
brings them all so vividly to mind, that I seem to be in
the very midst of them all again. Believe me reader, I
have seen much of the world, and passed through many
beautiful, and some thrilling scenes in it. Haven't I?

*Said the captain.

There are other "escapes," visibly so, which I might record. Suffice it to say, that at least three times have I, by painful and protracted diseases been sick "nigh unto death." And once was so far gone, that all consciousness had failed me, and up to this time, a day or two of my existence is an entire blank—a blank never to be filled. And during my late and present illness, at one time I thought the hour had come, and that I was really dying. And I was, even then, happy in the hope of a sweet and blissful immortality in another and a better world than this. O, it is not a vain thing to serve God, and that my soul knows right well. And how shall I sufficiently praise and adore that invisible hand that has sustained and preserved me amid dangers so numerous and so imminent? For what great and good purposes of the Almighty have I thus been preserved, when nearly all of my youthful associates have fled and gone? And I ask myself what have I done in return, either to serve and please God and to benefit mankind? If I have not done as much as I ought, and as much as I might, I do rejoice in the hope and in the assurance that I have not lived altogether in vain.

As a teacher, I have strove to implant in the tender mind, correct moral principles and the necessity of early piety. I have seen my whole school in tears, and upon their knees crying aloud for mercy or praising God for pardoning grace. Some of whom are, no doubt, now in heaven, and others on their way thither. Who that witnessed it can ever forget the scene in my school room in my own neighborhood, at the close thereof, many years ago? O precious remembrance! And others of a similar character are even so dear to my heart. O, how much good can be done in the school room!

If I have not been what is commonly styled a Reformation preacher, I have not altogether preached in vain even in that respect, outside of my school circle. My single sermon upon Mt. Abram, as referred to in my Poems, was owned and blessed by God, to the awakening and con-

version of some one-half of all that heard me on that delightful and ever memorable occasion, as they wrote me soon after themselves. If a man could not preach with holy inspiration upon so lofty a height—a summit seemingly so near heaven, I know not where he could.

Persons have often approached me with—"that sermon was made a great blessing to me." "I was powerfully awakened, and God has graciously converted my poor soul, and I am bound to meet you in heaven." "Bless God that I ever heard you—take courage and go on." A single instance. Several years ago, I preached at a camp meeting near Versailles. To say the least of it, my immensely large audience seemed to be well entertained and deeply interested. And to me it was a precious good season.

The next year I had no sooner arrived upon the ground, than a very interesting young man pressed his way to me, with "I suppose you do not know me?" "I can not say that I do, although your countenance seems somewhat familiar to me." "Well," said he, "last year, I came to the camp meeting a very wicked young man. I came for a frolic and for fun. When you commenced preaching I was standing by *that* tree yonder in front of the stand. Your peculiar manner riveted my attention at once. I was melted to tears of deep penitence—sought God with all my heart, and a short time after the meeting broke up, my soul was happily converted, and I have longed to see you ever since." The salvation of a single soul is worth preaching and praying for a whole lifetime. But I trust in God that I have many such jewels to adorn my crown of rejoicing in "that better land."

Finally, at a protracted and interesting meeting at Pleasant View, the other day, the Rev. J. B. Sparks, preacher in charge, and universally beloved, in relating his religious experience, said, that while I was preaching at a protracted meeting held at brother Price's, in Franklin county, many years ago, he was powerfully awakened, and never more found rest to his soul until God sealed a

gracious pardon on his heart. Aside from his own soul's salvation, how much good has already and may yet result to the church and the world by the conversion and ministration of brother Sparks. Oh, I bless God for these manifestations of His approbation and saving power through my feeble instrumentality. Surely I have not run in vain—neither have I preached in vain for the salvation of souls. Yet my great mission seems to have been to build up, to comfort, to edify, to confirm and establish in the truth of the blessed gospel of Christ.

Peter was twice charged to feed the sheep, and once to feed the lambs. Good old elder Henry Meader said, the other day, that at first he did not understand it; he thought the lambs should be the better fed; but since he was schooled in raising sheep, it was all explained to him. Poorly fed sheep will have sickly, puny lambs. Sheep, well attended to and in good healthy condition, will raise healthy and vigorous lambs. Could any thing have been more beautifully appropriate? And why could I not so have expressed myself years ago? Because, perchance, God never designed that any *one* man should say *all* the pretty things that are to be said. A soul, converted in a sickly, feeble state of the church, must lack good nursing, and will be feeble too. But when the church is in a healthy and vigorous state, converts are properly nursed and cared for, and soon become healthy and vigorous too. What a sermon in few words! Then even in feeding the sheep as I have done, mainly, I have effected a great and good work in the church of God, as I would fain hope and believe, and trust that the Great Day will so reveal it and make it known to the everlasting peace and bliss of my own soul, and the multiplied scores who have for more than forty years sat under my ministry. Even so let it be. Amen, and Amen!

A POLITICIAN.

Politically I ever have been—am now—and ever expect to remain an advocate and supporter of the old Jeffersonian-Jacksonian system of governmental policy, at least, as I *do* and have ever understood it. And in becoming a member of the church and a minister of the gospel, I have never felt it necessary to sacrifice or abandon any of my “political rights and privileges.” Consequently I have been a somewhat active, though by no means a “brawling politician.” I have ever paid due respect to the rights and consciences of others, as expressed in my National Ode. This saying all manner of unkind and ungenerous things against a whole party, at a ranting political meeting, held, perchance, on Saturday eve, and then on the next precious sabbath morning, meet as brethren, wounded, grieved, and estranged brethren, to worship God in His house of prayer, as has, alas! too often been the case, always grated upon my ear, and pained my heart. And whatever may be my offenses and my omissions, surely all will bear testimony that I am clear of this. O, how much injury has the church sustained—how many dear brethren offended—wounded—ay, lost, perchance, forever, through this kind of mad political ranting? Now, dear brethren readers, these things ought not to be. A man in this free country may advocate the system of policy that seems best to him—may and should vote for it as a free American citizen, without bringing down upon himself the anathemas of his countrymen, much less his brother’s unkindness and uncharitableness—his coolness, or his hate.

‘I have, however, in my time received some pretty “hard raps over the knuckles,” both from the press and from the citizens of my community—nor would I hardly have it otherwise. A public man who pleases every body, spends his breath for naught, and is a blank still. Enemies and opposition bring out the man. It is the stricken steel that shows its latent spark, and in this sense my enemies have

done more for me than have my admiring friends, although my defeat and mortification was their aim. And to suppose that some whom I could name, were really as *mean* all over, inside and out, as has been their treatment to me, would be a total absurdity, because, if so, they must have suffocated long ago, by their own moral stench. But, upon the whole, I have much more to inspire my gratitude than my complaints.

I can not well deny myself the pleasure of quoting, right here, a few of the many kind editorials and communications that have, from time to time appeared in the journals of the day, and I *think* that I record them quite as much for the encouragement of little obscure boys or young men, as for my own personal vanity and self-complacency. At any rate, they form a part of my history, and should not be withheld. Here are a few of them, and they will speak for themselves.

COMPLIMENTARY NOTICES.

“MR. EDITOR:—I see that my friend, Judge Cotton, is on the track for the office of Recorder, at the next election, and with characteristic magnanimity he assures us, that “he has not taken the field to oppose any one,” and only asks, in turn, that none take the field to oppose him. This is generous, this is reasonable!

Now, Mr. Editor, I am in for the Judge, decidedly; and, sir, if the idea of any man having claims upon the public for office, is not altogether inadmissible, I claim that Judge Cotton’s claims to the office in question, are paramount to those of any other man in the county; and I am satisfied that facts will fully corroborate the assumption. Judge Cotton has been a resident of Dearborn county, I presume, some thirty-five years. Nearly the whole of the active, valuable portion of his life has been devoted to the interests of the county and State, and, I may say, of the world; for the Judge’s philanthropy partakes not of the selfish, or centripetal element, exclusively, but is essentially diffusive

in its character—a most harmonious combination of the centripetal and centrifugal forces. His energies have not been exerted in the accumulation of wealth, or for his own aggrandizement, but for the benefit of mankind. In the several capacities of teacher, minister, judicial officer, and temperance lecturer, he has served his generation well and faithfully; and I venture to affirm, that in the prosecution of these various avocations he has spent more time, made greater sacrifices of personal ease and comfort, and surmounted more difficulties, than any other man in Dearborn county has done for such objects. And by far the greater portion of this labor has been performed without any hope of remuneration, except such as is a legitimate sequence of a life devoted to the cause of truth and humanity. And now, to sum up the whole matter, I must insist, that of all men in the county, Judge Cotton ought to be elected our next Recorder. His past valuable and unrequited labors demand it; pecuniarily he needs it; and surely a grateful and appreciating public will award it. So mote it be.”

“The meeting then adjourned, giving three cheers for Judge Cotton. We have been in agony about this matter, but the agony is over. Judge Cotton will sweep all before him, wherever he goes, like a mighty torrent. We say to our friends abroad, Judge Cotton is the man, without any more delay. No time is to be lost. We can elect him if there are a dozen candidates in the field.

In conclusion, we would say to the voters of Dearborn, ‘go to work at once, and in earnest. Let the watchword be, JUDGE COTTON, VIRTUE and VICTORY!!!’”

“If the whigs, on a proper consideration of the matter, conclude to cast their votes for an independent democrat; I know of no one more capable, honest, and available than Judge A. J. Cotton, of Manchester. The high standing of the Judge as an honest man, good neighbor, and christian, points him out as the man for that high office.”

"The Judge was then called out to address the meeting. He begged to be excused, as there were a plenty of good speakers present, and as he had already, perhaps, addressed the audience a hundred times upon the subject, and that it would be peculiarly embarrassing at this time to impose himself upon the audience, many of whom had come from afar to hear another gentleman of known ability, of pleasing, graceful manners, and rich and flowing eloquence. But it was no go. *Cotton! Cotton!! COTTON!!!* was echoed through the hall most enthusiastically. There being no "let up," the Judge responded to the call in one of his most amusing and happy strains, for some forty minutes. The vast assemblage was often perfectly convulsed with laughter; and anon they were as still as death.

His temperance picture, which is purely original, was finely sketched, and told well upon the cause. 'It was rich as cream.'"

"JUDGE COTTON'S POEMS.—We have once or twice announced the intention of Judge Cotton to collect the most, if not all of his numerous fugitive pieces which have enlivened the columns of newspapers for twenty-five or thirty years. He is getting old, yet he writes poetry with the beauty and elegance of earlier years. His style is his own, and some of his earlier productions found their way into the first magazines in the country. We learn that a thousand copies of his book are already subscribed for. We hope to hear of their early publication."

"THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.—By the last mail we received a letter and a few verses of poetry from our old friend, Judge ALFRED J. COTTON, of Dearborn co., which will be found in another column.

The Judge is certainly a rare genius—possessing greater versatility of character than is often met with in one man. He is a farmer, in a small way—a preacher of the Gospel, a school teacher—a universal poet, for many years associate judge, under the old regime—afterward probate judge—

a patriot who loves his country—a universal favorite at wedding parties, in which he had a great run, and where he officiated with entire satisfaction to the young folks, more especially as he always accompanied the marriage notice with an appropriate verse or two of his own composing.

He always had a great passion for scribbling poetry, and we remember that, 'once upon a time,' he wrote a sonnet that would have done credit to Tom Hood, all about a lock of Gen. Jackson's hair, which the old general had enclosed to him in a letter from the Hermitage.

The last time we had the pleasure of meeting him was at the people's convention at Indianapolis, on the 13th of July last. We saw then that he was rapidly passing down the vale of life, and that his 'work was about done.' May his end be peaceful and happy."

These flattering and honorable notices which have been widely circulated through the periodicals of the day, and, to which I might add many more of the same sort, is to me rich reward for a lifetime, devoted to the well-being of the community, in the midst of which my pleasant lot has been cast.

THE MEANS RESORTED TO.

Does my young reader *now* desire to know by what means I attained this honorable notoriety—this comparatively lofty eminence among the public men, and poets and orators, and ministers, and teachers of the day? Attend and you shall hear more fully what I have already intimated. In the first place, I remembered my Creator in the days of my youth, which shielded and preserved me from the vices and snares that otherwise might have proved my ruin. In the next place, I early resolved to save and to appropriate all my spare dimes for good periodicals and good books; and all my spare hours in their perusal, in preference to squandering both away at the haunts of vice and dissipation. I have by slow, yet sure degrees, accu-

mulated a small library, of some 100 volumes, which I regard as being only a part of the savings of RUM AND TOBACCO.

And I am quite sure that when business has called me away from their perusal, I have been quite as anxious to get back to them again, to finish a story, a chapter, a book, or an investigation, as do the idle and dissolute, to get back to the haunts of vice and dissipation. The love of reading—the perusal of good books—O! what a blessing—what a treat!! and how much these things tend to develop the mind, and strengthen the heart in noble and honorable purposes. And without pure moral virtue all is lost, and lost for ever. “For,” according to the eternal rules of celestial precedences, in the immortal heraldry of nature and of heaven, “*virtue* is the principal thing—it is the crowning excellence of mortals—it is the nobility of angels—it is the majesty of God.”

My fair reader, as has been beautifully said—“nature may have been lavish of her choicest gifts upon you—in form, feature, and complexion—the muses may have sung your praises—history may have embalmed your name, and your memory, the most honorable among men, may have bowed at the shrine of thy love; yet, after all, thy loveliness is not fully crowned until virtue and piety throws around all the power and magic of its charm.” There is no true greatness either in male or female that is not sanctified by virtue. But I can not longer dwell. “A word to the wise is sufficient,” and I proceed.

PLEASANTRIES.

On one of my return trips from the East, I called into an auction-room at Pittsburg. A set of fine teaspoons, worth, at least, some three or four dollars, was put up. “Who bids? how much for this beautiful set of teaspoons—how much? Start them at something, gentlemen; any thing is better than nothing—How much? Who will start them at fifty cents? At that moment, quick as thought, I responded thus:

Mr. Crier, if no one bids higher,
Then, sir, here's your cash;
So pass 'em along, and I'll hush my song,
As quick as a flash.

“Good, sir, they are yours; who are you? That is worth a set of spoons any time.” And amid a general murmur of delight, I crowded my way to the stand, took my spoons, and marched out in triumph. And, although we have now used them constantly for more than 18 years, they seem little worse for the wear. That surely was a felicitous moment; but I got matched for it in the morning—good. Going on board a steamboat, for a home passage, I saw that the captain was a jolly fellow, like myself, and so after a little chat I said: Well, captain, what will you charge to take about 200lb of Cotton snugly put up, as far as Lawrenceburg? Not over fifty cents, anyhow. Well, I think I'll close the contract at that. Cotton is my name, and that is about my weight. O! that's it, is it? Yes, sir. All right said he, and before I had time to say Jack Robinson, he sung out! Boys, bear a hand here—some more freight—stow this bale of Cotton away down in the hold there!!! Hold on, captain, if you please, I acknowledge the corn—take my *hat*. I love a good joke, if it is at my expense—and that is as rich as cream; and we took a good hearty laugh, and had a pleasant trip down the river together. If the tables were handsomely turned upon me *then*, as they certainly were, I, in turn, have often turned them quite as suddenly and happily upon others. I will record only some two or three. Presence of mind and ready wit, is all that can save one in such a case—an after-thought will not do.

Shortly after I was elected Judge, my early and ever-cherished friend, Judge Dowden, who, like myself, cared little who had to foot the bill, so we had a little good-natured pleasantry, said to me in the midst of quite a crowd in Lawrenceburg,—Come Judge, go round home with me, it

will not be much out of your way. I'm all alone, and "poor company is better than none." Of course it was all understood, and there was a great *yaw haw*. I found that I was in for it, and quick as thought I chimed in with "Well, Judge, there is just where you and I differ. If I can't have respectable, decent company, I always prefer to be alone. I think I'll take the other road!" "Take my hat Judge." And if he did not foot the bill to a hearty uproarious laugh, I would not say it. And none laughed more loudly and heartily than he.

At another time, when riding past a house-raising, and pausing to greet my friends, one after another began to crack their jokes, when my old friend Mr. Blovell, a perfect wag, full of frolic and fun, sung out, "O! Judge, do you recollect the time I came past your house, and you was skinning a cat?" I saw that I was in for it good, and thought quick you may depend. Not a moment was to be lost, and I stilled the clamorous uproar in a moment, by saying: Why bless me, I have not thought of it once since, I am right glad that you have mentioned it. Do you recollect the other part of the transaction? No, not as I know of. All sung out, what is it Judge? let us hear. O no, gentlemen, that would not do, as it was only a little confidential transaction between me and friend Blovell. Of course, instead of quenching, that only increased the flame of anxiety, for if Blovell, who was always tripping up others, could possibly be tripped up himself, it had to come. We must have it Judge—come, out with it. O! no, gentlemen, Mr. Blovell will take it very unkindly in me to divulge that little confidential matter to all this crowd here. O no! I wont, said he, if you have any thing, *out with it*. Well, then, said I, in a most significant manner, Don't you recollect that you said you had no money with you, but that *cat* was your favorite meat, and if I would trust you with a quarter, you would be much obliged to me, and would surely pay me soon. And you've never done so to this day. I'm glad you called my mind

to it, and if convenient, I should like to have you fork over. And then such another clapping of hands, and bursting of jackets, and perfect *screams* of laughter, you, perhaps, never witnessed. And poor Blovell was the worst used up man I ever saw. Like the boy who bust his gun, he was sorry that he shot that time. Why Blovell, said one and all, that was the meanest trick I ever heard of you, run in debt for a quarter of cat, and not pay for it! how did you cook it? etc., etc. Blovell never said cat to me after that. And never were the tables more handsomely turned. It was certainly a rich affair in its line.

I record these reminiscences of the past for a little *spice*, and to prompt my young readers to close and quick thinking. I could add more of the kind, but as *enough* is better than a *feast*, I forbear at present. My whole aim and object is to arouse thought to active and vigorous action. What a pity that that most valuable endowment of the mind should be unheeded and uncultivated! All the great and grand discoveries and improvements of the arts and sciences are the work and offspring of well-directed and closely-applied thought and investigation.

“THOUGHT.”

“WHAT is thought? It is an emanation from the Deity; the guide; the fear and the joy of youth; the companion of age; the solace of retirement; and the telegraph of worlds. Subtile in its essence, mysterious in its flight, it wings its silent and rapid way from sun to sun, from star to star, and from world to world; onward and upward, careering still, it reaches the court of heaven; it takes fast hold of the throne of God, and encircles the universe.” My young reader, this mighty agent, this inestimable endowment, is bestowed upon and intrusted to you for great and noble purposes, by your great and good Creator. O! cultivate and improve it, whatever else you may or may not do, and rich will be your reward.

THE FOOTING UP.

There are a thousand other things that I should very much like to introduce, but time and space utterly forbid. A mere *sketch* of my very humble, yet somewhat eventful, honorable, and, I would fain hope, useful life, is all that I have promised my friends, and is all that I can here treat them to, which may, in short, be footed up thus: I have, with my own hands, cleared up and cultivated a small farm; have taught school at least twelve years of solid time; performed the duties of a judge, as best I could, for more than twelve years; have read volume after volume of our standard works, and many periodicals—good, bad, and indifferent; have written all over, inside and out, not less, perhaps, than a dozen reams of paper—and that is *some*—try it who may; to which may be added this little book. My poems and punnings, such as they are, are “legion.” And, during my ministry of more than forty years, I must have pronounced some three or four thousand sermons, and surely more than one thousand temperance lectures, and national and special orations, and Sabbath-school addresses, etc., not a few. In all, say at least some five or six thousand public addresses, and that is no trivial matter, even to count, requiring much thought and exercise of mind, and, perchance, of the fingers, to arrange and mature, and much exercise for the teeth, tongue, and lips to pronounce at one letter, or syllable at most, at one time. The epitaph which, it is said, Lord Brougham arranged for himself, would not inaptly apply to me:

“Here, stranger, turn your wandering eyes—

My tale a useful moral teaches;

The grave in which my body lies

Would scarce contain one half my speeches.”

To perform which, I must have traveled more miles than it would require to belt this mighty globe, and a large portion of that “afoot and alone;” and for all this great “work of faith, and labor of love,” all told, up to the

commencement of my present and long-protracted illness, I have not received more than the value of about one hundred dollars, in money and presents; an amount hardly sufficient to foot my "shoe and boot bill," in the actual service, to say nothing about the great wear and tear of body and mind, and the sacrifice of time, and neglected business. I have left my plow in the furrow, my scythe in the swath, and turned out my school, "many a time and oft," to respond to the calls of my afflicted friends, on funeral occasions, and the radius of my circular field operations being not less than ten or fifteen miles, I have pronounced as many as five funeral sermons in a week, over and above my Sabbath ministrations. I do not mention these things by way of regret and fault-finding; O no! I rather rejoice that it has ever been in my power to serve my friends and the community in any acceptable and profitable manner. I was ever happy and cheerful in the performance of these duties, and am now happy in the remembrance of them. I record these things because they are true, and form parts and parcels of my own history, and to show how it has happened that, in this fertile country, while others have accumulated competency and wealth, I have nothing laid up in store for the infirmities of old age and affliction. Now, my reader, you will readily perceive that if one commences the world with an empty pocket or purse, as I did, devotes all the best energies of his mind and body to qualify himself for acceptable public services, and then works for nothing and finds himself, as I have done, he would be very apt to quit as he began, with an empty pocket or purse, just as I do. I have been content and happy, with "food and raiment convenient for me and mine"—all else, both in time and money, I have appropriated to public good, and have trusted in God all the time for the future, and his promise has never once yet failed me. Whenever I have been sick, all that heart could wish has been kindly bestowed upon me, in rich and profuse abundance; and I have never been so flush in

money and means as I have been since my present illness. Fives and tens individually, and twenties and thirties collectively, have been thrown into my lap. It was too liberal, too much, and to equalize and divide the matter, is one of the objects of my little book, as before stated.

But perhaps I had better conclude the history of my own doings and honors, before I conclude my book. In addition to what I have already written, I have held one public religious debate with the somewhat celebrated Rev. Mr. Emet, of the Universalist Church. It was, as admitted by all, a very pretty and pleasant affair. Of course, I entirely used up my adversary, and if I failed in any thing, it was in making him and his sensible of it—"great minds differ." Seriously, if I live, you may yet see the controversy, and then you can judge for yourselves—so be patient. And then, I have held one somewhat protracted Scriptural temperance discussion with my friend, Elijah Huffman, Esq., who is *some* in his way of thinking upon that question. But then, like Brother Emet, of course, he too was "a used up man," if I could only have made him see it. I have the papers carefully preserved in this also, and may perchance place them into your hands before I die. That, too, was a kindly-conducted and pleasant affair. For the *spice* of the thing, I will just say, that when I was at Sinai Church, the place where we held the controversy, a short time since, to make a speech and to get subscribers for my book, friend Huffman very pleasantly inquired, at the wind-up of my address, if I could not notice in my book, the circumstance of the Manchester folks once having sent over to him a cotton-bale to pick or gin out for them? Of course, it raised quite a laugh. "O, certainly, I shall have that in, by all means—and that you undertook to do it for them; but the Cotton, being too tough and stout for your gin, tore the whole thing all into slivers;" and then the laugh was shifted clear round to the other corner of his mouth, and no mistake; but friend Huffman took it all in good part, and with a good grace.

If I have not fought with the beasts of Ephesus, I have encountered the beasts of the forest, and came off *best* there, too. Military honors early clustered round my head; I got up as *high* as "orderly sergeant," when my ministerial duties excused me from all those of a military character; and, whether you believe it or not, immediately after I left the field, the whole military system sank into disrepute, and was at once abandoned forever, in Indiana at least—just think of that!

Well, I was the very first elected township clerk; beat two good opponents, and could have beaten twice two more, with perfect ease. Once came within ten votes of being elected to the State Legislature, and, as before stated, was elected to the judgeship most triumphantly; then appointed by the governor, and then handsomely elected again. Was for many years the president, and then the chaplain of the Dearborn County Washingtonian Temperance Society; was the first Worthy Patriarch of the Manchester Division, Sons of Temperance, then Deputy Grand Worthy Patriarch of the same, and Deputy Grand Patron of the Cadets of Temperance—a real *bona fide* editor—an assistant Marshal of the United States, in 1840—the presiding officer at Hymen's court for thirty odd years, and in common parlance, have "married more of the young people than you could shake a stick at," and am now an "Attorney and Counselor at Law." Who, then, shall dare say that mine has not been a very active, honorable, and useful life? If you think there is too much egotism in these disclosures, just set it down against Dr. Clark. His advice is—"Stick to your text, and make out what you take in hand." Well, I undertook to show that I was *some*, in more ways than one, and, reader, I now leave it to you to say if I have not "*stuck* to my text like a tick;" and (in my own way, at least,) have I not clearly made out what I took in hand? And, seriously, I have attained to all this distinction, honor, and usefulness, not by courting ease, and shunning difficulties, but by boldly meeting them, and overcoming them, as

skillful pilots win their fame in "storms and tempests," and not in calms and sunshine. Truly "there is no excellence without great labor."

To crown the climax of my self-adulation and praise, I have not only done much in the world, but have seen much of it too. I have three times floated upon the waters of the mighty Mississippi, and been as far south as New Orleans; have been seven different routes from Maine to Indiana—have been, more or less, in twenty-four of the States, in all the principal cities in the Eastern, Middle, and many of the Southern and Western States—all over Ohio and Indiana—twice into the Canadas, and as far north and east as the city of Montreal; and the most interesting route, I ever took, was down the lakes and the St. Lawrence to Montreal. Here is much to be seen that is romantic and beautiful, and made immortal in history and song: here, you see the mighty and world-famed Niagara; passing over the Rapids, just above Montreal, is a most thrilling scene; then there is a world of other wonders and beauties in nature that I have not space to enumerate. Go, all you that can, and see for yourselves.

Now don't be alarmed and shocked, friends, when I tell you that, in my peregrinations, "to and fro in the earth, and up and down in it," I actually have been all through England—with a prefix to it—through Switzerland—with a single qualification. So, also, have I been into Norway, actually visited Paris, Dublin, Lisbon, and Alsace; nay, more, down into Egypt—at Cairo itself, and even at Athens and Rome. Now have I not seen sights, as well as performed wonders? Well I just have, now.

THE BOQUET.

The following pleasing little reminiscence I think too good to be lost. While on my last visit East, I called at Taunton, Massachusetts, to see two dear nieces, daughters of my lamented brother. O, the reception was so kind, and the interviews so sweet, that I seem to enjoy them even at

this moment! A dear nephew and brother falling in, sweetened the cup of pleasure. Well, nothing would do but I must pronounce a lecture upon temperance, which I did to a good large and attentive, and seemingly delighted audience. My friends said that it was decidedly the best address they had ever heard, and that their friends, in leaving the hall, had so expressed themselves. Well, now for the proof. About an hour after we had arrived at home, the bell rang, which called my friend, Hill, to the door—no one was to be seen, but upon the knob hung a beautiful new carpet sack, with a most beautiful garland of flowers, or boquet, in the handle, with a note appended—"Presented to Judge Cotton by the ladies and gentlemen of Taunton, who had the pleasure of listening to his beautiful and eloquent temperance address, this evening." On opening it, I found it full, to overflowing, with every variety of beautiful little tokens, such as were most convenient to gather up upon the spur of the moment, and at a late hour in the evening. I was pressed and pressed to remain another evening, when all the city was pledged to be in attendance; but I was too smart for that: I had given them the cream, and had put in my "best licks," pleased my friends, and won a fame that I felt no disposition to jeopardize, although I could have pronounced a score more equally as interesting; but there is something in knowing *just* when to quit, *as I did*. Now I do tell you, that when I get a thousand miles from home, and put the cream and spice of a thousand addresses into a few, it makes them talk, and no mistake. And yet I was the greenest, awkwardest, and most unpromising lad that ever attempted to become a public speaker. Boys, look up, you, too, may yet "*perfectly astonish the natives*."

I have frequently been admonished, whatever I may do, not to fail giving place to my humorsome "Salt River" communications. But I must suppress them for three good reasons: 1st. For want of room; 2d. Because they would *now* be out of time and place, and would not go off as

merrily and enthusiastically, as they originally did. 3d. There were some things too personal to occupy a place in "a keepsake," which is intended for all who know me. And in it, I would not write one single word that could pain a single living soul, whether he takes my book or not. I hope these reasons will be satisfactory. To supply their place for "spicy reading," my law notice, and "fanciful imaginings," were, in part, introduced. And now for a little more "*light reading*" to "finish out" with, I record

A GHOST STORY

or two, and then I shall pass to something more generally interesting and important.

Ghost stories were so common and so creditable when I was a lad, that I believed in their genuine existence, as much as I did in my own, although many of them had a most laughable termination, as the following will show. The cellars in Maine were usually divided into outer and inner cellars. The inner cellar was "dark as tar," except from the light of a lamp or candle. One of these inner cellars was reputed to be *haunted*, strange noises were heard there, both day and night, of that, there could be no mistake. The whole neighborhood were witnesses to it, and those who had the hardihood to peep into the *haunted* apartment, were met with two flaming balls of fire, and greeted with baa-a, something like a sheep; the balls of fire moved, and the courageous hero fled, confirmed in the conviction, that the cellar was *haunted* "for keeps." Weeks and months rolled on in fearful and agonizing suspense, night and day those sounds were to be heard, and those moving balls of fire were to be seen, and one venturing to gaze a single moment discovered, or, at least, thought he discovered, a large set of horns. That was too much for endurance, and the ghost must be laid, or the house must be forsaken. The day was set to make the experiment. The PARSON came, attended by many of "the faithful ones." Portions of the Scriptures were read, and prayers offered

up for guidance, for success or protection, whereupon the Parson, Bible in hand, descended with a bright and burning lamp, followed by his trusty friends. And no sooner was the inner door opened, than he was met by those glowing balls of fire, and a kind of half baa-a as usual, advancing a step toward it with an invocation to know who and what it was, and what was the cause of his supernatural appearance and residence upon the earth, when lo! the monster made a lunge at him, full tilt, which he barely missed by springing aside a little, and *ker chug* went something against the wall, and the next thing the parson knew he was seized by the skirts of the priestly gown, and lead into the deep and dark recesses within. For in the fright his lamp had fallen and gone out. And in the agony of despair he sung it out lustily, "Take care of yourselves my brethren, for he has got me and no mistake." And such another scampering and lamentation for the fate of the poor pastor may be imagined, but can not be told, either with tongue or pen. The parson being now clear back into the cellar, directly saw his ghostship between himself and the open door, and what was his delight, and yet great mortification, when he found that the cause of so much alarm and uneasiness, was nothing more nor less than "a pet ram," that had fallen down into the cellar months before, and was supposed to be stolen or lost forever. The light falling upon his eyes made them look like large balls of fire, and feasting himself upon the vegetables day and night, accounts for the unusual noises, and being one of the "bunting" kind, he made a pass at the parson, and while gathering backward for "another lick," as is the nature of the animal, his broad and crooked horns got foul of the parsons gown, and of course he thought himself "a gone sucker," and fell an easy prey to "the tradition of his fathers." If you can read that without a good hearty laugh, I do n't know you!

Well here is one that I was in for myself, in the forest-home I so much love. My lady and I were spending an

evening with her brother, shortly after he, like us, had settled in the forest at Manchester. A little after dark we heard a sharp loud rap at the door, and said, come in, and in the meantime opened the door, but no one was to be seen. Could it be that we were mistaken? No. We had no sooner closed the door than rap, rap, was again heard. Of course we were on hand in a moment, but no one could be seen, nor a single footstep could be heard. The moon shone fitfully through fleecy clouds, yet it was quite light; and all clear around his cabin—supposing some one had come to scare us, we both stood at the door, and at the first rap, we were to sally forth, and one pass around the house one way, and the other another. Rap, rap was heard just above the door-handle, out we broke, but made no discovery of sight or sound. Mrs. Noyes, at that particular time thought it ominous of evil, and the wonder is, that it did not so terminate. This rapping, and this useless search for the cause, was kept up for at least one-half hour or more; and if I had not been fully set that there were no such things as ghosts, I should have given it up, and been greatly terrified. But hitting upon another plan, which was to go off a good piece from the house, and see if it would rap, when I discovered, just over the door, a man lying down upon the roof, just above the “butting-pole,” as we called it. Ay, ay, my lark, I have you at last. And then such another yaw haw you never heard. Israel Noyes had climbed upon the house, with a short club in his hand, lay down flat just over the door, then he would reach over and rap, throw his arm back without the least possible noise, and was thus enjoying himself at our expense. Any one who do n’t think that was *some* in its line, aint sharp—that’s all.

One “more of the same sort left.” Upon a very dark night I went out to feed my horse, without a light—then living alone in the woods. I had no sooner stooped down to gather up the fodder, which I had prepared to feed my horse with, than I discovered some body or some thing on

the opposite side of my stable. "Who's there?" said I; no answer. I took a step, and saw it move again. "Sir, who ever you are, you had better speak, or be moving, or you may get hurt. Who are you?" It was all no go; the thing seemed to be moving along upon the logs, but not a sound could I hear. When all my old ghost stories came up, my blood fairly curdled in my veins; my hair, for aught I know, stood erect, with my eyes popping from their sockets nearly; and, with my heart in my mouth, I approached the specter, determined, if it were a ghost, I would know for certain. It still moved, and I tremblingly approached, almost ready to halloo and run. I raised my hand, and saw the shadow of my fingers upon the log, and then looking for the light, I saw that Mrs. Cotton had placed a lighted candle in the window for my benefit, which had liked to have scared me to death. The greatest ghost story and the biggest fright that I ever met with was nothing more than my own shadow, and a simple rapping upon the door; and yet they are parts and parcels of my life's history, and I give them as cherished remembrances of the past, and for the encouragement of timid little boys and girls. Whenever you see any thing marvelous or mysterious, have the moral courage to ferret it out, and all will be well. Parents, don't, O don't curse your children with ghost stories, nor with that "great big black dog." O do n't—NEVER!

One more and I am done. Three very fine young ladies, of my familiar acquaintance, several years ago, started home, from a very pleasant afternoon's visit, just at twilight; and having to cross a ten acre meadow, as the last one jumped over the fence, something jumped after her. She raised a scream; the others saw it, and all set in and run for life, and that something after them—sometimes it would jump at them, and then seem to crawl along; but there it was still, after them. They screamed and run; two of them, being more active than the other, soon left her in the distance; but the marvelous something passed

her by, and kept on after the other two, who ran about an even race. After the mysterious something had passed the third young lady, she slackened her pace, and called upon her friends, as they understood her, to help her find her knitting-work. "Knitting-work! You fool you; let your knitting-work go; don't you see he is still after us?" And away they streaked it to the fence, but dared not stop to get over. Up and around with the fence they ran, and the ghost after them; for by this time it was a ghost, and nothing else. By and by, however, it made a great jump, and then stopped; and after awhile the girls stopped, but kept their eyes upon it, and singing out to their left companion to come around some other way, that there it was. "*Don't you see it?*" But on she came, and fell down close by it with a wonderful ado, a shudder, and she holds up the fearful monster, and then lies down and actually rolls over with laughing, or crying out in a most uproarious manner. At last the girls got together, and the whole thing was explained. The knitting-work was done up, the needles thrust into the ball of yarn, and all thrust into the young ladies dress-pocket. In getting over the fence, the knitting fell out, and the yarn being strong, the knitting-work dragged along, and at every little twig or bush, would seem to hop or jump. The young lady that had got behind tried to stay their flight and fright by crying out knitting-work; but it was no go; they had too important business on hand to stop for knitting-work, and on they ran until the knitting-work stopped, and would doubtless have run themselves to death had it not stopped in good time. O! how many a hearty laugh have I enjoyed while the girls would tell this great adventure. And now, my young reader, you may laugh too, if you feel like it, and may you profit by the story. I could write volumes of amusing stories like these, that I know to be true, but I must hasten to the historical part of my work, which to many will be much more interesting.

CONCLUSION.

I almost blush when I think how much I have said about myself, and yet "the half has not been told." I have not spoken of my visit *to*, and exploration *of*, the far-famed "Cave-in-Rock," a mighty cavern on the beautiful Ohio river; nor of my exceedingly interesting visit to a dear sister, at Thomaston, Maine, where I stood beside the tombs of the lamented Cilley, who fell in a duel with Graves, of Kentucky, and the immortal General Knox, of revolutionary and historical fame. Then here is the "State Penitentiary," which I visited with thrilling interest. My temperance address here did not so much overshoot the *mark* as it did the *audience*, which was large to overwhelming. I could write quite a pleasing volume about all of these things had I space. Nor have I dwelt upon the proud achievement of having once written an "Agricultural Essay" for my own county fair, which took the premium of fifteen dollars, against two learned, eminent, and celebrated competitors. That to me was a proud and happy effort—"killing two birds with one stone"—winning both "dimes and fame" at a single dash. But, perhaps, I have said quite enough already—too much, perhaps, for credence; if so, the charitable regards of the reader is invoked, as also for all other seeming improprieties and errors with which, no doubt, my book will abound. However that may be, I have said what I have, because it is all strictly true, and for the encouragement of poor, obscure little boys. If you think me really vain, you do me great injustice; for when I see how little I have done to what I might and ought to have done, and how imperfect and bungling have been all my efforts to "serve and please," I am rather humbled than made vain at the mention and remembrance of my *very best* performances; but I have written what I have thought best; and now I must abide the judgment of an enlightened and generous public, which I do with confidence and hope.

N. B.—I have also beheld the Genessee, the Cahoosa, and the Lewiston Falls, in all their romantic grandeur and beauty.

HISTORY,

OR

"DEARBORN COUNTY PANORAMA."

PRO-LE-GOM-E-NA.

My "Autobiographical Sketch," being of necessity very imperfect and incomplete, it might be proper here to state, that I have, to the best of my judgment, made such selections and disposed of them in such a manner as I have thought would be the most pleasingly interesting and useful to my patrons and readers, taken as a *whole* and not as a *unit*. And presuming that the general reader has *now* received "the full value of his money," I devote several pages for the special perusal, amusement, and interest of my good friends of old Dearborn. If, however, the general reader has the time and patience to follow me through, I can but think that it will "pay well," after all. For such a picture of life—of a forest life, "*just as it is in all its checkered scenes*"—of murders and suicides—of sudden and singular deaths—accidents and calamities—turkey, deer, and moose—wolf, bear, and panther—rattlesnake, copperhead, and Indian stories, all mixed up and blended together in one harmonious and *true* picture, has never been drawn or painted, either by tongue, pen, or pencil, from creation's dawn, by a single living mortal, as before stated. That seems to have been left for me, and me alone. Historians generally talk and write about states, kingdoms, and empires—of wars, revolutions, and conquests, etc. I speak of *little things*, of which the whole is made up—"gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." My history is

not located in some far-off clime, but right here in our very midst, within sight and hearing—within the knowledge of many of my readers of old Dearborn. And I have assigned to each city, town, village, and neighborhood its proper share. When, however, I name a certain place, as “Manchester,” the men and things there recorded are not to be understood as being *right in* the place, but contiguous to it. This arrangement will save much needless repetition, and yet locate all things with sufficient exactness and certainty.

I had originally intended to classify into separate and appropriate chapters all my Indian, snake, wolf, bear, and panther stories, etc.; but as such an arrangement would also require much repetition, and of course much space, I have, upon more mature deliberation, concluded to throw them in promiscuously, *as* they have and *where* they have occurred. Much of which my humble efforts will rescue from total annihilation and “everlasting forgetfulness.” And upon that score alone, if for nothing else, I can but think my little book will be worth many times the price I ask for it. How else shall the generations yet to come, or even our own children and grandchildren ever realize that the very sites of our beautiful cities and villages—our school-houses and churches, nay, the very spot, perchance, where they *now* stand, sit, or lie, while reading these pages, were once occupied by “the red men of the forest,” “the hissing and deadly serpent,” and “prowling beasts of prey?” And what is true of old Dearborn, is generally true of all the counties in the State—of the entire West, and, indeed, of the continent, and of the whole world. And, therefore, my little book is intended to interest all who may chance to read it, *any* and *everywhere*. And as such it is hoped that it will receive a liberal patronage and a widespread circulation, as before expressed.

History, says Rolin, has always been sanctioned *by*, and considered *as* the light of ages—the safe depository of important events—the faithful advocate of truth—the reliable

source of prudence and good counsel—the rule of correct deportment and good manners—it fixes the seal of immortality upon *all* good words and good actions—and *sets a mark of infamy* upon all that is erroneous, corrupt, and vicious, and that so *indelibly*, that after ages can not either blot out or obliterate it—it is a school of morality open and free to all mankind—it is the precept of moral philosophy, reduced to practice, tested, and established by age and experience.” I repeat, then, that this portion of my work *must* be somewhat valuable, whatever may be said of the balance.

And I take occasion, *just here*, to remark, that I would by no means wantonly inflict pain upon innocent relatives and friends in any reference I have already or may hereafter make in furnishing a *true* and *faithful* HISTORY of the *times*, the *incidents*, and the *occurrences* which I record. And, with others, I have presumed to hope that *few* would refuse to undergo such a trial and mortification of their feelings, if by that means a timely admonition—a wholesome warning may be given to those who stand in need of it, and who thereby may be preserved and saved to themselves, to their friends, to their common country, and saved, too, soul and body, in heaven at last. This, then, is the only object and aim I hope to accomplish by snatching them from the hand of oblivion, and of perpetuating and publishing them to the world.

Doubtless I shall omit many items and incidents quite as important and interesting as any that I have gathered up from observation or by inquiry. And, if so, it will be more the fault of those who *know* and who are interested therein than it will or *can* be the fault of the author. For I have everywhere requested *all* to furnish me any and every item of information coming within the range of my proposed publication. Some incidents which I have recorded are located contiguous to, but just over the county boundaries. The index will direct each reader to his own location for the local history thereof. Having premised thus much, I pass.

As I passed around, making speeches and getting subscribers, I kept a regular journal of the places that I visited, and of the incidents, etc.; and now, my kind reader, you will please follow me through my somewhat lengthy and prosy

JOURNAL.

From Mrs. Barbara Cheek, widow of Nicholas Cheek, now one hundred and two years old—the oldest person now living in the county, and smart and vigorous still—I learn that the first little shanty ever erected by a white man, within the boundaries and territory of old Dearborn, was about the year 1794; that she and her deceased husband were the fourth family. Mr. George Groves, Mr. Benjamin Walker, father of the Honorable Henry Walker, and Mr. Ephraim Morrison, father of the Honorable Samuel Morrison, had arrived just before them. Her narration is full of thrilling incidents, and, if fully written out, would make quite a volume, more deeply interesting than I *dare* hope that mine will be. A few poles, set up on forks, and covered with bark, constituted their first and lone habitation in the wilderness. Surrounded, both by day and by night with “howling beasts of prey,” which were held at bay or put to flight by “fire and flame” and the use of “powder and lead,” well appropriated and applied. The Indians, though withholding “the tomahawk and scalping-knife,” would seize and carry off any and every thing that might chance to please their fancy, either to eat, drink, or wear—would sometimes try to terrify and intimidate them by reporting some of their own acts of horrid barbarity and cruelty. One time, three of them carried this matter so far, that her husband, “Old Nick,” as he was familiarly called, could stand it no longer. His brother, Tavner, being present, he rose up, squared himself for the onset, and then, with his bony *fist* and sinewy arm, felled the main speaker at a blow, like a slain bullock, gave him “a good sound drubbing,” and then ordered him to make tracks soon. He, forthwith, gathered himself up

and put out, but shortly after returned with a company of eight, all painted as a signal for sanguinary vengeance "Where is Nick?" said they. "Gone away." "No, he *hid*—we must have him," and thereupon they commenced a thorough search for him. Meanwhile the old lady contrived, by sign, or signal, or messenger, to inform old Judge Watts, father of Hon. Johnson Watts, who had charge of a small garrison, just over the river, where Petersburg now stands. He came to the rescue, with eighteen men—took the Indians by surprise, in the midst of their fruitless search, ordered them to wash and be off immediately, or take the consequence. The order was promptly obeyed, and thus a tragic and cruel scene prevented.

I knew Old Nick "like a book;" he was a great, big, double-fisted, "knock-down-and-drag-out" sort of a man—the very man for such a daring act—rather fight than eat, any time, unless he was very hungry. These things occurred just above the beautiful city of Aurora, near by the Great Lick. Such, then, was the commencement of the white settlements in old Dearborn.

Mrs. Cheek also informed me that, at first, they pounded all their corn, when they had any—lived mostly on game, which was abundant and readily taken, together with roots, nuts, and acorns—that she spun, and wove, and wore cloth made out of the wild nettle, prepared as we usually prepare hemp or flax; and that she also gathered and prepared the materials herself.

What do you think of that, girls? Our pioneer mothers! O, what hardships and perils they encountered, as well as did our pioneer fathers in settling, and subduing, and improving this county which is now so finely cultivated and so beautiful. Mother Cheek—venerable woman!—is well provided for, and lives at her ease with her grandson, Stroder Cheek. Let that suffice.

FERRIS' SCHOOL-HOUSE,

So called in honor of old Col. Abram Ferris, a man of wealth and fame, who resided in the neighborhood—was once an honored representative of the county in the State Legislature, but has recently passed from earth away, honored, bemoaned, and missed. Here, too, was the residence of the lamented George H. Dunn, favorably known all over the State and throughout the Union, as an efficient member of the Congress of the United States. We have few such men as was George H. Dunn. Hon. G. P. Buell, Dr. McCullough, P. L. Spooner, of legal notoriety, and Abram Rollen, all men of worth and distinction, do, or did, reside here. Mr. Rollen nearly lost one of his hands by a hay screw, and would have quite but for the skillful treatment of my friend, Dr. Brower. He thinks there is no such man as Dr. Brower, and well he may.

Two men—strangers—have been found dead here; but how they came to their death remains a sealed book. I must not omit to record the name of my very kind and cherished friend, Robert Duck, nor of his very estimable and intelligent widow, Mrs. Duck, nor of her only and kind son, Robert, all of whom I claim as special friends of mine, loved and cherished truly; and the same just tribute I here accord to my friend, Wm. Hamilton, and family. Nor can I fail to acknowledge my personal obligations to my lamented friend, Barkdoll, and family, for the great kindness shown me when I taught school in their district, years ago. The children, too, were exceeding kind and dutiful, and my little Caroline, now Mrs. —, was almost an exception. These things I never can forget. Well, here too is my good old friend, Thomas Annis, a real pioneer, a most excellent man, with a most excellent and intelligent family, surrounded by all the comforts and conveniences of life; and the same may be said of good old father Mason, father Hibbites, and families, etc. Friend Danford

and others have removed, and the blessing of their friends abide with them.

HARDENSBURGH.

Here lived and died the venerable General Zebulon Pike, of revolutionary and historical notoriety—honored in life, and lamented in death. Soon that valorous band of patriots will all have passed away; peace to their memory and their dust. Anderson F. Gage, my early friend, and son-in-law to the lamented general, lives here, in honor and in peace, enjoying an abundance of the good things of this life—cheered and cared for, in the time of his bereavement and affliction, by as kind good sisters as ever blessed a brother. He also has many Indian trinkets and curiosities—beads which he took with his own hands from the necks of skeletons, which he exhumed in plowing his own fields. They are a curiosity, to say the least of them, and evince skill and ingenuity in a savage state. Such evidences of a former race are abundant all around this region.

My friend, Samuel Morrison, one of the best men, best scholars, and prettiest scribes, son of Ephraim Morrison, a first settler, suffered the amputation of a leg, under the influence of chloroform, without sensation of pain. O, the wonders of the age! What will not science yet accomplish? Mrs. Lancaster was here thrown from a runaway horse, and had her leg broken, and the bone fairly pinned her to the earth; and yet the skillful management of Dr. Brower and a kind providence preserved both “life and limb.” A man by the name of Dodd hung himself in the county jail. Good old father and mother Rabb, and Brown, and Miller, and Guard, Levi Miller, Ezra Gard, and John Morrison, all excellent men and women, early settlers, have passed from earth away, to “a better inheritance above,” without a single doubt. John Morrison was a mechanical genius truly; invented the hay-screw, that has revolutionized the entire west. The first one was laid off with square and compass, and a spiral line, and cut with a chisel. Com-

pared with those of the present day, it was a coarse, ungainly thing, like Fulton's first steamboat; but then it possessed all the merit of originality, and won for the originator everlasting gratitude and enduring fame.

Mrs. Sarah Bonham, daughter of old Father Guard, and sister to my friend, Bailey Guard, who has lived all her days, nearly, in and about the Big Bottom, informs me that savage tribes of Indians, and howling beasts of prey, clustered all around and about "the paths her infant feet have trod;" that she once run afoul of a great big black bear in going to the stable; that she made haste to report; that dogs and men were soon in hot pursuit; and Bruin, for his presumption, paid the forfeit of his life; that her father once wanted just two dozen turkeys for the Cincinnati market; said he would shoot all just in the left wing, and let his trusty and well-trained dog pick them up; that he soon returned with his full complement, every single one of which had the bone of the left wing broken, and not a single wound beside. This shows how plenty such game was in those days, and what "sharp-shooters" our sturdy pioneers were.

Here the sainted good old Father Jones, an early and an efficient minister of the gospel of Christ, met with a fearful runaway, but was, as by miracle, through faith and prayer, saved from harm. I seem to hear him tell the story *now*. And here, too, my cherished pupil, Mrs. West, daughter of my early friend, Walter Hays, was thrown from her carriage, and taken up a mangled and bleeding corpse.—See "Lament." Here my sainted father-in-law, Noyes, lost a fine horse overboard and drowned, in being ferried across the Miami, and horses, wagon and all swept away by a strong current, in attempting to ford Tanner's Creek; lost one horse, and escaped death himself only as "by the skin of his teeth." How true it is that "dangers stand thick all through the ground," etc. My old and early friends, Joseph and Jacob Hays, have my lasting gratitude for personal and kind favors; the

latter of whom has had the misfortune to lose his sight. May he, "by the eye of faith,"

"——— read his title clear
To mansions in the skies."

NEW LAWRENCEBURG.

Here was the early residence of the lamented Stephen Ludlow, a gentleman of wealth and honest fame. And here, too, early settled and long resided the Rev. Benjamin Fuller, a somewhat eminent local minister. If he was "rather slow of speech," his words were the words of wisdom. He has sought him a new home in the "far west," where he still survives, full of years and full of honors. And here, too, reside my Maine friends, David Woodward and his kind good lady, blessed with an intelligent and interesting family. Their daughter Sarah, now Mrs. Helfer, of whom favorable notice was made in my Ode to the Dearborn County Fair, took the first diploma ever accorded to any one by the "Lawrenceburg Literary Institute;" a distinction as meritorious as honorable. And here, too, I must make honorable mention of my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Stevens. A Mrs. Finch, now living in Hartford, informed me the other day, that, in very early times, she occupied a little log-cabin right in the midst of this town (then a Mrs. Walden); that she had herself often shot turkeys (and I think deer, too,) out of her door and windows; the Indians encamped all around her; that they once struck up "a shooting-match" close to her door; that she loaded her piece, walked out, asked and obtained permission to fall into the ring, and take part in the pleasant pastime; that, when her turn came, she "drove the center" to a hair, and made the very best shot, which so pleased and amused the old chief, that he patted her upon the shoulder, saying, "Good squaw, good squaw;" and then made her a present of a beautiful kind of a shawl. There is a pioneer lady for you worth talking about—a story worth being told and preserved, which,

but for me, would have been lost for ever. Turkey, and deer, and Indians swarmed right in the very heart of New Lawrenceburg! What a change, what a mighty change a single half century has made! "Be astonished, O heaven! and wonder, O earth!" Here was held that ever-memorable campmeeting, at which time and place the sainted Jacob Blasdell set the "temperance ball" in motion.—(See Reflections, etc.)

And here, too, is the residence of Moore Holden, world renowned for his patent millstone dress; one of the wonderful improvements of the age. Mr. Holden stands enrolled high upon the scroll of fame, beside John Morrison, as one of the benefactors of the age. Several years ago a little son of his was missing, and nowhere to be found, though diligently sought for with prayers and tears. A notice in a Madison paper, some time after, of a little boy, found dead in the Ohio river, arrested his attention, when lo! his lost one was found cold in death. At play in the creek, it fell in and was drowned, and drifted thus far away. Poor little dear, early taken from the evil to come. And here follow tragedies upon tragedies. A Mr. Chyle, principal clerk in the distillery, was torn all into shreds by being caught in the machinery. A fine scholar, an excellent man, but engaged in a bad business, and died in a bad cause. Another man was scalded to death in the distillery, which was subsequently consumed by fire—a total loss.

John Daniels was run over by his own horses and wagon, mangled, and taken up a breathless corpse. Abial Baker fell dead in the street with an apoplectic shock. A gentleman and lady in crossing the pond upon the ice, fell through and perished together. Thomas, a son of Joseph, and a brother to Sewell Plummer, a lad of some ten years, fell out of his skiff, and was drowned in the pond, also. The dwelling house of Father Noyes, the one in which I was married, was consumed by fire; but no lives lost, through mercy. A stranger had his thigh so crushed, that it was thought by the physicians in counsel, that amputation

was unavoidable ; but Dr. Harding said the fractured bones were all in place, and he would assume the responsibility of saving both life and limb, and did it handsomely. I saw the gentleman after the point of danger was safely passed, and a more happy and grateful man I never saw. And, like friend Roland, he thought there was no such man this side of the big water, nor on the globe, as Dr. Harding. And no marvel, surely. At the jollification of the erection of the toll-bridge over Tanner's Creek here, a cannon exploded, mangling and killing my neighbor and friend, John Rounds and a Mr. Price, and fearfully wounding a Mr. Sherod. O! how many such accidents occur by the useless "thunder of the muttering cannon"—by unskillful cannoniers. I have yet several similar cases to record. "O! that men would be wise." And yet the crowning tragic scene is yet to be told. A Mr. Nicholas Evans and a Mr. William Wells, a colored man of my intimate acquaintance, had a misunderstanding about something which Wells so explained as to give Evans entire apparent satisfaction. Wells turned away and sat down. Evans, thereupon, slipped noiselessly up behind him, caught him by the hair of his head, drew it back suddenly, and then with a large and sharp pocket-knife, at one fell swoop, cut his throat from ear to ear; and he weltered in his gore a breathless corps. Evans fled, was pursued, subsequently taken, brought back, tried and sentenced to several years of imprisonment at hard labor in the Penitentiary, where he is *now*, and in part paying the penalty of his rash, and bloody, and murderous and malicious act. How true it is, that "the ways of transgressors are hard," leaving out of the account the retributions of the future and coming "judgment of the great day." What a picture of real life is here presented in the history of a single little village or town. All *fact* and no *fiction*, and to which much might be added, but I can not longer dwell, and must pass by paying a just tribute to my most worthy friend, John I. French, *now* an honored, and useful citizen of Ohio County.

LAWRENCEBURG CITY.

On the 10th day of December, 1818, I first landed at Lawrenceburg, then a small village, mostly of log cabins, and timber houses. Now it is quite a city of taste, wealth, and beauty. No city in the range of my acquaintance has had as many difficulties to encounter, and so nobly met them, as the city, or rather citizens of Lawrenceburg. The elevation of their streets, and their embankments to guard against, and to prepare for flood and overflow, is a living wonder, and a monument of enduring praise. And, though deserving a better fate, she is, after all, unfortunate in the termination, both of her railroads and canals. She nevertheless has large business houses, and one of the finest churches in the State.

Here Warren was murdered, and here Fuller was hung. (See ballad.) I shall refer to this subject yet again. Here the little son of my friend Stephens, came suddenly to an untimely and tragical end. Here the young lady deliberately walked out into the beautiful Ohio and perished, poor girl! from her own rash act. (See ballads.) The falling of the bridge erected across the Miami, was a miracle of wonders. Thronging with busy workmen, the whole fabric was precipitated suddenly to the depth of some fifty feet in a cumbrous mass of ruins, and yet only two men were killed, and some few slightly injured. The like before, I think, was never known. Wonderful interposition, most surely! The courthouse, and all the public records were consumed by fire many years ago, which was a great and general calamity, resulting in a great deal of litigation, ill will, disquietude and loss. The fine mansion-house of my friend, Wm. T. Ferris and others, have also been consumed by fire. Mr. F. Craft, many years ago, in passing along the street, stepped upon a stone that rolled from beneath him, and he suddenly fell backward upon the pavement and broke his skull, and was gathered up a quivering corpse; verifying, to the very letter, the truthfulness of that divine saying,

"There is but a step between me and death." A Mr. Askew, merchant, was suddenly killed by the falling of his storeroom in a mighty tempest, or sweeping tornado. Here I saw a colored man hit with a brickbat, which was intentionally hurled at him—he groaned, and staggered, and fell. It was thought, by some, that he was feigning it all, so said the colored man who hit him. Just at that time Dr. Harding chanced to be passing along the street, and like "the good Samaritan," he paused and examined the fallen man. Gentlemen, said he, this is no sham, the man is actually dying, and will be a corpse soon; directed him to be forthwith taken home, where he died in a few hours. At the report of Dr. Harding, the murderer forthwith fled, and so far as I know, has never been heard of since. A little son of my most excellent friends, George B. Sheldon and lady, lost a hand, nearly, by a "cutting machine." Since I became acquainted with Br. Sheldon, no *one* man in all the West, has done a better, or a more liberal part by me. His house has been my kind and welcome home, yes, I know that it has been *welcome*. And dollar after dollar has he voluntarily placed into my hands, and sometimes, several at once. Subscribed for six copies of my book, one for every single member of his family, and paid all in advance. I have few friends like G. B. Sheldon and lady, and I embalm their names in my book, as it is in my heart and memory.

And here, too, resides my excellent friend, Dr. Harding, whose house is also my welcome home, where every kindness and respect is shown to me that a friend could ask. Under God I owe my life to Dr. Harding, for kind and skillful professional treatment during a severe and dangerous illness, many years ago. And then I owe him a debt of lasting gratitude for the reasonableness of his bill, and the lenity and forbearance shown me. Dr. Harding is justly celebrated as *one* of the best physicians in our community. I say *one* of them, for we have many who are justly eminent and celebrated. Doctor, excuse me if I

use your history to inspire hope in the bosom of obscure, nay, even in forbidding little boys. The Doctor was raised in the "Ripley Slashes," and while a little barefooted boy, was badly bitten by a copperhead. Why, bless me if I haven't got the doctor right into my book, all barefoot, too. Ah, me! what shall I do now? Well, I suppose I might just as well make the best of it, and let it go. Well, he was snakebitten, and if he had died, perhaps every one would have said, better be him than any other lad in the community, because he was a poor, near-sighted boy. But the result shows that they could better have spared any other boy, for in him was garnered up the germs of a strong mind and a useful man. And if there is any merit in the truly "self-made man," the doctor is entitled to it in an eminent degree. And we have "self-made ladies," as well as "self-made men," and the doctor's excellent lady is surely *one* of them. Raised in the forest by the side of me, she has, by dint of personal application, unaided almost altogether by schooling facilities, made herself learned and useful, loved and honored, and now holds a high position in the bright galaxy of female writers and poets, and has made herself worthy of all praise and all imitation, and is blest with sweet, dear children, and a happy home. And the kind hospitalities of that neat, pretty, happy home I have oft enjoyed, and gratefully acknowledge it here again.

Reader, you must pause a moment. My impertinent muse is clamoring for something, and will not be put off.

Well, Mr. Muse, what do you want? I want to sing an acrostical lay to Mrs. Harding. A lay to Mrs. Harding, indeed! Now you know you can't *begin* to sing an acrostical lay worthy of Mrs. Harding. Yes, I know that, but then I can show my good will. Yes, and "get me into a *snap*," offend Mrs. Harding and the doctor, turn up Jack, and play the mischief, eh? Well, just let me try—"a half loaf's better than no bread." Well, as you've been so trusty and faithful to me all your days,

you may try this once and see what you can do. Good, and here goes—

My slumbering harp awake
 Resume thy wonted lays,
 Sing of the fair,
 Let virtue mind and grace
 Unite to find a place
 Close in each heart,
 Ye friends of "moral worth,"
 Sing not of "royal birth,"
 However high,
 All will in this agree,
 Reader, say is not she
 Deserving more,
 In whom the graces dwell?
 No fame can that excel,
 "Gained by *merit*."

Well, now you have done it! I told you so! I knew you would only spoil it! Is that the best you could do for so deserving a lady as Mrs. Harding? Aint you ashamed of yourself? Don't ever attempt to interfere again unless you *know* that you have something on hand better than that. I'll try and forgive you *this time*, however, though I fear Mrs. Harding and the doctor will *never* forgive *me*.

Before I farther proceed, I will close the chapter of accidents and tragedies. The beautiful Protestant College that sat upon a beautiful eminence, just back of this city, was utterly consumed by fire many years ago, and the enterprise abandoned for ever. Sad calamity.

My friend Squire Anderson was thrown from his horse, which, with a sharp corked shoe, set foot right fair in his face, cut his nose entirely off just below the eyes, and smashed it all "as flat as a pancake." It was a fearful sight and as ghastly a wound as I ever saw, yet by the skillful treatment of Dr. Fuller, it all healed up with

scarce a perceptible scar, so that the squire has still a very respectable "handle to his face," and as nice a little wife as stands on foot anywhere.

A son of Mr. James Armstrong, on a pleasure tour over the river, was accidentally shot by one of his young companions, brought home in great agony, and died soon. O, what an affliction to parents and friends.

A Mr. Goulding, while passing over the river in the ferry boat, to escape an arrest, (I believe) said that no man could take him—that he carried a body guard with him in the shape of a revolver, which he undertook to show, but by some means, in drawing it from his pocket it went off, and he received the charge in his thigh, fracturing the bone in a fearful manner, above the possibility of an amputation, and he lingered a few days in great agony, and died. Oh, boys, the protection of a good moral character is much safer and much better than dirks, bowie-knives, and pistols.

John F. Lane, son of the Hon. Amos Lane, deceased, and brother to G. W. and J. H. Lane, of Mexican and Kansas notoriety, a West Point cadet, and lieutenant in the United States army, a young man of great hope and promise, both to his country and to his friends, for reasons "for ever sealed up," in the very dawn of his brilliant and hopeful career, deliberately fell upon his own sword in the most possibly scientific manner, and was a corpse in a moment, without a struggle or a groan. But his sainted mother went down to her grave sorrowing for him.

For a little relief, I will now introduce the reader to my early and good friends, Dr. Brower and lady, and to his tasty and beautiful residence, and to his very neat, pretty, pattern garden. The doctor early befriended me, got me up a school, at Elizabethtown, aided me in passing my school examination, and in some sense, was the very maker of me. I owe him an everlasting debt of gratitude, as does the Noyes family, for professional services, which we shall never be able to repay. I need not here say that Dr. Brower is *one*

of the most justly-celebrated physicians and surgeons in our midst. He approaches the sick-bed, and uses the knife with a grace and ease peculiar to himself. And now, if you would again see things done up in real "apple pie" order, and "neater than a pink," just call on my friends, John Callahan and his good lady; and for a little more of the same sort, just call on Mr. and Mrs. Omar Tousey—put up for the night at B. T. W. S. Anderson's, and, if you aint *sick*, you'll relish your breakfast well—the danger is that you'll "eat yourself sick," not knowing *how* or *when* to quit.

I have failed to mention many persons and things worthy of note, because I have not the room to spare, nor even to do half justice to those persons and things of which mention is made.

The old pioneers are nearly all gone. The Rev. Dr. Ferris was an excellent and useful man, and his "memory is precious." Gen. James Dill, Hon. Amos Lane, Dr. Percival, John Gray, David Guard, Walter Armstrong, and my ever-cherished friend, James W. Hunter, Esq., one of the best magistrates and best majors, and the most graceful man on parade in all the land. My venerable friend, Judge Dunn, seems to stand alone. His history is one of thrilling interest and high honors. When quite a youth, being over on the Point, as it is called, he crossed the Miami, with two other persons, in search of stray stock. Night coming on, the other men thought best to strike up a fire and encamp for the night; which they persisted in doing, in spite of all the remonstrances of their young companion, Mr. Dunn, who told them it would not be safe. He, therefore, left them for home, all alone, with the promise that he would be on hand again early in the morning. When, lo! he found both of his friends cold and stiff in death; tomahawked and scalped—stripped and robbed! What a narrow escape by youthful foresight and caution! The judge has held many posts of honor and trust in the community; and when he shall have been gathered to the land of his

fathers, his name and his memory shall not perish, but be embalmed in the hearts of his friends and countrymen, and, in the pages of history, shall be immortal. (See Appendix.)

I should very much like to pay a *special* and just tribute to all of the attorneys, the clerks, and sheriffs of my court, residing here; but space utterly forbids. Suffice it to say, that they were all very kind, competent, and efficient, and occupy a warm seat in my affections, and are engraven upon my memory as with "an iron pen." As clerk, C. O'Brien stands number one, all the time, against the State and against the world; and so does my friend, Milton Gregg, as sheriff—now the able and effective editor of the "New Albany Tribune."

So much, then, for the city of Lawrenceburgh, and I pass, with a grateful acknowledgment, to the Rev. Mr. Long, the stationed minister, whose labors God has singularly owned and blessed, and who is very highly appreciated and esteemed by the people of his charge, as is also the Rev. Dr. Bond, pastor of the Baptist church. No neglect or disrespect is intended to be shown to my highly esteemed friends, Dr. Tait and Dr. Weedlestaedt, now of Minnesota, in speaking so fully and freely, as I have, of those "with whom I have had more to do."

AURORA CITY.

Here is to be seen the splendid mansion of the Hon. Henry Walker, my early and my personal friend. A gentleman of great moral excellence and literary fame. He is usually noticed by journalists as "the great western orator." Mr. Walker's manners are peculiar to himself; he apes no man, and so far as I know, no public speaker ever attempted to ape him. He is an original oddity, and must be seen and heard to be rightly appreciated. He would, perchance, exceed the expectations of some, and fall below that of others, just according to the tastes and fancies of his auditors. He has a vast library of books, which his

addresses show have not been altogether neglected. His father being the first settler, he, of course, is one of the oldest inhabitants of the county, and has received many public honors at the hands of his fellow-citizens. His good lady is a native of Maine, whence I hail. I know her family and friends to be highly honorable and respected.

Messrs. Haynes and Holman, attorneys at law, and of eminent distinction, will please appropriate to themselves the kind sentiments and remembrances tendered to gentlemen of the bar at Lawrenceburgh. Here was the residence of that sainted and good man, the Rev. Judge Jesse L. Holman, the honored father of Wm. S. Holman, so extensively known and respected as a man, an attorney, and a politician.

The eminent Dr. Sutton and Dr. Bond, and Dr. Haynes, my kind personal friends, reside here, justly loved and highly appreciated. Here, too, reside the Hon. Judge Emory, Wm. R. Green, and Wm. T. Harris, Esqrs., T. and J. Taylor, Chambers and Stevens, the Gaffs, Cobbs, and Lozier, merchants of fame and fairness—all my kind personal friends. Nor can I possibly pass unnoticed Messrs. Sewall and Samuel Plummer, and Wm. Jipson, and their good ladies and interesting families, formerly my kind and excellent neighbors and fellow-townsmen, and ever loved and cherished friends. I have known them long, and love them dearly.

Here, as before noticed, is the beautiful residence of my good and worthy friend, Stroder Cheek, and the home of the venerable old Mother Cheek, the oldest person in the county, and, for aught I know, in the State. Here George Cheek, the father of Stroder and brothers, was found to be missing. Every possible search was made in vain, a liberal reward offered for his discovery, dead or alive, and after many months of painful anxiety, he was discovered in the creek—recognized by his apparel, and forthwith found a decent and appropriate burial. My lamented friends, John R. Watkins, a Mr. Bailey, and a Mr. Squibb, were horribly mangled by the explosion of a powder keg,

on a pleasure and celebration trip on the St. Louis rail road, survived a short time in great pain, and died. Perhaps five perished, and several others were slightly injured, among whom was a Mr. James Reading. Aurora lost some of her best citizens, which she deeply deplored.

A man fell through the bridge, and was found a corpse. Another one walked out into the river, then put a pistol into his mouth, and fell a bleeding and mutilated corpse in the beautiful Ohio. Another man, after trying both to hang and shoot himself, but was discovered and arrested, deliberately threw himself into the river and perished. A Mr. Green, having a personal difficulty with a Mr. Hancock, I believe, was shot, and died suddenly. Old Charley Vattier deliberately shot Elias Conwell, now of Napoleon—put a heavy charge of large shot into his hip and thigh, that had well-nigh proved fatal. It, however, crippled him for life, for which he recovered a heavy damage. Henry Vanmiddlesworth struck a Mr. Morehead, I believe, upon the head, with a grubbing hoe, and broke his skull; but by the surgical skill of Dr. Percival, he survived. Vanmiddlesworth and another man perished, on the Fourth of July, by the untimely discharge of a cannon, as per acrostic. Indian, wolf, bear, and panther stories are too numerous to mention, but in keeping with all other accounts.

The steamboat Metcalf descending the river in a thick fog, the pilot, mistaking the smoke of Gaff's distillery for an up-river steamboat, sheered suddenly to pass it on the right, according to usage, run square into a high bank, just above the mouth of the creek, which resulted in the total ruin of the boat, and the loss of many precious lives of men, women, and children; who, with an awful shock and fearful outcry, were suddenly aroused from a comfortable berth, sweet repose, and happy dreams, to struggle and perish in the waters of death. How sudden, how painful, how melancholy the scene. That mammoth distillery has been twice consumed by fire, and two men perished in the flames. My eloquent friend, the Rev. Mr.

Miller, is "far-famed" and dearly loved. A Mr. Caldwell, a notorious horse-thief and plunderer, in territorial times, was pursued by a body of armed men, overtaken, ordered to halt upon his peril. Sham shots were given to bring him to in vain; then a deadly aim brought him to the ground, a bleeding corpse, and his grief-smitten wife sold his body to Dr. Percival, to be anatomized, for a calico dress. Companions in crime, O how affectionate they are! Our agricultural friends, Messrs. White and Lane, must not be overlooked, as gentlemen of distinction, and moral excellence and worth. Old Father Cozine and Daniel Bartholomew, deceased, my early friends, must be embalmed in the pages of my little book. Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew, who still survives, made their house my happy home, when there, in days "lang syne." How sweet the memory still—O how sweet! Hugh M. Allen, blowing into the muzzle of his gun, received the full charge into his head, and fell a mangled and bleeding corpse.

FREEMONT SCHOOLHOUSE—MOUTH OF LAUGHRY.

George Groves settled here in 1794, the first settler of this section of country. From my kind friends, George Laird and Joshua Seth, and others, old and respectable residents, I learn that a fearful Indian massacre of several persons, by the name of Laughry, gave name to the pretty stream now known as Laughry Creek. So also a man by the name of Hogan, while quietly fishing at the mouth of Hogan, was shot, tomahawked, and scalped; and a Wm. Tanner, the same way precisely, at the mouth of Tanner's Creek. If we could command the origin of all the names in the country, what a history, what a book it would be! I farther learned, from Mr. Seth, that a young lad and his sister, by the name of Willard, were captured and carried off by the Indians, over into Kentucky, some sixty odd years ago. After awhile, they commenced cutting out large pieces of flesh from the body of the girl—broiling and eating it in her presence; that they tortured her thus

repeatedly for three long, painful days; then, with unheard of cruelties, put her to death—tomahawked and scalped her. The heart sickens, and the blood fairly curdles in my veins, at the recital. But a terrible vengeance awaited them. The lad effected his escape, grew up to be a man, and established himself in a kind of grocery and liquor business, at an early day, near the mouth of the creek, where who should call upon him but seven Indians, and a pretty young squaw, a part or all of whom he immediately recognized as his own captors, and the cruel murderers of his loved and lamented sister; and he resolved, if possible, to be avenged; but, as the saying is, “he never let on.” Gave them all free access to his liquor, and, to his great pleasure, soon found that all were in for a drunken spree, except the pretty squaw, who was selected to keep watch. And about midnight they were all dead-drunk, when, watching his opportunity, he gave the pretty squaw a deadly blow with his ax or bludgeon; then hastening down to the creek, he cut a hole in the ice, and there, one at a time, he, by main strength, drew them down, and thrust them in under the ice, to wake up in a watery grave, the poor squaw and all; and thus every single soul of them perished. I leave it for the reader to say if that is not quite an Indian story, and altogether too good to be lost, as I have it upon good, reliable authority? The country hereabouts was full of bears, wolves, and panthers. Here a colored man, whom I knew well, was murdered several years ago, and the deadly and fearful weapon was a scythe—the scene fearful and tragic.

HARTFORD

Is quite a smart business place. I first saw it in 1818, then quite in the woods. Good old Father Wilber still survives, honored and esteemed by all who know him. His sons are the principal merchants in the place—correct business men, of moral excellence and worth. Good old Father Holliday, father of F. C. Holliday, the eminent

divine, the Christian, the gentleman, and the scholar, resides here. His house was consumed by fire; but his friends were kind and true to him, as well they should be. He informed me that he had seen more wild turkeys in one flock or drove than could, in his opinion, conveniently stand upon a whole acre of land. He thought so then, and he thinks so now. There is a turkey story for you, boys. Allow two feet square, or four square feet, to a turkey, and there must have been more than ten thousand turkeys. Work it out for yourselves, boys. In this community reside my early and worthy friends, Squire Jarret, Squire Wilson, John Billingsly, Joel Lynn, and James Walker, brother to the Hon. Henry Walker, all in easy circumstances, and most excellent citizens.

A gentleman, attempting to keep an officer at bay with his rifle, was himself shot, and died suddenly, years ago. My esteemed friend, Mrs. Dr. Maderas, died suddenly, lamented by all. And here, too, was the former residence of my early and ever-cherished friend, Nathaniel Squibb, Esq., now of California. Squire Jarret has resided here all his days; is an excellent and worthy man; and he informed me, that, in early life, his shirts and pantaloons were made of the wild nettle, as noticed before, by Mrs. Cheek. That a very rich lady *now*, residing in Dearborn, was clad in a nettle dress when he first saw her—a rosy-cheeked, healthy girl, and happy and “cheerful as a lark.” What do you think of that, girls? The narrative of my good friend, Squire Jarret, is full of interest, full of romance, and full of *real* life. “May his days yet be many, and full of pleasure.”

MILTON.

Robert Conway settled here in 1800; raised a large family, who have received many honors, both as private citizens and public men. While watching a lick for deer, three large panthers came into the lick. The odds being vastly against him, he retreated unobserved, well content at

that. Jones shot Hutchinson, mistaking him for a deer. It was a deadly and a fatal shot.

Colonel James Hastings, an old settler, and much respected, cut his throat with a razor, in a most fearful manner, and was a corpse in a few moments, in 1851. James Woods hung himself upon an apple tree, in 1832. James Pomeroy was drowned, in 1845—all men of families. A German hung himself in the woods, in 1852.

Elias Greathouse, wife, and three children, were drowned, in 1845. A sudden flood swept their house away in the night time, and all perished together. The mother was found many miles below, with a piece of the cradle, in which her infant slept, still in her hand. Poor mother! A Mr. McIntire was fearfully mangled and killed with a threshing-machine. Allen Boyce and Mrs. Hiram Scranton both badly bitten by snakes—suffered much, but recovered. A man was killed by a log, which rolled over him, and another one by the falling of a tree. Old Mr. Thatcher, father of my friend, E. Thatcher, fell off the fence, and broke his neck. “Such is life.” Improve it well. My venerable friend Kittle (the honored father of A. J. Kittle, a graduate of Greencastle College, an excellent and a promising young man), resides here, at an advanced age. My friend Turner, and the Rev. Mr. Records, rather an eminent minister, have both removed. The blessings of all attend them. John Walker, brother to Henry, once shot a deer; an Indian rushed in upon him to seize and carry it away. Walker drew his rifle upon him, and then told him not to move his rifle upon his peril, but to move off in double quick time, with his gun at a trail, which was forthwith done accordingly. What intrepidity! Chester Thair, an insane person, set his house on fire, and perished in the flames. Poor fellow!

BEAR CREEK CHURCH.

Hon. James Rand settled here in 1807. Turkey, deer, snakes, wolves, bears and panthers were numerous. His

story would form a volume. Snakes of monstrous size. Saw one with a large ground-hog, or woodchuck, half swallowed, taking it easily, and at his leisure. His good lady was drowned while washing beside the creek—fell in and perished—poor woman! Mr. Rand has represented this county in the State Legislature with credit and satisfaction—is somewhat advanced in years as well as in honors. His name and memory will long survive. My good friend, John Henry, deserves a passing notice. He interested himself much in my enterprise, and his name is well worthy of a place in my little book. An excellent man, loved by all the good who know him. Hon. Judge Watts settled here at an early day. Was a strong, popular, and useful man, and a Minister. His son, Col. Johnson Watts, our distinguished and honored fellow citizen, occupies the old homestead. He was a soldier in the war of 1812. Had two sons in the Mexican War, one of whom died in that far-off land, was brought home, and amid appropriate honors, was interred in the family burying-ground, where he slumbers his “last long sleep, that knows no waking.”

The colonel once ran afoul of a great big rattlesnake, in a coil, which he says was a perfect monster of a snake. Turning round for a club, he saw another in the same position and of the same size. He began to think the territory “too snaky” for him, unarmed as he was, and forthwith very cautiously beat his quiet retreat, leaving to their snakeships the quiet and full possession of the field. But they, of course, knowing the colonel to be “a *brave* man of war,” and supposing his movement a mere ruse to decoy them, or for some other reason, their snakeships thought best to move quarters too, for when the colonel returned, armed and equipped according to law, “for a snake fight,” lo! and behold! they were not to be found, demonstrating the truth of that quaint saying, “In union there is strength,” as also

“He that turns and runs away,
May live to fight another day.”

And here I will treat my readers to one of the colonel's wolf stories. And if that don't pay, I'm a poor judge. The neighborhood had long been infested with an old cunning wolf, which baffled all their skill to entrap, when a great hunter, by the name of Mr. ———, told the colonel that he would come and pick her up. He and the colonel put out into the forest, struck up a camp-fire for the night. Then to cut the cobwebs from his throat, he took a good swig of old *baldface*, and went out and raised a long heavy howl that would have beat any wolf all hollow, and forthwith from a distant knoll, came back a wolf's response. There she is, said he, took another dram, then lay down and took a nap. At about midnight he went out and howled again. Back came the response from the same direction. Her den is there, said he. At early dawn they started off in that direction within hearing distance of each other. The colonel came to a narrow beaten track, saw that it led into a great hollow tree that had fallen down. He beckoned his friend, who said, there she is, and forthwith rushed to the mouth of the hole, and closed it up. Whereupon there was a great commotion within, charging the colonel to stand ready with his tomahawk, he drew his big knife, and then in spite of all remonstrances, plunged headforemost right in among them. He found six pretty smartly grown cubs; but to his great disappointment, the old wolf came up missing. He dispatched all the young ones save one, that he kept to call up the dam. The colonel was taught how to make it howl, then when his friend had gone at a little distance, he made it sing out—the old wolf answered in a moment, and came running round and round at a distance, as though "she smelt the rat," and then disappeared, and no outcry of her young could call her back; and much to their vexation and mortification. But it was the last they ever heard or suffered from her. If that aint a wolf story worth telling and preserving, what is? There's a second Gen. Putnan story for you boys, aint it?

A Mr. Whitaker was accosted by a bear, shielded him-

self behind a small tree, kept moving round and round cautiously, the bear fairly eat his gunstock all off, then with a dextrous and happy hit with the naked barrel, he lay his foe at his feet, and escaped unhurt, save a bad fright and a tedious conflict. Jeremiah Richardson's horses ran away, stove the wagon all into atoms, and killed him instantly.

A son of Goddard Stepp, 20 years old, while blowing into the muzzle of his gun, his foot slipped from the hammer, off went the gun, and he received the whole charge into his mouth, which was most horribly mutilated, and he fell a corpse.

HART'S MILL,

Owned by William Hart, an early settler, an excellent and good citizen. Mill consumed by fire in 1843, full of grain, and no insurance.

Daniel Paul had a little girl burned to death, her clothes having caught fire by a candle, and four others badly injured by the explosion of a powder keg. One is totally blind, an inmate of the State Asylum, smart and intelligent. Throwing crackers about at Christmas was the cause of the explosion. Children, be careful with powder, it is a dangerous plaything. Ann Eliza Stepp, a little girl, inhaled the hot steam from the nose of a boiling tea-kettle, and soon after died—poor little thing!

John Campbell was killed at a log-rolling, a large log passing over him, leaving him a mangled corpse. John Sellers and Israel Seaborn, both hung themselves in 1855, and Isaiah Dowess shot himself through the heart deliberately, in 1854. Benjamin Hall was badly bitten by a copperhead, in 1823. Alexander Boyle died with a fearful cancer, in 1853. James H. Connell was badly injured at a raising, in 1844—jaw bone broken all to smash, but recovered. Mrs. Eliza Kennett was thrown from her horse, and killed upon the spot. The babe in her arms was uninjured, as by a miracle.

COLES' CHAPEL,

Named in honor of the Rev. Eleazer Cole, an early settler, and an acceptable and useful minister of the gospel. He and his good lady have passed away, but their names and memories are fondly cherished still.

Here resides that excellent man, Daniel Kelsey and his kind lady, daughter of father Cole, with an interesting family of children, grown up and mostly settled around them. When one year old he fell into the fire, burnt one of his hands to a crisp, and measurably lost its use forever.

His horse, taking fright, ran away, capsized his buggy, threw him and his daughter overboard; both were sadly frightened and seriously injured. His son Israel and Lorenzo Wright were both badly bitten with copperheads—suffered much, but recovered.

Nathaniel Wright was killed at his house raising. A log slipped upon the skids, came down suddenly, and crushed him to death. He died in great bodily pain, but in peace of mind, in 1820.

Reed Crandell, an old and good citizen, fell from his horse last summer, and well nigh broke his neck—will, in all probability, be crippled in his shoulder for life—had his house and goods all consumed by fire, in 1817.

The Rev. Mr. Nelson laid me under obligations of gratitude for the interest manifested in my behalf. Harvey Cole and other early settlers reside here, loved and honored. John Cole had one foot cut clean or clear off, with a mowing machine, and the other badly wounded, and crippled for life.

Father Kelsey was much beset with wild beasts, as were his neighbors, in their early settlement. In broad daylight a bear came to his very door, fell afoul of one of his large hogs. Hearing the outcry, he rushed to her relief—he let up—took to the woods—and the dogs after him—treed, and then he shot him, took his hide and “tanned his jacket.”

DILSBOROUGH

Is the residence of that excellent and useful man, Col. Jacob W. Eggleston, the Leonidas and champion of Temperance, the kind friend and good citizen. Dr. Martin and his interesting family reside here, also; and here is my early and true friend, Thomas Guion, one of the first men I ever voted for in this county, and I voted for him repeatedly afterward, and loved to vote for him—a gentleman of moral excellence and worth. Here, too, are my friends, the Wymonds, and the Stevensons, the Tibbettses, the Vandolaps, the Witheroes, the Knowleses, and others, all good men and true—my early friends. The Rev. Wm. Knowles is an excellent and useful man, and minister of the gospel. Dilsborough is one of my strong holds all the time. My friends here voluntarily met me at their church, one evening, and subscribed for sixty-five copies of my book. Rev. James Murray and his most pious and estimable lady buried three of their dear children, almost at once—a painful visitation. My worthy friends, Wm. B. Miller and James Noble, had their hands badly mangled and torn in the machinery of the steam mill; Noble lost one hand entirely, and all the fingers upon the other.

Mrs. Layborn Bramble had her breast amputated, diseased with a fearful cancer, but died soon after, poor woman.

Jacob Hoover's son fell from a tree some twenty-five feet, and broke his leg in three places, and was otherwise badly bruised and injured, but recovered.

Mr. and Mrs. George Abraham, on a visit to their friends in Ohio, while passing through Elizabethtown, the wagon took fire from a coal which had fallen from a pipe; in a moment all was in flame. Mr. Abraham jumped out, but the horses took fright, ran off at a most fearful rate, and Mrs. Abraham was burned to a perfect crisp, and returned to her friends a frightful corpse. Many of the fires charged to incendiaries will, in my judgment, be taxed to "pipes and cigars," in the final settlement. The wonder is, that every thing is not consumed where they are used.

MOUNT TABOR.

In company with the Rev. Benjamin Lawrence, of sainted memory, then the circuit preacher, I first visited the Mt. Tabor settlement, almost forty years ago. We wound our way through by-ways and blazed-out tracks, I hardly know how, until we found ourselves at good old Ralph Smith's, whom we found in the act of dressing a fine deer which he had just taken, and the first one I ever saw in the hands of its captors. It feasted my curiosity, and then, well served up, feasted my longing appetite. Alas! that noble race of animals is now quite extinct in this section of the country, but then we have our fertile fields, our railroads, and telegraphs, which certainly are far more valuable, in their stead. So we go.

Father Smith died suddenly from an injury received in the breast by a heavy lift at a wagon. Good old Mrs. Smith died suddenly with a disease of the heart. Four of their children died suddenly of the milk-sickness, in 1827. Their house and all its contents was once consumed by fire. George Smith, a brother to Ralph, died with a fearful cancer, and his wife and three children died in a short period, with the milk-sickness, and two other children with the dropsy. Two excellent families almost extinct. What a history!—what a lesson!

Temperance Smith, daughter of Ralph, now Mrs. John Cornforth, a sweet, interesting little girl, when I first saw her, and an estimable lady now, lives upon the homestead, enjoying ample competency, and one of the kindest and best husbands that ever blessed a woman. Her first husband, Wm. Powel, a son of James Powell, Esq., my ever-cherished friend, fell overboard from a steamboat and perished. A son of Nathaniel Wallace was thrown from a run-away horse and killed suddenly.

My kind friends, Frank Sawdon and his good lady have my best wishes and warmest thanks for their kindness and interest in my behalf, as indeed have all in the community.

I was quite at home among them, truly. But O, what a change have forty years wrought among them! Old father Frazier alone survives, of the first settlers, I believe, and thus it is, "one generation passeth away and another cometh after them."

TUFTS' SCHOOL-HOUSE,

So called in honor of my kind, good friends, good old Father, John, and Servetus Tufts, early settlers and excellent citizens. Good old Mother Tufts, full of years, and ripe for heaven, is waiting in hope until the change comes. And here is my friend, Wm. Sawdon, and his excellent family. Here, too, is my friend, George Randal, who deserves a special notice. Friend Randal, when I first knew him, was a young circuit preacher of promise, but quite moneyless; under which circumstances, he married a Miss Rhoda Ewbank, youngest daughter of good old Father and Mother Ewbank, now of sainted and precious memory, and a most industrious and pious young lady. Reared in comfort and competence, as she was, friend Randal resolved that she should never suffer want, if industry and good management could prevent it; and so it was that he abandoned circuit preaching, rented himself a farm, rolled up his sleeves, and went into the business with a right hearty good will: and, behold, he now owns a full mile square of land, minus eighty acres—say five hundred and sixty acres—four miles from Aurora, and a splendid mansion house, barns, and everything to suit. He is worth, at least, some thirty thousand dollars, and has raised a large family of children—raised them well, too, for a more intelligent and interesting family of children you scarcely could find in a day's ride in any direction. Poor young men, look up, be industrious, be economical, be honest, and you, too, may surprise both yourselves and your friends. With brother Randal's indomitable energy and application, he must have been an eminent divine, long e'er this, had he remained in

the itinerancy. This is rather an extraordinary case, and I have given to it an extraordinary notice.

Well, here, too, reside my good old friends, Wm. McConnell and lady, loved and honored by all; to all of whom, and others unnamed, my gratitude is due for personal interest and kindness, and especially so to Squire Tufts for his volunteer address in my behalf.

TRESTER'S SCHOOL-HOUSE,

So called in honor of Martin Trester, Esq., a worthy and a somewhat distinguished citizen, and an early settler. Wildcats and panthers were his early game. Would that I could write out his entire history for the amusement and entertainment of my readers. It is in perfect keeping with the report of all the early settlers, and of my own observation and experience. He has a beautiful home and a happy family, all living in competency and peace. To him, as well as to my venerable friend George Grier, Esq., is my gratitude due for personal attention and kindness. Nor can I pass unnoticed my other kind friends, Henry F. Wright, A. Abbott, James Walker, H. Tufts, E. N. Hopkin, and others, who took hold of my little enterprise with a hearty good-will, as did my friends all around. "A friend, in need, is a friend indeed."

WILMINGTON,

Formerly the county seat, is located on a very high ridge, some two and a half miles northwest from Aurora. In the jail, here, Dodd hung himself, and a stranger cut his throat; and right in the jail, I once married a happy couple—a novelty. Here George Goulding hung himself in a mill; here Joseph Peters killed John Eastman in an affray, was tried and acquitted, as a justifiable homicide. They were half-brothers or brothers-in-law—what a pity! Peters has an interesting family, who are often pained at the bare mention of the sad occurrence. Not at all, children; if it be your misfortune, it is not your fault, surely.

A little son of Mr. —, and Mrs. Ellen Young, was run over with a heavy-loaded wagon, and crushed to death in a moment. He was a sweet, interesting little boy. I remember, while holding court there, I was passing along the street with a pretty flower in my hand, which, I saw, so arrested his attention that I gave it to him with a kind and cheering word. He was perfectly transported, and ran home in great haste, proclaiming to his good mamma—"Dudge Totten dave me dis!" His father died soon after him, and his truly bereaved mother administered upon the estate. I remember distinctly that she once filed a petition, written in her own fair hand, that, for form and phraseology, would not have disgraced the most learned and skillful attorney at the bar, as they exclaimed themselves. She is decidedly an intelligent and interesting lady. Girls, take notice—there is nothing like being able to meet any reverses in fortune, and of managing your own affairs.

A Mr. Powell, while laying up a fence, accidentally fell and broke his neck, many years ago. Joshua Brewington had a little son drowned in a cistern, right here. George Hume, that afflicted good man, now no more, lost five children, almost at once, with the milk-sickness, in 1847. Clark J. Durham, a most promising young man, was fearfully mangled, torn, and killed in the machine-shop (as per elegy.) O, how that father, how that mother, how the children all mourned the absence of one so kind, so tenderly loved!—and yet there is a pleasure in that pain. Hon. Stephen Wood died from a wound received in cutting up corn—poor suffering man! Friend Cordery, a somewhat wealthy merchant, and an excellent man, had his house broken into and robbed of several hundred dollars; and for giving publicity to his suspicions, was fined several hundred more—a very singular and a very hard case, and no mistake. Then his stable was set on fire and utterly consumed, together with his horse and buggy, and his cow, I believe. The entire premises were saved only by a miracle; the wind coming briskly from the right direction.

Dr. Torbet, to whom, under God, I owe my existence, resides here, and to whom, for kind attention, during my severe illness several years ago, for moderate charges and for indulgence, my lasting gratitude is due, as to friend Harding, years before that, as noticed heretofore. Dr. Torbet and his sainted, precious, lamented, and cherished lady nursed me, if possible, with more than a parent's tenderness and care.

Here, also, I feel it due to my exceedingly kind and most generous friend, Wm. Cheek, to say that he was an exceedingly expert, correct, and pleasant clerk of the court for many years. In common parlance, he "had a heart as big as a teakettle." He now resides in the vicinity of Napoleon, noted for its "great crossings." I hope friend Cheek will not "go with the multitude to do evil," nor go "the downward road" with them, as per anecdote: A traveler once inquired his best route to Indianapolis, and was answered, "Go by the way of Napoleon." "Well, how to Columbus, in Bartholemew County?" "Why, by the way of Napoleon." "And how to Madison?" "Well, *sir*, by Napoleon, again." These were all proper answers, but the stranger, supposing himself hoaxed, pertly asked—"And which way to h—l?" "By the way of Napoleon, by all means. Hurry along, friend, when you get there, you'll have company enough, and need inquire no more, for *all* the people about Napoleon are going *that* way!" I guess not—'pon honor.

A son of my friend, Wm. Brice, lost one of his hands by an accidental discharge of his gun, and a Mr. Sellers escaped a horrible death just "by the skin of his teeth."

"Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb."

Alas! how true, and yet how few seem to heed it. I must not pass unnoticed my early friend, James Mills and family, my pleasant home in court time. Mr. Mills died several years ago, lamented by all who knew him. Mrs.

Mills has suffered the amputation of one of her feet, is now living with that sweet daughter, Sarah, now Mrs. John M. Wilson, Esq., where every kindness and attention is paid to her that affection and fondness can suggest, and an ample competency can effect. My little pet David, has become an interesting and promising young man. Elizabeth, now Mrs. R. D. Brown, Esq., who aided me essentially in copying my census duplicate, in 1840, resides here, blessed with a kind, good husband and a happy home. James, a most extraordinary young man, a dutiful son, a fond, sweet brother, a worthy companion, won bright honors in the Mexican war, came home and suddenly died, beloved and bemoaned by all who knew him. He died in sight of heaven, in hope of a blessed immortality. I fain would, but can not longer dwell.

Good old father Nichols, father Canfield, David Kerr, Stephen Jarvis, Benjamin Vaile, father Durham, the venerable Widow Weaver, and other cherished friends, too numerous to mention, reside here; to all of whom I owe a debt of gratitude for their liberality and kindness to me.

David Gardner paid me in advance for three copies of my book, and made me a present of two dollars, beside. Thomas Spicknell subscribed liberally too, and he and his good lady have kindly entertained me, "many a time and oft." Such friends are worth having, and of being held "in everlasting remembrance."

SINAI CHAPEL.

Here I held a public temperance discussion with my worthy friend, Elijah Huffman, Esq., as before noticed. As usual in all such cases, we both came off *best*—but mine was a little the *best*—best as matter of course. Old father Hannegan was a Revolutionary soldier; he died —— years of age. I pronounced his funeral sermon, and wrote his epitaph. Peter and Joseph Hannegan

reside here—my early and ever-cherished friends. Hon. John Crozier and Hon. George Cornelius, ex-representatives, reside here also. Friend Cornelius' son plunged into the creek to bathe or swim on a hot day—came out suddenly, complained a moment, and died upon the spot. O, what a painful shock! Boys, be careful how you plunge into the water when overheated. A Mr. Chilson hung himself upon a tree in the woods several years ago.

My friends will excuse me if I make special mention of Mrs. Noah Davis. When she was a little interesting miss, I used to preach at her father's house, out upon Laughry, and ever found it a pleasant and welcome home. The memory of good old father and mother Montgomery, how precious to my heart. More of this in its proper place. I had the pleasure of joining in the bands of matrimony two of Mrs. Davis' daughters at one time, and at one ceremony, the only occurrence of the kind in all my hymeneal career. (See hymeneal department.) Mrs. Davis is a sister to the Captains Montgomery, of world-wide fame, and of good report wherever known. Eliel Chaffin, John Todd, and Samuel Wood, early settlers and worthy citizens, and my early friends, must be registered in my book. My most worthy friend, Wm. Arnold, Esq., has removed to Iowa, loved and missed.

SPARTA.

Hon. John D. Johnson, ex-representative and delegate to the State Constitutional Convention, resides here in peace and plenty—an excellent man, honored by all, as well he should be. And the same may be said of my venerable friend, Joseph Churchill, Esq., and old father Givan. All have large, intelligent, and exceedingly fine and interesting families of children.

Hugh Alexander had a son drowned in the creek, under circumstances somewhat indicative of foul play. A Mr.

Lambertson was thrown from a runaway horse, and his brains actually dashed out against a tree—poor man.

The Rev. Mr. Connelly, pastor of the Baptist Church, is highly esteemed and useful in his “work of labor and love.” My Sparta friends have done nobly by me—that they have. A Mr. Sage was once bitten by a copperhead, but recovered.

MOORE’S HILL.

Here, at a campmeeting, the Lord wrought wonders for me. It was doubtful with many whether I ought to preach, whether I ever could. It was resolved upon to give me an opportunity to show myself, and let all the people judge for themselves. I was to preach on Sabbath morning at sunrise, and brother Thomas Hitt was immediately to follow me with one of his sweet, melting sermons, so as to cover my defeat and save the cause. Jacob-like, I wrestled all night with God in prayer, either to be set free or confused and silenced for ever. If it were not my duty to preach, why should I feel the woe upon me? I knew that I was *green* and awkward, and unpromising. I also knew that God could bring strength out of weakness—could thresh a mountain with a worm; and what God willed, that I desired to do; and I yielded up my all to Him, to be determined by the morning service. Well, so it was that I astonished every body—myself, preachers and all; and such another shout in the camp you never heard. Even good brother Hitt publicly apologized for his embarrassment in having to succeed such a happy effort. And from that day to this, I have had a fair field, good audiences, and happy meetings. And my friends who stood out at first, (among whom was my good friend Judge Dunn) say I should preach more instead of less. That to me was a most propitious occasion, and the memory of it is sweet, and cheers my heart even to this day.

We talk about forest cities, railroad cities, and the like. Well, Moore’s Hill should be christened the “clergyman’s

village." Let me see, there are the Reverends Wood, Smith, Adams, Curtis, Prather, Spencer, Mapes, Connelly, Perine, and the stationed minister, in the bargain—all good men and true, right in Moore's Hill! Rev. John Dashiell had both of his legs broken at a time, but is now sound and well.

John C. Moore, that excellent and useful man, had a little son which accidentally hung himself while at play, and was found dead. O, what a painful shock! The old citizens have mostly passed away. Rana C. Stevens, my early friend, and Dr. Bowers, and Collins, and Perine reside here. The Dashiells and others have removed, greatly missed and fondly cherished still.

Good old Father Moore, of sainted memory, must not be unnoticed or forgotten. One of the earliest settlers, his house was a preaching-place, and a home for the preachers, for many long years. The church, the community, and even the world, owe much to the memory and to the labors of Father Moore. If not what might be called an eminent and eloquent preacher, he was an excellent and useful man. At a campmeeting upon his premises, the first temperance pledge was presented, and the first temperance society was formed in the county, at the instance of the sainted and beloved John Strange. Dr. H. J. Bowers, I believe, was elected the first president, and I was one of the officers. Father Moore took hold of the enterprise with a right hearty good will, and the result is, they have never yet had a low, filthy doggery in the place since. Father Moore's family have been right all the time upon the liquor question; but J. C. has made whisky-barrels "to Boston." In furnishing a *true* record, these things must come in; but it is also true that, at a great personal sacrifice, J. C. Moore makes not another whisky-barrel. Progress and reform all the time. John C. Moore is one of the very best and most influential and useful men in the place. Friend Bowers says that their beautiful college is the result of temperance, and should be christened "Strange

College." My ever-cherished friend, William J. McCreary, Esq., once had a fearful runaway here. And now, boys, for a bear story, to quit on. A Mr. Heath, more than forty years ago, was beset by a furious bear, right here in Moore's Hill. Alone in the depths of an unbroken forest, out of sight and hearing, he struggled for life and victory for two long, fearful and painful hours. With his ax in his hands, and a large tree at his back, he kept her at bay, but could inflict no fatal blow. His heart oft failed him, and he nearly abandoned all hope, when a fortunate blow gave him the advantage, which he adroitly followed up, and then triumphed in deliverance—killed the old bear, and then two large cubs, and escaped unharmed, except much fatigued and much alarmed. A two hours' fight with a bear, right here in Moore's Hill, not far from the beautiful church and college! Boys, think of that will you? Good old Mother Moore still survives.

CHESTERVILLE.

William Wheeler, Esq., and James Wells, with exceedingly interesting families, reside here, in honor and good circumstances. Good old Father and Mother Ewing, I believe, have both passed away. Nelson Ketcham, my former neighbor and friend, once lost two children at a time, or nearly so. A Mrs. ——— was once badly bitten by a copperhead-snake, right in her own house, but recovered.

FREEWILL CHURCH.

My venerable friend, Elijah Fuller, an early settler, tells wonderful stories about wild beasts, such as every where abound. He is well stricken in years, as is my friend, Squire Falkner. A man and his daughter were drowned in attempting to ford the creek with his horses and wagon. The Rev. Mr. Ide, a Green Mountain Boy, a perfect giant, and an excellent and useful man, is located near by. And here, too, is my good friend, George Valentine, and others.

GREEN CHAPEL.

Here resides the Rev. John Stoops, a good and useful man. Omar G. Stockman, a model farmer, and a friend worth having. And here, too, I find my fair friend, Mrs. Ellen Young, now Mrs. George Burroughs, happily located, and blessed with abundance and peace. Her only child, Anne Young, is most promising and interesting—is quite a poetess, as is a young Miss Burroughs. Friend Burroughs is an old resident, though not a very old man, whom I place upon the list of my choice and worthy friends. It is a fine settlement. I will not omit my friends at Hull's schoolhouse, who treated me kindly. A very excellent man, in moderate circumstances, and long afflicted with poor health, feeling that he was a burden upon his family and friends, applied a razor to his throat, and cut a fearful and awful gash; but by timely aid, he was saved from sudden death—has improved in health—is useful and beloved. What a narrow escape! O what must have been his mental sufferings! Friends, don't neglect the poor and afflicted too long. O don't!

ELROD.

SQUIRE ELROD, post-master, merchant, and inn-keeper, gave me kind and good entertainment and a free pass, aside from his cheerful patronage to my work. He deserves to have his name published in large capitals, to be preserved as a memorial of him for ever. Here my personal acquaintance is limited, but they did a generous part by me. The Stevenses, McCabes, Vandolahs, McKittrichs and others, have long resided here, and whose kindness I gratefully acknowledge.

STRINGTOWN.

Here used to reside old Father Sutton and lady, whom I early knew and cherished as friends, dear to my heart. Their numerous children live here still, in peace and plenty.

My good friend Craven resides a little east,—an early settler—wolves plenty. Wm. Sutton once had a fearful runaway affair, was injured but a little. J. N. Blasdell, whom I have long known as an excellent and worthy citizen, resides here in easy circumstances. All of whom treated me most kindly, as did their excellent families. John Smith was killed by the falling of a tree in 1854. Isaac Howery by the falling of a limb in a storm in 1836. John F. Beal had his thigh and his ribs all badly broken by a fall from a tree. Isaac N. Blasdell once had a fearful runaway, but escaped unharmed, by a miracle. Vachel Lindsday dirked his own son, a lad of some 16 years, in a most horrid and fearful manner once. A Miss Tucker hung herself here, in 1842.

PIERCEVILLE.

Father Williams, George M. Stites, Nathaniel Dixon, Wm. D. Bratton, A. Henthorn, O. Gookins, E. P. French, Clarke and James Jordan, and their good ladies, well deserve a favorable notice at my hands, as does friend Brooks, Wood, Squire Hill, Milliken, the Snodgrasses and others, of South Milan, just below. A man by the name of Tanner, I believe, years ago, in attempting to follow the Brookville trace home, from Versailles, got lost in a snow-storm, and perished. A young man here, was once fiercely beset with a panther, but escaped unharmed.

DELAWARE STATION.

Here resides good old Father and Mother Richardson, parents of the Rev. Harman Richardson, a somewhat eminent divine, an excellent and a useful man. The old folks mourn the loss of the son of their old age, a sweet promising boy, of many prayers and bright hopes, early taken from the evil to come. So friends, yield him up to the will of heaven, and soon, I doubt not, you'll meet him in "that better land." The Rev. Mr. Harbin, to whom I once listened with great pleasure, and all the friends here treated me most kindly and liberally. I must not fail to mention

my young friend, Dr Roberts, who rendered me gratuitous services.

PRATTSBURG,

So named in honor of Diah Pratt, a most energetic and business like man, who was the real builder up of the place. He went South to improve his health, but died in New Orleans—was brought back, and sleeps in the village burying-ground, and a beautiful marble shaft, with suitable inscriptions, marks his resting-place ; so much for the taste and affection of a fond, a widowed companion. Old Mrs. King, living alone, her dress caught on fire, and she was burned to a crisp, and died shortly after discovery, in great composure of mind, and free from pain. A young man was suddenly killed by the falling of a tree. Livingston Snell and lady, found their little babe dead by their side in bed. The poor mother was frantic with grief. Subsequently the house and all was consumed by fire. P. S. Hunter and lady, the Freemans, Plummers, Mayhews, Maxwells, Sopers and others, I can not omit to mention, as deserving my lasting gratitude for their liberality and kindness.

MILAN,

The residence of that beautiful orator, the Hon. S. S. Harding, who lives in a palace, and abounds in plenty, and brother to Dr. M. H. Harding, of whom favorable mention has already been made. Their venerable widowed mother died precisely as did Mrs. King, consumed by the burning of her dress, all alone—had been left but a short time to be in company again soon, when, alas! it was too late. Her cries were heard but not apprehended. Full of years and full of honors, she passed thus painfully away, loved and lamented by all who knew her. A Mr. Blackmore was suddenly killed by the fall of a board from a building. A Mr. Dixon and son were both drowned in attempting to ford the creek in a wagon, one of the horses also perished. The lamented Judge Dennison once had a fearful run away,

and was crippled for life. Old Father Swift twice wounded in the wars of the country, used to reside here, but has gone to his reward. His excellent widow still survives him. My early and good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Minerva Swift, the Rev. B. F. Stites and lady, friend Ransom and lady, friend Alden, Dr. Isgrigg, John Sage, and the Hon. Hiram Knowlton, who was exceedingly liberal and kind to me, are gratefully remembered, as well they should be.

Hon. S. S. Harding's steam mill was once consumed by fire.

PECKHAM'S SCHOOLHOUSE.

My first ministerial services in the west, were rendered in this community, at good old Father and Mother Montgomery's, of sainted and precious memory, parents of the Captains Montgomery, of whom favorable mention has already been made. I have left home before sunrise, of a precious Sabbath morning, traveled all the way on foot, a distance, then, of some eighteen miles, preached at 11, footed it back to Boardman's, preached again at 4, and then footed it home by early bedtime; and was happy and cheerful in "this great work of faith, and labor of love," and am happy now in the remembrance of these bygone days. What minister can say as much, and as truthfully. Some of my fair audience were clad in their striped linen and plain linsey dresses, and looked quite tasty and fine at that. Gentlemen in moccasins, buckskin overalls and linsey hunting shirts. Yet we had good times, and got happy. Capt. James Montgomery, then an interesting young man, had just completed a saw mill which consumed all his means, and before put to use, it was consumed by fire. This so disheartened him, that he took to the river, where, by correct habits, he soon won fame and favor, and accumulated wealth for himself, and opened the way for all his brothers, Samuel, J. Edward, and John William. So that the burning of his mill was the making, both of him and his. How imperfect and shortsighted we are. No steam-

boat captain in all the West has a more enviable reputation than my early friend, Capt. James Montgomery, now of New Albany. When a young man, he was badly and dangerously bitten by a copperhead. Rock fern, boiled in sweet milk, and drank, and the application of the plant to the bite, gave immediate relief. Save this receipt. Rock fern grows in the richest places in the woods, has a white blossom, and a scalloped leaf, which does not entirely surround the stem or stalk. Remember that, too. John William, the idol of all, was drowned at Cincinnati, and mine was the mournful pleasure to pronounce his funeral address. He sleeps in the family burying-ground, on the old homestead, beside other loved ones, whose names and memory are precious. A daughter, Mrs. Dashiell, my early pet, lives on the old place in happy circumstances. A Mr. Vansile was killed by the falling of a limb from a tree. Two children were lost, and both perished in the woods at an early day. Friend Peckham, Googins, Fisher Dean, of the early settlers, still survive. A Mr. Risinger shot his niece, mistaking her for a deer, and she fell dead on the spot, and he was frantic with grief and horror at the spectacle before him. O! how fondly I cherish my early friends, the Montgomeries!

CLINTON.

Here used to live my lamented friend, Amos Boardman, before referred to. And here still live my early friends, Squire Robinson, friend Edwards and Whitehead, good old Father Stevenson and Canfield, early and cherished friends. The Rev. B. F. Ferris, a gentleman of note and distinction, of usefulness and worth, a most pleasant family, resides here. And here, too, are my friends, Wm. Shane and Dr. Howell, a somewhat eminent physician.

O. HEUSTIS' INN.

In all my extensive travels, I never found a better landlord and landlady, in one establishment, than Mr. and Mrs. Heustis. Friend Heustis has more quaint sayings and amusing anecdotes to amuse and entertain his guests than any other man I ever saw, in his calling; and Mrs. Heustis is an A No. 1 landlady against the world, for a neat and excellent cook; and the happy faculty of making herself companionable and agreeable to her guests, and, at the same time, preserving her own proper dignity and self-respect, she possesses in an eminent degree. They keep an excellent house, good fare, and reasonable bills. My hand in, here let me give an item or two in my tavern experience.

Once on a time I put up for the night, fared well, but paid just about two full bills. After I had mounted my nag in the morning, I said: "Stranger, you are the best *cut out* man for a landlord that I ever saw—at least in some respects." "Ah! in what respect?" "Why, sir, while your guests are with you, you take right good care of *them*, and when they go away, you take right good care of *yourself*." Crest-fallen and mortified, he said, if I thought his bill too high, he would refund. "Not at all, sir; but you must not take every thing for *green* that may chance to look green;" and I "left him alone in his glory."

So again: In one of my eastern tours, I happened to be the only passenger in the stage, a little west of Boston. A fine broiled mackerel was smoking on the table, for breakfast. The landlord sat down with me. Taking all the rich part of the mackerel into his own plate, he told me to help myself, when seizing the plate, I passed it over to him, saying, "Landlord, if you please, I should like to exchange plates with you." "Exchange plates! What do you mean?" "Why, bless you, sir, I reckon I know the good part of a mackerel as well as you do. I was raised down about Portland, where good mackerel is all the go." And then if there

was not a red face, and a hawing and hemming, I would not say it. "O, if you prefer this, you can have it, sir, and welcome." "Not I, sir; but do n't you ever try that game with another guest;" and I venture he never did. Poor man, he lost all appetite for his select breakfast, and I left him to enjoy the luxury of his musings. Well, let that suffice as specimens, and I pass.

Here, in the neighborhood of friend Heustis', I taught my first school, nearly forty years ago. The Congers, Millses, Powells, Morrisises, and Dazies have disappeared. My venerable friend, Daniel Hathaway, still occupies his early forest home, much improved and beautified—was thrown from his horse; broke his leg; and is crippled for life. A fearful mortality bereaved him of several of his children several years ago. I have few such friends as Daniel Hathaway—better none can have. Elder Babb, an excellent and acceptable minister of the Baptist Church, now resides in the north part of the State. Father Garri-gus has passed away, but his excellent lady, and mother of a numerous and excellent family of children, still survives to bless and comfort them. My most fondly cherished and early friends, Philander Ross and lady, whose house was my early preaching-place, and they the first couple I ever married, removed north, and died several years ago. The dear children all are peculiarly dear to my heart and memory, as I have good reason to know that I am to theirs. O, how fondly and kindly they greet and entertain me when I can do myself the pleasure to call upon them! Early associations and friendships, how sweet, how true, and how dear!

James and Joseph Kelso, Thomas Slack, William Flint, William Shane, Thomas Coen, and Sandfords S. Hawley, and all their dear kind families, are by no means to be forgotten or overlooked. Mrs. Hawley was one of my *very* first and *best* pupils, as was also her excellent brother, James Stevenson, and my kind good neighbor, Samuel S. Conger; better scholars and better citizens would be hard to find. They are

about all that are left in this region of my first pupils, and hence this special notice—this calling up to mind the pleasant scenes and associations of “bygone days.” My ever-cherished friend, John Jackson, who sleeps here beside other friends, that

“Last long sleep that knows no waking,”

was also one of my first friends and best pupils. With a sigh and a tear, I drop the curtain and pass.

John Kelley was crushed to death in Conger’s Mill. His good lady, also, died only a short time before, leaving a large family of young children, and numerous friends to mourn their loss. Old Father Conger suffered a world of woe, for years, with a lame leg, but at a good old age, both he and his excellent lady fell asleep in death. They were my early, my ever constant friends. Cyrus Mills, Esq., one of the best men in the world, removed west, and died soon after, lamented and honored by all. My lamented friend, Zachariah S. Conger, and his dear widow, Tacey, laid me under great and lasting obligations for their generosity and kindness to me. Bless the children! how fondly I cherish their names and memories! My *first* school! how fondly I cherish it even to this day! A poor log cabin, with a “cat and mud” chimney, puncheon floor, and oiled-paper for glass, was the best house that the county could then afford; and still we were all happy, and got along well. Children, think of that *now*, and be thankful *for*, and *well* improve your “better inheritance.” Will you?

PLEASANTVIEW.

Here I have labored much, both as a minister and a teacher; some of my early pupils are now highly educated, respectable, and useful. Prominent upon the list, stand Francis Dorman, Edwin Ferris, Sampson Givan, and Matilda Mcader, now Mrs. Ahira Smith, who is indeed a fine poetess, an excellent lady, and a happy, contented wife, as may be seen by her beautiful poem heretofore noticed. El-

der Meader and his excellent lady are happy in all their family relations—all taking part in their family devotions, and all rejoicing together.

“Does pure religion charm thee
Far more than aught below?
Would'st thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of woe?
Her dwelling is not only
In temples built for prayer,
For home itself is lonely,
Unless her smiles be there.
Wherever we may wander,
'Tis all in vain we roam,
If worshipless her altars
Around the hearth at home.”

Shubar L. Meader, my dearest friend and brother, his exceedingly kind lady, my early associate and friend, and other loved and cherished ones, have removed to new homes in the “Far West.” The blessing of heaven abide with them, as do my prayers, my good wishes, and kind remembrances. Good old Father and Mother Dixon worship God in the same happy manner, as do Elder Meader and lady, and live by the same pious rule. Old Father and Mother King, of precious memory, and Father and Mother Terrell, parents of Asahel Terrell, one of the very best county commissioners we ever had, and old Father Ellis have passed away. Mother Ellis is still active and well, and “smart as a steel-trap.” Her eldest son was drowned many years ago, over which she still mourns and grieves. Old Father and Mother Givan, early settlers and choice good citizens, still live, well stricken in years. The kind mate of my youth in Maine, Rufus Rice, slumbers here in death. His excellent and kind family are scattered abroad. Happy indeed has been my connection with them. My good friend, Rufus, Jr., and his kind lady, Sarah, are my cherished pupils, and occupy the old homestead in peace and plenty. Mr. and Mrs. John Dorman, Mr. and Mrs. John

Todd, Michael and Sarah Dixon, Wm. Green, Hezekiah Hall, David McCoy, Wm. Withered, Father Syms, and all their kind families I fondly cherish, with my unnamed friends in this community.

Joel Vaughan, an early settler, was found dead by the side of the road, just at the foot of the hill here. A tremendous tornado swept all before it nearly, several years ago; much damage was done, but no lives were lost.

But I see I am crowding things too much. My friends, David Ellis and lady, and family, and Joseph's also, well deserve my gratitude and love. Father Haynes and lady, parents of my eloquent friend, Lawyer Haynes, and old Father Hulse, and Elder Ferris are well worthy of my remembrance and love. Father and Mother Smith, and Loter, and that *singular* genius and worthy man, Jacob Fielding, early settlers, now no more, well deserve a place in my little book.

Mrs. Ferris, a pious lady, suffered a world of woe with a fearful cancer, of which she at last died, in triumphant hope. O Religion! the sanctifier and the soother of all our woes, how precious thou art! "As thy days are, so shall thy strength be." *Amen.*

A Mr. Mackey, son of the sainted Father and Mother Mackey, was bitten by a mad dog, and sometime after died, frothing and foaming with fearful convulsions, of hydrophobia, the very thought and mention of which are painfully horrible. Well has the poet said—

"Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home."

Old Father Howerly threw off his coat and vest, and then plunged, head foremost, into his well and perished. I give the facts, and you, reader, may the comments. Robert and Fanny Ketcham, and Purnell and Rachel Parsons found their little babes dead upon their pillows. O, what a pain-

ful shock! But loss to us, to them is gain, no one can doubt. So cherub dears, farewell, farewell!

DURHAM'S MILL,

Owned by Noah C. Durham, ex-representative, and a prominent man in the community, my early, kind, and constant friend. He has an interesting family, and lives in the enjoyment of abundance and peace. Just below, are my excellent friends, the Johnsons, so favorably known all over the country. My good friend, Thomas Millburn, has removed west. Nathan and his lady have passed away; she died with a fearful cancer. Old Father and Mother Rumsey, early settlers, are no more. One of my last and most important decisions, as a judge, was upon an issue connected with the estate; it was a subject of much interest and controversy, but the Supreme Court affirmed my judgment in all things.

A gentleman informed me that he and several others were out on a hunt, when their dogs started a panther, which they soon treed. All were anxious to bring down the game—all, in a hurry, shot, and all made a clear miss; but the panther, not liking his position, sprang from the tree, and would have struck the ground, at least sixty yards from the tree, if his dogs had let him alight at all. But before he struck the earth, they were all upon him, and stretched him out, so that he fell an easy prey. They skinned him, and hung him up by their camp-fire, and got sixteen pounds of tallow, which was so hard that it would perfectly rattle. Just think of that panther story, right here in Manchester, at Durham's Mill!

BRUCE'S SCHOOLHOUSE.

Here I met with a warm reception, and a good subscription. The Elders, Parks, Mendalls, Canfields, Chismans, Clementses, Wards, and Bruces, and other kind friends, must all be registered. Walter Kerr was deputy sheriff in my court for years—an excellent officer, a wor-

thy man, a good citizen. Cyrus Canfield, one of the best assessors in the State, and one of the best men in it, has grown up in this county, and knows it all "like a book." My old friend, John Howard, who, like myself, has taught school all his days, honored and useful in his calling, is holding forth here. His pioneer and forest history ought not to be lost. My early neighbor, David Ketcham—and a kinder neighbor never lived—resides here. Good old Father Stevenson has removed; his excellent lady suffered the amputation of her breast in a most heroic manner; it being fearfully diseased with a cancer, but died a few years after. A Mr. McKenny, residing here, was executed in Illinois for robbery and murder—poor, mistaken man!

EBENEZER CHURCH.

The Rev. Mr. Erwin laid me under lasting obligations, by withdrawing an appointment, to accommodate me, and for his kind address and interest in my behalf. He and the sainted Rev. Father Morgan, and Curtis, and the former excellent pastor, Cell, have wrought a good work here, both for the church and for the community. Wm. Dils, many years high sheriff, a first rate officer, lives here, most pleasantly situated. His kind, good lady was a daughter of the Rev. Father Morgan, as is, also, my fair friend, Mrs. Anderson, whom I fondly cherish. My good friend, Daniel Frazier laid me under renewed obligations, for personal kindness and interest in my enterprise, as did my young friend, Samuel B. Sanks and others. John Elwell and several of his family died suddenly and most singularly a few years ago, and a Miss Cheek deliberately threw herself into a cistern, it is supposed, and perished—poor girl. Who is to blame? Anybody? There must be an awful struggle in the mind before a delicate and tender female could lay violent hands upon herself. O, what fearful disclosures the final day will reveal. "Stand from under," everybody.

WORLEY'S SCHOOLHOUSE,

So named in honor of Francis Worley, a worthy and distinguished citizen. His father was one of the first settlers, once heard a great ado among a flock or drove of wild hogs in the woods, cautiously approached, saw a big wolf upon a high stump, surrounded by some fifty large hogs, all eager to get a nab at him for attempting to seize one of the little pigs. There sat mister wolf eying the hogs, and father Worley, eying him for a time, summoned him down with a faithful and trusty leaden messenger, and the hogs tore him into "fiddle-strings," with a right hearty good will. Hogs have at least one excellent trait of character. They never desert their friends in the hour of danger. "Honor to whom honor is due." At another time father Worley, I think, or some one down on Laughry, saw a bear and a panther attempting to cross a deep ravine, in opposite directions, upon the same log. Like McPherson and his friend meeting upon the brow of a precipice, neither would back out, and there they stood parleying and growling, and menacing each other; panther at last turned about to retreat, when bruin caught him back to with a death-grip and a squeeze that stopped his breathing apparatus in a hurry, but in the struggle both rolled off into the chasm below. By-and-by, bruin was seen waddling up the steep bank, and came and sat down upon the crossing log again, as much as to say, "Stop me who dare," when "bang" went the trusty rifle, whiz went the ball, and pop went bruin into the ditch again. The huntsman, cautiously approaching, saw them side by side, calm and cold in death. The bear had actually killed the panther, and he had killed the bear. There's a bear and panther story for you boys, that's worth telling, both for the story and the moral it contains. If mister bear and mister panther had been a little more kind and accommodating, neither of them would have been injured. *Stubbornness* and selfishness often punish themselves.

Again, if you *must* encounter an adversary, be *careful* how you take hold of him. Had bruin caught his adversary in such a manner that he could have brought his fearful talons in play, he would, no doubt, have got "the worst of the fight." Learn a moral, then, even from the instinct and precaution of a bear. Ease, safety, and success in any and every thing, depends much upon how we take hold of it. An old adage says, "take every thing by the smooth handle," which I have done all the days of my life, and I do assure you that it works to "a *perfect* charm."

Mrs. Mary Ann Worley, widow of the lamented Henry Worley, and daughter of O. Heustis, Esq., was once thrown from a runaway horse; her jawbone was all broken to atoms nearly, and otherwise seriously bruised and injured; but to the surprise of all, and the skillful management of Dr. Harding, she recovered, scarcely disfigured at all. Her presence of mind and her mother-love was such that she laid her infant babe down so gently that it did not awake from its peaceful slumbers. It was taken up, carried in, and laid upon the bed for a corpse, but to the surprise of all, it soon let them all know that it was alive and well, and had enjoyed a good, sweet nap. She is now the interesting and happy wife of Mahlon Kerr, son of my early friend, Walter Kerr, Esq., so favorably known all over the country, as before noticed. Other kind friends I fain would, but can not, in justice to them or myself, mention here.

FOWLER'S SCHOOLHOUSE,

So called, in honor of a large family of Fowlers, living in the neighborhood, of high respectability and usefulness. Good old mother Fowler is now eighty-one years of age, smart and active still. Her history, like old mother Cheek's, perfectly tallies, and is full of thrilling interest. She once killed "a whopping big rattle-snake," right at her door. Soon after, another of equal dimensions came right into

her house and out at the other door, and she ran after it and killed that one too. They were evidently mates. At another time she was badly bitten with a copperhead. And if I only knew that my fair readers would not blush, I would tell them how it happened—just as the fair lady told it to me. I think I'll tell it, any how, "hit or miss." Well, the old lady, young, beautiful and vigorous then, was out in the field "pulling flax." A young and beautiful wife and mother out in the field "pulling flax!" How that sounds, don't it? Now, don't faint or scream if you can avoid it, when I inform you that she was pulling flax, *barefooted*, when she was thus bitten. Mercy on me! What shall I do now? A barefooted lady pulling flax, has got right into my book, too. Did you ever see the like?

Tavner Cheek, brother to Nicholas, as before stated, resided here at a good old age, highly respected by his neighbors and friends, and I have long known him to be a man of truth and veracity,—located here in 1796. He confirms the Indian story about "Old Nick," and adds that his brother jumped upon the fallen Indian, and stamped upon him in his face, and nearly killed him before he would let him go, and then told him to be off, which he seemed in great haste to do, and glad to get off at that. Tavner informs me that wolves, bears, and panthers were numerous, that in the night time they kept up a constant pow wow at the Big Lick, just above the mouth of Hogan, where the beautiful city of Aurora now stands—that they often caught panthers there with a kind of hook set for them—often shot them; and once when watching there for deer, eight wolves came into the Lick at once, and he shot one of them—had seen hundreds of turkeys at a time, and had seen as many as one hundred deer at a time often on the bottom, had shaded himself in a booth of bushes, and shot as many as four without being discovered, took his own time, and took his choice of the lot—that he had killed more than one hundred wild cats in his time. They were a singular and savage animal, dark brindle color, with short tails and sharp claws,

and so long, that when taken by the hind feet, he could not raise them clear from the earth—that his father had killed as many as thirty deer in the Lick, close by where he now lives, on Wilson Creek; when his cabin was not more than one hundred yards from the Lick, and his family occupying it—that a large bear came in to one of his neighbor's cabins, sat him down in the corner of the room—the family slipping out the back way as the bear slipped in, gave the alarm, and he was shot and killed in the cabin; that he, in company with a few others, once camped out near where friend Burk's beautiful mansion house now stands on the State road, where the road forks for Lawrenceburg and Aurora, took the pick of a turkey for supper, which was served up to order. In the morning, they followed along the ridge, about where the turnpike now is, as far as about where our good friend and fellow citizen, Jeremiah Howerton now lives. There their well trained dogs started game down Elk Run, toward Hogan Creek, and that their dogs brought up five bears, three panthers, and one wild cat, all of which surrendered at discretion, when summoned so to do by their trusty rifles. Just think of that, right here in Manchester. Here are Indian, turkey, deer, wild cat, bear, wolf, and panther stories, to which I might add a few elk, all reported by a single man of sterling integrity and truth. Had I room I would devote several pages to Mr. Cheek's thrilling and interesting narration. My venerable friends Joshua Sanks and Jesse Laird and others reside here, loved by all that know them. Mr. Cheek's narration precludes a farther notice here, except simply to state that good old Father Sanks is 80 years old, and never had the toothache—never was confined to his room a single day by sickness, and never had "a law suit" in all his life. There's

"A life of health and peace"

for you, the result of temperate habits, and a correct moral and religious deportment, worth more than "the gold of Ophir," or the glitter of a crown—worthy of

.

all desire, all imitation, and all praise. Wouldst thou live long and enjoy life, be respected and loved,

“Go thou and do likewise.”

WRIGHT'S CORNER.

The early settlers, Hon. Judge Palmer, old Father and Mother True, old Father Vaughan, and Dils, and Darling, and Riley Elliott, of cherished memory, are no more. Good old Father Jaqueth almost stands alone. His precious good lady died suddenly with an apoplectic shock, so did good old Father Darling. His son Thomas, now well stricken in years, had like to have passed away in a singular manner, but recovered, much to the surprise and comfort of his family and friends. A Mr. Ince hung himself in the barn years ago. Old Father Jebine, a revolutionary soldier hung himself upon a sapling in the woods, that hardly cleared his knees from the ground. A Mr. Cunningham jumped out of his wagon to pick up his hat, and fell and broke his neck. A Mr. O'Brine was looking back after his friends, when his horse stumbled—threw him, and broke *his* neck. Here the Duncan House and four children were consumed by fire in 1822. (See ballad.) The Freewill Baptist Church was consumed by fire a few years ago. About fifty years ago a large elk was killed by John Dawson, and one of his neighbors, nigh where my friend Thomas Darling, Sr., now lives, and the last of the race in this community.

Old Nathan Finch, who first owned the old Jaqueth farm, informed me the other day, that while boiling sugar-water in the evening, he was beset with a number of panthers, which he only kept off by throwing brands of fire at them. Supposing they had left, he put out for home, which he had scarcely reached, when they surrounded his forest cabin, in hot pursuit of him—that bears and wolves were “thick as fleas.” It was his lady, then a Mrs. Walden, that shot the turkey, and beat the Indians at a mark in New Lawrenceburg. And right here Tavner Check and

others, killed their five bears, three panthers, and one wild-cat, in one day, right here in sight and hearing of the turnpike and telegraph, the beautiful college edifice, and the Providence and Zion Chapels. This shows how numerous such animals were in pioneer times—yes right here in Manchester—in our very midst. O! what a change, what a happy change has time, industry, and religion wrought!

I must not fail to notice the death of good old Father Oldham, one of the most pious and eloquent exhorters I ever knew, who fell dead at his plow handles, last spring, with a disease of the heart. His good lady died “full of hope,” several years ago, and his only and dear son, the Rev. Edward Oldham, his wife, and all his children died within a short time of each other. Three sisters, Mrs. Julia Lyons, Mrs. Rebecca Robinson, and Miss Charlotte, dear, precious friends, are all that now remain of the large and worthy Oldham family. Such are the inscrutable ways of Him, who is too wise to err—too good to be unkind. My early friend, Lozier, and father of G. M. Lozier, Esq., ex-representative, rather a distinguished man, has removed west, and his pious lady to her home above. The squire’s interesting and intelligent lady is a sister to my friend, Sparks Blasdell, Esq., and a daughter of Jacob Blasdell, of sainted and precious memory, whose name can never be too often repeated, nor too fondly cherished. My exceedingly kind and good friends, Robert Owens, Wm. Palmer, Jeremiah Howerton, Columbus and Sullivan Jaqueth, Elias Heustis, James Burk, Henry Wood, Robert and Charles Mason, their kind ladies and children, and others too numerous to mention, are fondly cherished; and my worthy friends, Hon. Col. Wm. Perry, Abram True, David Tibbets, Esq., and Stokely Dills—whose house was all consumed by fire—and whose names, and wives and children we all love and respect, have sold out and removed, followed by the blessings of the friends who remain here.

A Mr. Beach caught three wolves in one trap—one left his foot, the other two were held and slain, and for this wonderful feat, he was ever after known as “Wolf Beach.” This was the last of wolves among us here. A Mr. Mattocks had his thigh all shattered to atoms by the explosion of a cannon, at a mass meeting on the Fair Ground, and soon died. Poor fellow! Roswell Craw felled a tree upon himself, lay out all night, and was found in the morning mangled and cold in death.

Thomas Wilcox, a lad of some twelve years, at a shivareeing party, came to a sudden and painful death. It being dark, one of the parties discharged his pistol, with its muzzle, unobserved, right upon the breast of young Wilcox; and, although nothing but powder, the concussion upon the vitals was so great, that he fell, lingered one painful day, and expired, to the deep anguish and grief of his kind and fond father and mother, who mourn his untimely end until this day, and will go down to their graves sorrowing. My young friend, Leonard C. Chase, sang a fine poetic lay upon the occasion, which I should be pleased to treat the friends and my readers to, did space permit. A single quotation, however, I will make:

“No tongue can tell what feelings fell
Upon the people all around,
When news they got a boy was shot,
And he lay moaning on the ground.”

So much for a foolish shivareeing party, of which mention will again be made—and so much, too, for Wright’s Corner.

N. B.—The Rev. Dr. Wooley, whom his friends regarded as an eminent and eloquent minister and a successful practitioner, quite recently removed to that country where

“Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.”

But his name and his memory are fondly cherished still.

STONE CHAPEL, WEST FORK.

Here I taught some of my most pleasant schools. It is, decidedly, one of the finest settlements in the West. Mary Jane, daughter of George and Ann Snell, died preciously happy in religious hope and enjoyment. Miss Eliza and Miss Clara, fond, sweet sisters, and daughters of my early and most estimable friends, Reuben and Betsey True, died within a short period of each other. Both were exceedingly interesting young ladies, and Miss Clara was a fine writer, a young lady of taste and genius, whose name and memory can never be obliterated from my throbbing heart. Miss Sarah, daughter of Thomas and Jane Smith, my ever dear friends, was almost an exception for mind and amiability. All dear cherished pupils, who have passed sweetly from earth away.—See Obituary.

Joseph and Hannah Hansel, Ralph and Mary Collier, George and Ann True, John and Ann Collier, a much afflicted but most interesting young lady; Samuel and Frances Etta Beggs, Isaac and Helen Ward, Adolphus and Sarah Jane Kirshner, Joseph and Ann A. Hall, Alfred and Mary Jane Chamberlain, were *all*, except two, my early, my cherished pupils, and as such, and as families, have my warmest love and gratitude for great personal attentions and kindness. Joseph Hall and Adolphus Kirshner are *now* in the furniture business, in Cincinnati. Should any of my readers or friends visit the city on business, "in their line," I confidently advise them to give my worthy and most deserving friends a call, at No. 59 Broadway, a few doors below Lower Market.

Miss Jane Ann, Miss Ellen, and Miss Mary, daughters of Thomas and Betsy Hansel, are names too precious and dear ever to be overlooked or forgotten by me. Nor can I pass unnoticed my other pupils here; Miss Elizabeth and Miss Almira Firth, Miss Jane Ann, and little Miss Mary Thompson, Miss Jennie Davis, Miss Ann, Miss Frances Etta, and Miss Rhoda Hall, Miss Mary Ann, Miss Helen, Miss Rachel, and little Miss Sebra Smith, Miss Mary Eliza-

beth, and Miss Angeline Vanhorn, Miss Elizabeth, Miss Ann, Miss Sophronia, and little Miss Hannah Taylor; Miss Mary Ann, Miss Frances, and Miss Elizabeth Emerson; Miss Lovina, Miss Clara, and Miss Emeline Elliott; Miss Elizabeth Ann, Miss Eliza Jane, Miss Sebra, and little Miss Josephine Hansel; Miss Clara Jane, Miss Louisa, and little Sebra, and Harriet Beecher Collier; little Miss Maria Snell; little Miss Ann Eliza and Flora Collier; Miss Rose Ann and Miss Elizabeth Pierce; Miss Harriet, Miss Sarah, Miss Catherine, Miss Arzilla, Miss Lovina, Miss Mary Eliza, and Miss Elmira Jane True—precious names—and pupils loved most fondly still, though scattered abroad and “far away.” The Lord bless them all—how dear they are to my heart!

“The good boys” must excuse me if I omit their names. I scarce *can* find space to record the names of their kind, good sisters. Bear this in mind, boys—will you?—and “take the will for the deed.” O, I love to dwell upon the memories of my cherished pupils, and know full well that, *generally*, they do upon mine—that I do.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. George Snell, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hansell, Mrs. Widow True, Mrs. Widow Collier, and Mrs. Widow Hall, whose hospitalities I have oft enjoyed, are *all* gratefully remembered and embalmed in the pages of my little book. This, to me, is a somewhat extra neighborhood, and I give to it an *extra* notice.

Hannah, a dear sweet little daughter of Joseph and Fanny Hall, was suddenly killed by lightning, in 1822. She was sitting close to the hearth, received the electric shock, and gasped and died, while the grief-stricken parents were at church. Good old Father Hawxwell, Father of my much esteemed friend, John Hawxwell, died suddenly with an apoplectic shock. Good old Father Collier and good old Father Hansel, also, passed suddenly away years ago, both loved and lamented by all who knew them. Mother Hansel, sainted woman, will, in all human proba-

bility, soon "join her friends above." Judge Dowden and lady, my choicest friends, removed, and both fell asleep in death. James Hall fell from an appletree, that well-nigh broke his back, and injured him, perchance, for life. James Thompson fell some thirty or forty feet from a tree, while after nuts, was much bruised and injured, but recovered. Boys, be careful how you climb trees after nuts, will you? Charles Pierce, my good old friend, once had a fearful runaway, but escaped harm as by a miracle. Virgil Dowden's little daughter lost a hand entirely by a "cutting machine," Can't be too careful, friends. Right here, old father Cunningham killed three panthers in an hour, and then caught two cub bears. The wolves killed one of his best dogs, right at the mouth of the run, by Mrs. Hall's. His daughter, now Mrs. Squire Connelly, of Jackson, encountered a monstrous big rattlesnake and took his rattle from him. Instead of running *from* him she ran *at* him, and beat him too at that. Young ladies, what say you? could you do *that*? Joseph and John Hansel killed another, five or six feet long, as large as his thigh, and took nineteen rattles from him—monstrous! That's a snake story that will *pay*, and do well to quit on.

What will the little boys think who live here fifty years hence, who, perchance, may read this story as they glide along upon the railroad track, or while cultivating this rich bottom field where his snakeship "met his enemy and *he was theirs*." I can not pass my worthy and kind friend, John Hammond, unnoticed—surely not—never. Benjamin Hall, an early and ever-cherished pupil, has long resided in the far-off and beautiful Oregon. Bless me, how my pupils are scattered abroad. God bless them *all*, and make them a blessing *to all* with whom they have to do. "So mote it be." My excellent friend, Ralph Collier, was a No. 1 scholar all the time, for *close* application and "good behavior in school," and as a result, he is *now* one of the most intelligent, most business-like, most useful, most loved and honored men in all "these diggings," and has a

lady and family to match to "a perfect charm." So much, then, for a little obscure "Tanner's creek boy." *Close* application and a *correct* deportment will make a *man* of usefulness and honor of the most forbidding and obscure. Boys, do you hear that? Will you heed it? Save your spare dimes and your leisure moments—turn all to good account, and you will accomplish wonders.

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land,"

Therefore, "despise not the day of small things," for "behold what a *great* fire a *little* matter kindleth." I here treat you to a beautiful *little* poem, and pass. Treasure up the moral, and may you all profit by it.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"LITTLE by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."
Little by little, each day it grew;
Little by little, it sipped the dew;
Downward it sent a threadlike root;
Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot.
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little, the leaves appear;
And then the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

"Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea,
An insect train work ceaselessly;
Grain by grain they are building well,
Each one alone in its little cell.
Moment by moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to rest or to play.
Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high,
Till the top looks out on the sunny sky;
The gentle wind and the balmy air,
Little by little, bring verdure there;

Till the summer sunbeams gayly smile
On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment, I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play.
And still! this rule in my mind shall dwell—
'Whatever I do, I will do it well.'
Little by little, I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago;
And one of these days perhaps we'll see,
That the world will be the better for me.
And do you not think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and a useful man?

YORKVILLE.

Here is the residence of Richard Slater, ex-senator, and of John Boyd, men of influence and notoriety, political adversaries, but choice personal friends of mine. My good friend, the Rev. Richard Spicknell, removed west, and soon after died in the joyous hope of "a better inheritance above." A. Mr. Bailey was killed by the falling of a tree years ago. Whitesell's steam mill was consumed by fire a few years since. Old Father Heimberg fell from the roof of his barn, and soon after died. In the early settlement here, a little son of Mr. Levingberg, not three years old, was lost in the woods, tarried out all night and all the next day, before he was found. He had wandered several miles, but could give no satisfactory account of himself. Friend Scott informed me the other day that the whole forest was alive with persons in search. And when found, such another shout was never heard. Mr. Scott is my ever faithful and worthy friend. The Rev. Joseph Proctor, a somewhat eminent minister, and a friend, is most kindly remembered. Old Father Skaats, a Revolutionary soldier, was buried here, with military honors. My ever dear

friend, John McMath and family have removed, loved and missed. And now my ever faithful, ever true friend, James Angevine, must receive a passing notice. Mr. Angevine has few equals, and no superiors, for moral excellence, in all this community. I am more indebted to him and his exceedingly fine and amiable family, than to any other one family in all the west. By night or by day, in sunshine or in tempest, his house has been my happy home. I have married nearly all his children, preached all their funeral sermons, and, almost without an exception, returned with an extra V or "yellow 5" jingling in my pocket. If all my ministerial services had been half as well paid for, I should have an abundance. He has often loaned me money, but would never take a cent for interest. When I have been sick, he has contributed freely and voluntarily to my necessities, to the tune of ten dollars at a time, subscribed for nine copies of my book, and voluntarily paid all in advance. Differences of political or religious opinions have never for a moment interfered with our affairs, or cooled our personal love or friendship. My Muse whispers me *again* that I ought to say, *right here*, something like this:

My good old friend, JAMES ANGEVINE,

And *all* his household dear,

Deserve a *tribute* at my hands,

Which I present them here.

They've been most kind to me and mine,

For lo! these forty years,

Which I acknowledge cordially,

With gratitude and tears.

And since my acquaintance with Captain Hugh Scott, both he and his have performed toward me and mine a similar part, and are entitled to share in the above *tribute* largely and freely. My friends will readily see that this is a little *extra* liberality and kindness that well deserves a little *extra* acknowledgment. And the kind remembrances of their

"loved and lost" John, Gilbert and Eliza Angevine (Mrs. Rowe), and Nathaniel and Sarah Scott (Mrs. Carson), claim "the tribute of a sigh and a tear." Wm. S. Ward, Esq., an excellent county commissioner, good old Father Perine, and good old Father Proctor, fell suddenly "asleep in Jesus," years ago, but "their memory is precious" still. Old Father Christy died of a fearful cancer. George Hall died in a most painful manner, after losing both his eyes, and "suffering a thousand deaths"—poor fellow!—yet he died in full hope of "a better inheritance above." My exceedingly kind friend, Freeborn Lewis, once, in my presence, had a fearful runaway; but, in a most astonishing manner, escaped both death and damage. John Bontee was, in early times, closely beset with "a pack of wolves," whose name was "legion;" but by great presence of mind and good management, he made his escape. Good old Father Rowe, and Father Row, and Father McMath, and Henry Likely, Esq., and their kind families, are all removed by death or otherwise; but fondly cherished still. Wm. Row, a young man, much beloved and respected, leaning upon his gun, accidentally struck the hammer with his foot, and received the full charge in his breast, and fell a bleeding corpse. My early and venerable friend, old Father Rodgers, died at a good old age, with a fearful and painful cancer. His kind good lady, and his precious dear daughter, Miss Ann, died several years before, loved, lamented, and missed. His most amiable and most praiseworthy niece, Miss Carrie Guion, with a devotion and fidelity seldom to be found, stood by him, night and day, to the *very* last, doing all that ingenuity and affection could devise to soothe his pain, and to comfort and cheer his heart. Estimable young lady! dear, cherished pupil of mine! wherever my book is read, this shall be known as a "memorial of thee." I name Father Rodgers here, because here he worshiped, and all are buried here.

The venerable Widow Perine says, when she first settled here in the forest, some forty or fifty years ago, not only

were the howling beasts of prey, but Indians, too, were numerous, and would often enter into her cabin at night, strike up a fire, treat themselves unceremoniously to any and every thing they could find, enjoy themselves thus for hours, and then retire, without offering her or hers any personal molestation or violence. And a Mr. Smith (I think that was the name), who raised the very first cabin on the ridge, had it partly covered, when he chanced to see two big Indians lurking about it. Supposing them to be spies for mischief, he stole upon them, and with a deadly aim made one of them "bite the dust." The other precipitately fled—paused at the distance of some forty rods, and then turned back, unwilling to leave or forsake his friend. Meantime, Smith had kept his eyes upon him, and reloaded his gun, and when the Indian had come within shooting distance, he, too, was made to bite the dust, and share the fate of his friend. Smith dug a grave, put them both in, and buried them right here, within gunshot of the church; and that winds up the story. Ain't that worth preservation? Indians pillaging houses, and then shot, right here in Yorkville; and but for me, who would know it?

VANHORN'S SCHOOLHOUSE.

One of the very best schoolhouses I ever occupied, and one of the best districts. Of forty pupils, only twenty-five of them were Smiths, and my most excellent friends, John Smith and lady, only furnished eight; and for good and kind pupils, one need not desire better—could not find them if they would. If all the Smiths that we hear and read so much about, are, for moral excellence, like this Smith stock, may they never be less; and, judging from appearances, they never will, though John and his excellent lady have only fifteen children yet—as sweet children as ever blessed a parent. And would you believe it, my very worthy and exceedingly kind friends over the creek, William Rawling and lady, have had twice fifteen—yes,

twice fifteen. Perhaps it will relieve your wonderment a little when I explain it thus—they had fifteen, lost one, and then had another, which makes twice fifteen, you see. Every thing is simple and plain when you understand it.

My early and ever-cherished friends, Cornelius Vanhorn, Esq., his kind afflicted lady, and his exceedingly kind children, Miss Mary Elizabeth and Miss Angeline, are loved and cherished pupils of mine, and dear to my heart, as are all the numerous and beloved Smiths. Here, too, were the lamented Sarah, beforementioned, and her dear sisters, Mary Ann, Ellen and Rachel, enrolled high on the list, and deeply engraven on my heart, as was Elizabeth Sharp, sweet girl, now no more. My worthy and precious friends, William and Coonrod Row, and William Robinson, and their kind, interesting families, have removed, loved and missed by the community generally, and that I know right well. Here I record a general act of kindness, never to be forgotten. At the close of an evening-school, friend Robinson and Collier went up to the desk, and commenced counting out money, when I pleasantly remarked, I thought they had more than their share, and that I should like to come in for a part of it. Friend Robinson said they would let me in, and gathering it all up, handed it over to me, saying the accompanying paper would explain. "I do not understand you." "No matter; the paper will explain; take it all, and look it over at your leisure." And while I hesitated, they laid it all on the desk for me, bade me good night, and left me to close up the house. On opening the paper of explanation, it read as follows:

"We, the undersigned, consider it due to A. J. Cotton, for his services as temperance lecturer, as a minister of the Gospel, and school teacher, and for the great good he has affected upon society generally, to tender to him, as a testimonial of our respect, for those services, the following subscription, for the purpose of treating himself to 'a new

coat,' as 'a Christmas present.'” Ten dollars enclosed, with the list of subscribers.

A thunder clap from a cloudless sky at noonday, could not have taken me with a more sudden surprise. It was, however, a very pleasant surprise, set on foot by my good friend Robinson and lady, by whom five dollars more were given to treat my good lady to a new dress also. Precious are such friends, and precious their remembrance. My hand in, I will finish my coat story. While President of the County Temperance Society, I contented myself with rather a shabby coat for such a high dignitary, because I had not the means to do better. And my heart was too warmly engaged in the good cause, to think much about my coat, which was comfortable, if not respectable. At which time a very kind friend approached me, very timidly and cautiously, lest he should wound my pride—wished to know if I would take it kindly, if my friends should present me a new coat. He was authorized to ask me, and if acceptable, to assure me that the coat should be forthcoming. I assured him that it would be a most timely and acceptable present, the like of which, however, had not entered into my imagination. Enough said, added he, and we parted, he to report progress, and I to enjoy happy dreams, and soon a new coat. Well, I looked and waited, and waited and looked, but I never heard another word about the coat. I suppose it was intended as a hint that the president should wear a better coat. Well, however, that I did not treat myself to one, as my “coat of tar and feathers” story well demonstrates. Reader, did you ever hear about that? Perhaps not, I have kept that pretty close to myself, but will now disclose it as an incident worthy of note in my eventful life. I name it here, because it comes in well with my other coat stories. Well, this is it: I had my old coat on, bound to the Grand Division at Patriot several years ago, called at Rising Sun on my way, and made a temperance speech in the evening, to a crowded house; had excellent order, and, as I thought, a right good

time, felt pleased myself, and thought everybody else did ; went home to share the kind hospitalities of my venerable and good friend Judge Jelley and lady, where I was most kindly entertained, as I ever had been. Well, early in the morning, two very good-looking gentlemen, whom I thought I had seen before, called upon me, and desired me, for the sake of a little chat, to take a walk with them, and supposing all fair that looked fair, I readily assented. On and on we went, and nothing new or novel was introduced. I began to think something was up, but what, for the life of me I could not conjecture. At last they said, we will call in here, and in we all went, when lo ! they accosted me *about* in this manner: Now, sir, just off with your coat. What do you mean ? said I. Off with your coat, sir. If you do not, we will do it for you. O ! gentlemen, you cant be in earnest—did I ever think I should come to this ? No time to parley, sir, everything is all ready for you, and seizing my old coat, off they took it, and in double quick time *dab* they took me, and had me completely clad in a coat of — as beautiful broadcloth as ever mortal need to wear. “ The tar and feathers ” I escaped, you see ; and the Rev. B. F. Morris, that celebrated Presbyterian Minister, and the Rev. Wm. M. Fraley, their excellent stationed minister, were the gentlemen who led off in this matter. And thus ends my coat stories, which for good reasons, I have chosen thus to report.

Miss Eliza, Sarah, Jane, Matilda, Mary, Adaline, Albina, Maria, Ellen, Minerva, Flora, Melissa, Elizabeth, Angeline and Sebra Smith, Miss Hannah Harrison, Miss Ann, Clema and Hannah Robinson, little Miss Goff, Miss Caroline, Sarah Jane, and Mahala Row, Miss Mary Jane Vandolah, Miss Hannah Jane Ferree, well deserve a name and a place in my little book, as they have in my kind and fond remembrance. Miss Mary and Miss Susan Scott, though never pupils of mine, are friends worthy of all praise ; and I embalm their names in the pages of my little book, with the other young ladies of their intimate acquaintance, and I do

it with pleasure—a deserved tribute to “modesty and worth.”

And, I think, in all my life, that I never saw a more kind, attentive, and dutiful daughter to an afflicted mother, than my fair friend, Miss Mary E. Vanhorn. Girls, you can never be too kind to your good mothers; and a kind dutiful child, O! what a treasure. My friends in this community will take this extra notice kindly, because it is a just tribute which they themselves accord to her. Girls—daughters—do you hear that? O! you can never be too kind and dutiful to your good and afflicted mothers. I repeat it, you *never can*. And it is with pleasure that I send the name and the example of Miss Mary E. Vanhorn, abroad in my little book, as worthy of all praise and all imitation. And my *little* sweet Angeline is all affection, and kindness, too. Good old Father and Mother Smith are both over 80 years of age—the oldest couple—have lived longer together as “husband and wife,” raised one of the largest and best families of children in all this community, and that is saying a great deal, truly. And when they shall have been “gathered to the land of their fathers,” their children, and their grandchildren, until the third and fourth generation

“Shall rise up and call them blessed.”

SAWDON'S SCHOOLHOUSE,

So named in honor of my good friend, Wm. Sawdon, a worthy and a good citizen, who has a fine family, and a pleasant home. Father and Mother Liddle, of precious and sainted memory, are no more. Good old Father and Mother Brown reside here. My good friend, John Liddle, has long been afflicted. And Robert Huddleston and lady, my highly esteemed friends, lost a sweet daughter, under circumstances peculiarly afflictive. Wm. Whittaker, an early and good citizen, went to England to obtain a legacy, and on his home-bound passage, perished in the ill-fated steamer *Arctic* that was lost, and every single soul on board per-

ished. Not one left to tell the story of *how*, or *when*, or *where*. All is a total blank to be filled by vague conjecture. How fearful and solemn the contemplation! More so to me, perhaps, because a loved brother of mine perished at sea.

GRUBBS' SCHOOLHOUSE,

Here I taught a very pleasant and agreeable school, all things considered. It is altogether a pleasant district. Bless the children, how I long to see them all again. John Grubbs, John Garetson, John Darling, George Liddle, Wm. and Robert Hansells, Edward Ewbank, Wm. Ewbank. Wm. Smith, Esq., John Smith, David Smith, and James Gootee, and all their good ladies and kind children have my gratitude and my love, for their kindness to me, as do others in the community. Mrs. Gootee is my early and highly esteemed friend, is a most excellent, yet much afflicted lady, but has a kind husband and a pleasant home. John Hoagland had a little girl burned to death, by her dress taking fire. Here were the honors referred to in my poem paid to

“Honest Thomas Miller.”

Here the Rev. Stephen Liddle, a very useful, and an excellent man, lived beloved, and died lamented. Here a Mr. O'Connor was found dead, out in the woods. Old Father O'Connor, Benjamin and Martin Ewbank, and families, are worthy a place among my early, and my cherished friends.

For bear, wolf and panther stories, all in this community are referred to my good but afflicted friend, John Grubb, who will “astonish you jest.” The same story all the way round. To please the children, to encourage others, and to gratify myself, I must here make mention of my *little* class, at least, little Jane Ann, and Elizabeth Smith, little Angeline and Adaline Hansel, Elizabeth Miller, Sarah O'Conner, and Mary Jane Ewbank were dear, sweet, interesting little girls, all dearly loved, and fondly cherished

still. Boys, if I name your dear, kind sisters, you must not take it amiss, if I omit your names. It is not because you are forgotten, nor because you are not loved; but because I can not spare the room. And what I now say unto you, "I say unto all," the second time, and do n't forget it.

Cost what it may, I am unwilling to pass unnoticed, Miss Sarah ——— Gootee, Miss Mary Jane, and Miss Susan Grubbs, Miss Mary Ann Hansells, Margaret Liddle, Miss Mary Jane and Miss Rachel Ewbank, whose names and memories I fondly cherish, as dearly loved pupils of mine.

GUILFORD.

Here a good brother kindly received me, but "sawed me off at the knees," almost before I had taken my seat. He said he had been so much imposed upon that he would never subscribe for another book; and beside all that, he had learned that by waiting awhile, he could get them for about half price. Thinks I to myself—"my cake is dough here, sure," which threw me into "a fit of the blues;" when what should happen, but my young friend, Benjamin M'Collough, invited me over to his office. He said he had to leave on business, and could not be at my meeting, but handed me over two dollars, "book or no book." That was both liberal and kind, and I learn his misfortune with sorrow. The house was well filled, and nearly twenty subscribers obtained, and several dollars voluntarily prepaid. A bad beginning sometimes ends well. My friend dealt with me honestly, and doubtless, has often been imposed upon; so the greater will be the compliment should he patronize my work, after he sees it, a result that I confidently anticipate. I think he is good for two or more copies at the subscription price. They will be more, instead of less, all the time, and no mistake.

The first Quarterly Meeting I ever attended, in this county, was at good old Father and Mother Ewbank's. Bishop George preached, and, oh, such preaching!—the whole atmosphere and every thing around seemed holy

and heavenly. The text and sermon I distinctly remember to this day. "Deliver us from evil," etc., was the text—the conclusion of the Lord's Prayer. The sainted bishop, and Father and Mother Ewbank have gone to their friends and to their reward in heaven, no doubt. David Ewbank, a son, and a twin brother of my worthy friend, Mrs. Fanny Hall, was suddenly killed, by the falling of a tree, forty years ago. Old Father Morgan was drowned in attempting to ford the creek, here. John Ewbank and his excellent family occupy the old homestead, in the enjoyment of great peace and plenty. Thomas, one of "the excellent of the earth," died recently, loved and lamented. His good lady, deeply afflicted, is comforted with good children. Rhoda, a dear and ever cherished pupil, has passed from earth away, leaving one of the kindest husbands, and several children, who are tenderly cared for by her good sister, Catharine, another loved and cherished pupil; as are Miss Ellen and Miss Hannah Ewbank, and others—all fondly dear to my heart, engraven in my affections, and registered in my book. Squire Huddleston, Virgil Dowdon, the Campbells, the Robinsons, and others, are all my early and precious friends.

Now for a turkey story worth telling. Mrs. Squire Lazenby, then a Miss Rawling, and one of those twice fifteen children, which only amounted to sixteen, by a new mode of computation, once saw a large flock of wild turkeys in the field. The men being all absent, she seized one of the loaded rifles, and out she put. Having heard that "two birds might be killed with one stone," she thought it a good time to make the experiment whether two turkeys could not be killed with one ball. So taking her time, two came in range, and *bang* went the gun, and down went Miss Rawling, flat upon her back, with a heavy kick from her gun, in not holding it firmly to her shoulder. A little amused and mortified at her awkward predicament, and supposing, as she had fallen herself, all else had escaped unhurt, she gathered herself up for an inglorious retreat,

when lo! to her infinite surprise and gratification, she saw a turkey in the "flurries," and rushing toward it, saw another. She picked both up, and marched home in triumph, such as Queen "Vic." never experienced, perchance, when mounting the throne in Parliament.

What do you say to that, girls? — a young forest lady kill two turkeys at a shot! Another beat an Indian at a mark, and shot deer and turkeys from her door. La, bless me! I can "beat that all hollow" myself. I have shot at turkeys out of my own window, and neither hurt them, nor myself either. I once shot nine times at a squirrel, in the same manner; ammunition and patience both failing, I gave it up for a bad job, and left him alone in his glory. But it settled one question in my mind very clearly — that you could never kill a squirrel by shooting at him and not hitting him, as some say *they* have; for if missing him *nine* times hand running would not bring him, I should like to know by what rule one miss would? Seriously, since the injury in my breast, I could never steady my hand with any degree of certainty, either to shoot or write. But do n't this story match the ladies admirably?

CAMBRIDGE

Is the resting-place of the immortal Jacob Blasdell (see poem). Jonathan and Enoch, and others of the excellent Blasdell family, reside here, in honor, peace, and plenty, my ever constant friends. Here, too, is Squire Dawson, a worthy son of old John Dawson, who settled here more than sixty years ago. Indians once entered his cabin in a menacing manner, and attempted to tomahawk his wife, and, of course, himself, too. As he could talk Indian well, he drew his rifle upon them, told them not to stir upon their peril, for the first one that moved his tomahawk would be a dead man. Holding them all at bay, he talked to them, and then told them all to retire in peace and quiet, which they promptly obeyed. There are presence of mind

and intrepidity for you, in the hour of peril, worthy a Roman general! He once came suddenly upon a large panther, which was intent upon other game, and shot him when within a few paces of him, just as the panther was making ready for him. He once brought a large cast-iron kettle, clear from Cincinnati, upon his shoulder and upon his horse. He killed a large elk on the Darling Ridge, more than fifty years ago, and the last of the kind in this region. These are scenes in a forest life, for you, worth preserving.

Here old Father Ray was drowned—the “Old Man of the Mountain,” whose poem we have already quoted. He was quite a writer, and father of Martin M. Ray, of Indianapolis, a gentleman of worth and of extensive fame. Captain Gibbs, of Mexican notoriety, resides here, as do also my other friends, the Knapps, the Craigs, the Nowlands, the Robinsons, and other friends, all good and true. My venerable friends, old Father and Mother Frazier, once had a fearful runaway, and both were badly injured. They still live, at a good ripe old age, surrounded with plenty, and beloved by friends.

Here was the first incorporated college in the State, I believe; a timber house, some twenty by twenty-four feet square, and here it still stands, in a dilapidated state. A log building for a college! Did you ever? Yes, such was the beginning of our high literary institutions, which now beautify and adorn the State.—“Despise not the day of small things.”

Why, reader, the first schoolhouse I ever occupied was built of round logs, chinked and pointed with mud, puncheon floors, cat chimney, and oiled paper for glass, as before stated: and if I don't know something about a pioneer's life, who does? Well, we have excellent schoolhouses, and seminaries, and colleges now, and I rejoice that I have lived to see it. O my young readers, how you ought to appreciate and improve your “better inheritance.”

SALT FORK CHURCH.

Good old Jehu Goodwin settled in this county in 1800. Indians were numerous, and richly ornamented with silver and other showy trinkets; for a single load of powder, could purchase much silver; could talk Indian well; once went to their camp, near Georgetown, and joined in their sports; could outjump, outrun, and outshoot them; performed all these feats in one day, and jocosely said: "Indian good for nothing. I beat him at jump, run, and shoot, and now I can beat him with bow and arrow." That was an indignity not to be borne, and in a moment an Indian seized his bow, and drew a bead upon him—his eye flashing fire; and he thought himself "a goner;" but another Indian in a moment seized his arm, and turned away his shot, and he escaped, as by a miracle. He trembles now when he calls the scene up to mind.

Saw fine elk, but never had the good fortune to take one; killed one deer, with six balls in it, all well and sound. A bear once suddenly sprang upon him; he drew his tomahawk; bear wheeled and escaped. He and his dog had many a hard tussle with bears, wolves, and panthers.

"Me and the old woman have lived together fifty-five years," said he, "and never had a quarrel nor a fight yet." "No," said his good lady, pleasantly; "I started off right with him, and have had no difficulty since." Fifty-five years without a quarrel or a fight, and all owing to a *right start*! Young gentlemen and ladies do all they can to please and to win the affections of each other, get married, and then to start right, the gentleman sets up his authority to let his better half know, in the start, that he will never submit to "petticoat government," and the lady sets up that she is not to be a slave, to be domineered over by her husband; and this they call starting right—live in strife and confusion; quarrel and fight like cats and dogs; *wear out life* in pain and sorrow, and die unloved and

unlamented. Young ladies are sometimes very captivating and lovely; keep every thing as nice and "neat as a pink" about them; get married; set up for themselves; become slovenly and careless, fretful and peevish; make home a prison house and a bedlam; drive their husbands to distraction; drive them *from* home; and in they plunge into dissipation, to drown their grief and mortification; their wives making a wonderful ado about neglect and dissipation, when they have brought all upon themselves, by what they thought was "starting off right." I am emphatically, and I believe, by universal consent, am admitted to be most emphatically a lady's man, nor would I be any thing else; yet I know ladies who have mean, worthless, drunken husbands, that are a thousand times too good for them, because they have made them what they are by their own neglect and willfulness. I tell you that such do not start off right. "Mother Goodwin, you say you *started off right*, and have *lived happy all your days*; will you please impart the happy secret?" "O, certainly; *after I was married*, I took more pains to accommodate and please my husband than I did *before*, and he has always done the same by me." "O ho! really been 'sparking' all your days, eh?" "Just so," said she; "that's the way to do it always." Do you hear that, girls? Boys, do you? "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Father Goodwin knew a Mr. William G——, an Indian captive, who could charm all the birds around him; has seen as many as two dozen fluttering around his head and shoulders at a time; has seen him do it often, any where in the woods. Who can explain? What wonder next? Wait a little, and I will tell you. (See Pennsylvaniaburg.) Enoch Jackson, a strong and popular man in the county, an ex-representative, lost the sight of both his eyes in a very sudden and painful manner, and then was thrown from a runaway horse and buggy, broke his thigh, and is a man of sore affliction, sharing largely in the commiseration of his friends; was once my competitor for office, and the

worst thing I ever said about him was said in great pleasantry: "General Jackson, at New Orleans, kept behind the cotton, and I hope my friends will keep Enoch a little behind, too!" and a roar of laughter followed, I assure you. I, however, declined a poll, for which my friends chide me to this day. All for the best, friends.

Old Ezekial Jackson, for years representative, was twice badly bitten by a copperhead-snake. Edward Jackson was killed by the falling of a tree, years ago. Many persons here have died suddenly with the milk sickness. My friends, Charles and Amanda Philbrick, one of my most cherished pupils, gave me a warm reception and kind entertainment. Called upon my friend, Thomas Langdale, and was never more pleasingly and happily entertained. His estimable daughter, Jane, is lady of the house, since the death of her dear good mother; and I must say, I never knew a daughter perform such a task better; "neat as a pink," and "smart as a steel-trap," as was her younger sister, Martha. Every thing in and about the house was kept in "apple-pie order." Expressing my admiration to her neighbors, they said that she *was* an exception; that *no* encomium could exceed her *merit*. If she is not what some would call "a perfect beauty," she certainly is a very comely young lady, and her neat appearance, affability of manners, intelligence of mind, and amiability of heart, makes her both lovely and beautiful, indeed. And if I were a young man, I should, perchance, conceal this rich jewel, until I could exultingly call it my own, or at least *try* so to do. I devote this space as an act of justice to my fair friend, Miss Langdale, and to encourage all other daughters, similarly circumstanced, to "go thou and do likewise."

WESLEY CHAPEL.

John Gibson, a revolutionary soldier, died here. His lady, at ninety, is smart and active. Here is the residence of the Rev. Thomas Hargett, one of the most eminent local

preachers in the county, to whom, as to Robert Haddock, Daniel Cloud, John Gibson, and others, I am much indebted for the interest taken in my book enterprise.

My ever-cherished friend, John Wilson, died suddenly, after a short but painful illness. His brother Daniel died soon after, with the apoplexy. A son of good old Father Bean came running around the corner of the house at the exact moment when a man had shot at a mark. The ball took him fair in the head, and he fell a bleeding corpse in his tracks.

For the first time in my life, I have this day stood by the grave of Amasa Fuller, who was executed at Lawrenceburgh, many a long year ago. (See Ballad.) And the whole "tragic scene" came up vividly before me again. I saw him come out of the jail—saw him baptized and partake of the holy sacrament—saw Elder Daniel Plummer, with uplifted hands, and heard his stentorian voice, as though he intended to make the whole world hear—warn young gentlemen and ladies to be careful how they trifle with "won affections and plighted vows." Saw the cap drawn over poor Fuller's face—saw him drop—saw him struggle in death—saw him cut down—saw the lancet applied, if, peradventure, it might resuscitate him—saw him handed over to his friends to be buried; and here, poor man, he lies. And here, too, by his side lies the friend who took charge of him, whose history adds much to the interest of the tragic scene. The sketch which I am about to give has no parallel in all the history of the world, at least so far as I am acquainted—too painful to read, and yet too singular to be lost. For it is the Daniel Fuller, who took charge of the body of Amasa, after his execution. Shortly after that he had a falling out with a Mr. Goulding, a brother-in-law, brother to his lady. Goulding called Fuller out into the door, and after a few words, shot him through the body, just below the heart. Fuller fell, then got up, went into the house, lingered several hours in pain, and died. Goulding passed

down the lane a short distance, re-loaded his rifle, applied the muzzle to his breast, and with his ramrod discharged it, receiving the full contents, and fell, but survived a few hours, and expired a few moments after Fuller did. Those who were witnesses of the scene say it beggars all description. The gushing blood, the writhing victims, the outcries of distracted friends, may be conceived but told never. Well, a few years after this, a brother of this man, Goulding, hung himself at Wilmington, as before noticed, and another brother, I believe, accidentally shot himself while crossing the Ohio river, as before noticed, also. So much, then, for the tragic end of the Goulding family. And now for the Fuller family—Amasa was hung, Daniel, we have just said, was shot, his two sons both died together in the hospital down south; one of his brothers was all mangled and torn in a mill just below Harrison; another brother was taken captive by the Indians—made his escape—fell into a dispute with a man in Illinois, who struck him with a heavy hoe upon the head, and he fell, and gasped, and died. And to crown the climax, old Father Fuller was charged in early time with killing an Indian—the sheriff arrested him upon his warrant, took him upon a horse for Cincinnati, and to make sure of him, tied his feet under the horse and started, but, having no roads, following blazed tracks and by-paths, they accidentally ran afoul of a large hornet's nest, the hornets alighting both upon him and the horse, he lost his balance, the horse, maddened and frightened to frenzy, ran off with might and main, dashing the old gentleman against trees, logs, and everything else, until his brains and all his bowels were dashed and torn out, and he literally torn into shreds and atoms. This, if not minutely, is all substantially correct. It occurred not in the far-off isles of the sea; it is not a story of fiction, but of truth, that took place right here in our midst, in Dearborn county, and State of Indiana; and I am a living witness to much of it myself. What a history!

What a tragical mortality! What a lesson to contemplate! And where, O, where can its parallel be found? "He that readeth, let him understand."

BONHAM'S SCHOOLHOUSE.

That excellent man, Aaron Bonham, and his good lady, have resided in this county more than sixty years. Mrs. Bonham, then a Miss Guard, sister to Bayley Guard, that worthy citizen, once encountered a bear, as before noticed. Friend Bonham had a fearful runaway thirty years ago, and has been injured by it ever since. Here, too, is my merry friend, Reuben Rogers, for years the county auditor, and an excellent officer, seldom if ever equaled, and surely never surpassed. Reuben is *some*, I tell ye! My friends here did a noble part by me. Here Scoggins was murdered. (See Ballad.) A son of Wm. Jackson, his supposed murderer, accidentally shot himself and died, poor fellow. A Mr. Lemon was gored to death by one of his oxen in the yard—a fearful and a tragic scene. John Donnaho was suddenly killed by the falling of a tree. Here was the former residence of our worthy friends, Jacob Dennis and Aaron Scoggin, early settlers, now no more.

SUGAR GROVE CHURCH.

Here I find my old neighbor and friend Robert McCracken, the first settler in Manchester. (See Manchester.) Here, too, is the venerable Father and Mother Crozier, who have resided in the county for more than a half century—have lived together as man and wife about sixty years—have raised a large family, of whom Hon. John Crozier, of Sparta, ex-representative, is one, and a first rate citizen, at that. Joseph Stephens, a distinguished citizen, resides here. I once decided a long and vexatious chancery suit, to which he was a party, in part upon grounds that neither party had suggested, and which decision seemed satisfactory to both the litigant parties, and

thus ended a long and vexatious suit. The reminiscence is to me a pleasing reflection, and hence I record it here. My early and ever-cherished friends Joseph Adams and Matthew Swann "lie slumbering with the peaceful dead."

ELIZABETHTOWN,

So named in honor of Mrs. Elizabeth Mills, wife of Isaac Mills, and sister to Judge Dunn, one of the most excellent women that ever lived. Her kind, good husband died suddenly, while attending Quarterly Meeting, at Manchester, and was returned to a most fond wife and family

"Still and cold in death."

She survived him several years, and then "fell asleep in Jesus." Her son, General Charles Mills, one of the finest men in all my acquaintance, died in rather a singular manner, universally beloved and lamented. A Mr. Hays fell from his wagon, many years ago, broke his leg—the bone actually pinning him to the earth. Refusing amputation, died with a fearful convulsion, while I held his hand in mine. A youngster, sitting upon the ground, and throwing his knife each side of his leg, in play, accidentally severed the femoral artery in his thigh, and bled to death. Poor boy! Another excellent young man was picking the flint of his gun, when it accidentally went off, and killed his kind little friend; which almost grieved him to death. A Mr. Dickinson, also, moved away, and hung himself, much to the grief of his dear children, whom I know and love. Here Mrs. Abraham was consumed by fire in her wagon, as before noticed. My friends, Lewis Dunn and lady, and good old Father and Mother Scroggins, and that most precious and good woman, Mrs. McHenry, and Mrs. Dr. Brower, have left their friends upon earth to join those that are in heaven. The doctor has married another excellent lady—a fortune he well deserved. My venerable friend, Major McHenry, still survives at a good old age; so does my cherished friend, good old Mother Tebow. Both have been exceedingly kind to me.

In 1826, I taught school here, through the kind influence of my friend, Dr. Brower, whose kindness I can never forget nor sufficiently acknowledge. Lawyer Abram Brower was then one of my best pupils. Neither of us then anticipated our future connections or future destinies, as before intimated. His, at least, is a bright and brilliant one. O, how sweet the cherished remembrance of my pupils and of all my old Elizabethtown friends.

I have already said that Major McHenry and lady were exceedingly kind. They were constant and liberal in their favors, and of course, I and my lady felt under great obligations to them, and both really longed for an opportunity to show it; at last it presented itself, and we gladly embraced it. The major said if we would not take it amiss, his lady would be pleased if mine would pick a little wool for them—some fifteen or twenty pounds. “O, certainly, with great pleasure,” said Mrs. Cotton. Well, along came the wool, and we both “pitched into it” with a hearty good will. When completed, the major examined it, and said it was decidedly the nicest job of the kind he ever had done.

“How much shall I pay you for it, Mrs. Cotton?”

“Pay! why, sir, don’t say pay; you are a thousand times welcome to it,” said Mrs. Cotton, “you have been so exceedingly kind to us.”

“Well, now, Mrs. Cotton, we intended this wool as a present to you, so soon as picked,” said the major.

And sure enough, he would take neither pay nor wool; thus we had the materials for a good web of cloth, which served us well and timely. We could scarcely sleep that night for joy and gratitude, for to us, at the time, it was a “lift” indeed, and a noble and generous act, too good to be untold. Most gratefully do I cherish the names of Major McHenry and his sainted precious lady, and my loved little Margaret and Frances, pupils ever dear to my heart. May we all meet at last in “that better land above.” Even so, amen.

LOCUST GROVE SCHOOLHOUSE

Is in the neighborhood of Bond's old mill. In early times I got my grinding done here; a tour and a trip of some two or three days, as noticed in my "Forest Ode." The old gentleman and lady passed away years ago, loved and lamented. Their son, Edmund, one of the finest, most generous-hearted young men I ever knew, came to a painful and tragic death. Leading a young horse from the stable, he wound the halter around his hand, so as to have a sure and fast hold. The horse came out, rearing and pitching in a frolicsome manner, took the turn on him, and ran off. His hand being held fast, Mr. Bond was soon prostrated, and the horse took fright, dragging him all over the yard, hitting him against posts and fences, actually dashed his brains out, tore his hand from his wrist, and left him a mangled and bleeding corpse. So much for making his hand fast.

I used to think that Charles Mills, Edward Hunt, and Edmund Bond were three as nice young gentlemen as I ever knew, and still think so. Mr. Hunt only lives, and is an out-and-out gentleman—a No. 1, all the time. Here Wm. Lancaster, brother to Robert Lancaster, of Guilford, was killed by the falling of a tree, many years ago. Another brother was killed by lightning in a singular manner; he was an excellent and worthy man, as is my friend Robert. My old friends, Samuel Reese and lady are no more.

My visit to the mill brought fresh to my mind the reminiscences of the past, and I sighed for the loved and lost, as I thought of the scenes and the days of yore. My young friends, A. J. Gance and lady, kindly and cheerfully entertained me, and interested themselves much in my behalf; for which my lasting gratitude is due. What pleasing—what melancholy reflections cluster around "Bond's old mill!"

BURK'S SCHOOLHOUSE.

Now, reader, snuff your candle, rub your eyes, and take a good long breath, and then you may proceed; and if you don't say this is *some*, "my name is Haynes." Isaac Brooks, who is a neat and model farmer, and an excellent, truth-telling man, and to whom I am kindly indebted, informed me that there were snakes of enormous size about Jemison's Run; that he had several times seen one that must have been, he thinks, not less than twelve feet long, and I think he said, as large as his thigh. One was once killed in the neighborhood, that measured just eleven feet. There's a snake story for you, right here in Dearborn county.

My friend, David Williams, who settled here in early life, says, that the wolves were so thick he had to watch his sheep by day as well as by night, and that they often gathered around him while thus engaged. Panthers of enormous size were plenty. One once accosted two little boys, close by him, but by a wonderful presence of mind, the little fellows escaped. He had killed many bears, and one close to his cabin door. He also informed me that old Aunt Betsey Garritson, now eighty odd years old, then living in his neighborhood, went out to bring up the cows, with her trusty dog by her side. Alone in the woods, she was beset with a bear; Jowler stepped in between her and harm, and pitched into old Bruin, "like a thousand of brick," who, however, proved more than a match for him. Aunt Betsey neither screamed, nor fainted, nor ran away, but flew about and hunted up a good, sound, wieldy club, or handspike, and rushed to Jowler's rescue; and when she could safely do so, without endangering life or limb of Jowler, bang and bang she gave it to Bruin every time she could see a chance for a fair lick. It began to come so "hot and heavy," that Bruin thought it the better way to let up Jowler and try Aunt Betsey. Anticipating his maneuver, she fell back a little, and Bruin after her. Jow-

ler was no sooner up than he had Bruin by the hamstring again, and so, having his hands full with Jowler, he let Aunt Betsey take care of herself for awhile longer. Tussle, tussle, with dog and bear, when, pop! Aunt Betsey took the bear again, with a right hearty good-will. Bruin made another pass at her, but Jowler seemed to say—"You shall never harm my mistress while I live"—and, nab, he took him again; and Aunt Betsey seemed to say—"You shall never harm my trusty dog, while there is strength in my arm to strike a blow." And now, with a double overhanded lick, ker-whack! she took him fair across his "how d'ye do?" department, stove in his forecastle, and he fell quivering to the earth, where she "gave him Jessie" to her heart's content, and then drove up the cows, and reported progress. What do you think of that, young ladies? Could you do it, think? This story is *substantially* true—I have it on good authority, and know aunt Betsey well. Such were our forest women! Had this wonderful feat been performed in the Rocky Mountains or upon the Alps, all the journals in the land would have heralded it abroad, all over the world, years ago; and mine is the fortune and the pleasure to rescue it from oblivion. This story itself is worth all I ask for my little book—aint it, reader?

But I am not done with this neighborhood yet. Eulie Burk, now well stricken in years, a resident here for about the last half century, confirms all that I have written, and adds, that he once found a snake egg, the size of a common hen's egg, just ready to hatch. The young snake, not yet at maturity, was eight or nine inches long, and as savage as a snake could well be—evidently, one of these large snakes, to which reference has been made. At another time, his dog had got something at bay about an old fence. After awhile, he went out, saw a large snake that seemed much distended, succeeded in killing it, and, upon an examination, found thirty-two, young, and pretty well grown snakes in it. Demonstrating the old tradition, that snakes swallow their young in the time of danger, or rather

that the young ones hide themselves thus, when an alarm is given. Even the affection and care of a mother snake commands our admiration. Burk's brother, Elisha, and Mr. A. Thompson, while at the mill, heard a fearful outcry among the hogs, and, rushing out, saw a monstrous panther upon one of the shoats—the three dogs were on hand in a moment. Panther let up, and took to a tree—a shot only broke his foreleg, and in attempting to jump to another tree, and not making due allowance for the crippled leg, came short of the tree and fell; the dogs all mounted him, and would all have been whipped, had the men not timely interfered. He would catch a dog in his sound paw, and actually hold him clear from the earth, with his sharp talons piercing him through and through, the poor dog calling out lustily for quarters or for help all the time. He would down with him, and up with another in the same way. Could not shoot again without hitting a dog, which, with a woodsman, can not be thought of; so taking up a handspike, one of the men rushed into the dangerous strife, and fortunately hit the panther a fatal blow, without injury to the dogs. The panther measured, from nose to end of the tail, eleven feet. Monstrous! Had seen as many as five hundred turkeys at one time; deer, as thick as pigeons. Wolves, bears, and panthers, and Indians numerous. Some little difficulties, but no Indian tragedies worthy of recording. And, I conclude with a wolf story, which I have from good old Father Burk. One old wolf, more cunning than the rest, somewhere found a safe retreat, and committed numerous depredations, with seeming impunity, after all the others were either killed, or had removed to parts unknown. And every attempt to decoy or take her, proved abortive and vain. At last a great wolf hunter from Pennsylvania, whose trapping operations had been crowned with signal success, about the Alleghany Mountains and the Susquehanna river, came into the place, and undertook to try his skill here. The first morning, he discovered that she had been about; next morning he put out early, and

soon came back "full tilt," exclaiming, I have her ! The balance of the story is rather painful and inhuman, but I record it for the moral—for the instruction it imparts. The trapper called to his aid several men, went and tied the mouth of the wolf with a strong twine—then tied all her legs together, swung her under a pole which two men took on their shoulders, and brought her into Burk's yard, and laid her down; then he took a switch, and made miss wolf actually lay still at a word—then he untied her mouth, and with a stone, actually broke out all her teeth, and then set his pack of dogs upon her, until Father Burk told him it was too cruel, he could stand it no longer, and he must kill her forthwith, or remove. Accordingly, he dispatched her at once; and I stood upon the fatal and tragic spot, and sighed at the recital of such cruelty. That scene, Father Burk says, has haunted him ever since, and he never thinks of the man without a shudder. Now the moral is this: Wicked acts of cruelty haunt men to their graves, and curse their memory when they are dead. But more of this in another place. All that I have here recorded, took place, not in the moon, but right here among us, a few miles south of Harrison, on the Whitewater, in Dearborn County. I now leave it for the reader to say, if this sketch, Aunt Betsey and all, is not too good to be lost, is not hard to beat, and worth a dollar easy? And I here pause for a reply.

HARRISON

Is a beautiful village, upon the Whitewater, divided by the State line, and named in honor of the lamented General Harrison. Alvah Ross and his ever dear sister, Emeline, now the accomplished and agreeable Mrs. Phillis, children of my early and lamented friend, Philander Ross, heretofore mentioned, reside here, and gave me a most kind and cordial reception. They seem more like children than friends. How the scenes of early life came thronging back upon the memory, and we rejoiced and wept together over them.

Colonel Warner Tebbs, the veteran soldier, the early settler, and a worthy good citizen, resides here, as do also Dr. Clark, Squire Godly, and Squire Bowlsby, my early and my special friends. Here Burdsel killed his wife with a hand ax, and friend Bowlsby informs me that the spectacle was awfully horrible, and for which Burdsel was hung in Cincinnati, I believe. Recently, a Mr. Bender stabbed a Mr. Teller, and he fell a bleeding corpse. Just north a little, a young and fair bride came to a tragical end. On their way to the infair, they were met by a shivareeing party; the bride's horse took fright—dashed off into the wood; the bride lost her balance, and fell, but her foot held her fast in the stirrup, and away went the horse, dashing its unfortunate rider against trees and every thing else, until she was torn almost limb from limb—denuded of all her fine apparel; nor could she be rescued from the frantic animal until he, a noble creature, was shot, and fell upon her mangled corpse. O, these foolish shivareeing affairs, how I abominate them. They are designed for a little sport, but are a great annoyance, and often end in mischief. Here remember Thomas Wilcox; see more hereafter.

Old Father Swales was drowned in attempting to cross the river here, many years ago. Old Father Purcel's son was killed by lightning, and the old gentleman, full of years and honors, now slumbers by his side. I found my friend, D. Plummer, just ready to move, much to the regret of all his friends. My friends did nobly by me here. Friends Rittenhouse and Shroyer, and their exceedingly kind ladies, extended to me a hearty welcome, and a most agreeable entertainment. My worthy and early friend, George Arnold, Esq., ex-representative, etc., has left the State, much to the regret of his friends. My old friends, Mr. Hoyter and Edward Rowe, and his good lady, whose names and memories are deeply engraven upon my heart, have also removed, dearly loved and greatly missed. Mrs.

Rowe is a sister to Mrs. McMath. The blessings of all their friends abide them still.

The excellent pastor of the M. E. Church, a Mr. —, laid me under great obligations for his official and personal kindness. The Lord bless him! Such generous acts I *highly* appreciate, and *never* forget.

CHAPELOW'S SCHOOLHOUSE

Is near Hinkston's old mill, on the Whitewater. Here resides that sainted man, Father Chapelow, eighty-four years old, and sixty-five years a member of the church. It is worthy of a pilgrimage to join him in his pious family devotions. The lines quoted at Elder Meader's, are peculiarly appropriate here. Old Father Barbor, Richard Arnold, and Zedekiah Bonham, my early and worthy friends, reside here. Jonathan Hallowell and William Hinkston, so favorably known, have removed, loved and cherished. Here just in sight, Noyes and Crouch were drowned—see ballad. In attempting to ford at the mill, a young lady was drowned, under circumstances peculiarly painful; she was making preparations for her wedding, which was to come off in a few days. Poor girl! Here Daniel Lake, by an unfortunate blow in a personal strife, killed a Mr. Smith—voluntarily gave himself up, was tried, and acquitted as a justifiable homicide. Old Father Hinkston was found dead in his garden. Daniel Kersey, whom I knew and loved in Maine, while in the act of opening a Sabbath-school by prayer, fell over, and expired in a moment. To him, how soon was "prayer lost in praise."

"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the son of man cometh."

BALDRIGE'S SCHOOLHOUSE.

Here resides the Rev. Mr. Baldrige, a somewhat eminent minister of the Christian or Campbellite Church, a worthy

citizen, and my familiar and kind friend; has a most interesting and well educated family; lives *at home*, in easy and happy circumstances. Here, too, are my good friends, Dr. Swales and brothers, sons of old Father Swales, before noticed, George Lynas, Enoch Lynas, Andrew Smith, J. W. Moss, F. H. Gibson, J. W. Liddle, and D. D. Morgan. Old Father Cloud, and other early and kind friends, reside here. A little north, a girl left home in the night time, under censurable circumstances, and was found in the morning with a heavy rail across her breast, and she cold and stiff in death. Poor girl!

LOGAN.

Here I have had some "tall times" in the temperance cause. Old Father Bodine, at an early day, hung out his temperance sign, which subjected him to the scoffs and jeers of the drinking boys; but it told well upon reform. It set men to thinking and talking, and every conclusion was that temperance was a fine thing. Fling out your banners every where to the breeze! I have no language to adequately express my gratitude to my early, constant, and good friends, Charles Jolley, Esq., William Laird, James Salmon, Isaac Southard, Z. A. Bonham, William Horner, Claude Boatman and brother, friend Albah, and others, for personal kindness and favors. Good old Father and Mother Horner, Father Shane, Father and Mother Southard, Mrs. Laird, and Mrs. Salmon, have passed away, bemoaned and missed. In 1853, a tornado swept over the country here, such as I have never witnessed, either in the hour of its terror, or in its devastating effects. The incidents, thrilling and marvellous, would fill quite a volume; but I have not the space to spare, and so must deny myself the mournful pleasure. My friend, William Cox, sang a lay of some length and merit upon the occasion. Horses, cattle and hogs, in considerable numbers, died hereabouts with the bite of mad dogs. I saw some of them in their

frothing, foaming convulsions. Happily no human lives were lost.

DOVER.

Good old Father and Mother Lewis settled here in 1815, when fires and torches were necessary to keep the howling beasts at bay. I have known them long, and loved them well; and although the old gentleman embraced a system of religion which I think, taken as a system in *to-to*, is exceedingly erroneous and fallacious; yet I ever regarded him as being strictly pious, in the most orthodox sense of the word, and doubt not that he is happy with the Redeemer on high. He was certainly an excellent man, and raised one of the kindest and best families I ever knew—friends that are worth their weight in gold. My most intimate acquaintance, however, is with my friends, Freeborn and John Lewis, and their exceedingly kind and pleasant families, to which I may safely add their kind brothers and sisters. Mr. and Mrs. Rawling, before noticed, well deserve a place. Here was the former residence of my eloquent friend, J. F. Watkins, ex-representative, orator, etc. Good old Mother Watkins, Mrs. McGrath, Lawrence McGuire, William Swift, and others, old and true friends, reside here. One hunter killed fifty-two deer in one winter, and another took five young wolves at a time, right here about Dover.

LAWRENCEVILLE.

Isaac Lawrence is all that now remains of the numerous and excellent Lawrence family. Old Isaac Lawrence died suddenly, and George was found dead in the field. Major Lewis, ex-representative, and Squire Williams, Eber Jones, and Nicholas Yeager, are about all that is left of the old stock. Mrs. Ahijah Wilson, my early friend, buried her husband, her father, one child, one brother, and two cousins, in less than one year. A tree was felled upon a young lady as she was passing by, which crushed her to

death. A Mr. Young was also killed by the falling of a tree. Christopher Hoover was thrown from a runaway wagon, his pipe-stem drove into his throat in such a fearful manner, that he died soon after. O, the pipe and the cigar!

And now for the Hazen family. "Look here, everybody." The Widow Hazen, daughter of the lamented old Father Stewart, had ten children, and nine of them were living when her oldest child lacked twenty odd days of being eleven years old! I saw them years ago, when it was difficult to tell which was the oldest. Such an interesting sight I never before or since saw anywhere. Did you, reader? Ten children, and nine living, and the oldest not eleven years old! Well, it will unravel the marvel somewhat, when I inform you that there were three pair of twins. Francis Marion, the odd twin, is a very worthy and promising young Baptist minister; his two sisters at home are excellent school teachers, and exceedingly pleasant young ladies. Mother Hazen is happy at home, and happy in the hope of a blissful immortality hereafter. When I take my seat in "the Senate of the United States," my first move will be to secure to mother Hazen a whole congressional township of land, to which I think she is well entitled as a prolific mother, and an excellent woman.

PENNSYLVANIABURGH.

Here I am quite at home among early friends—have pronounced several national and one special oration on the occasion of the return of the corpse of my friend Sunman, from the plains of Mexico, before noticed. The old gentleman and his son Thomas, and indeed all the family, have been most liberal and kind to me. I have preached their funerals and pronounced their oration, for all of which services I have been most liberally compensated. As I said of another, so I say of the Sunman's; if all had dealt as liberally with me, I should have abundance and

to spare. And still they are all in with a hearty good will and a liberal patronage for my book. Such friends all deserve a special notice. The Squire paid me in advance for five copies of my book, \$5.00. Good for the Squire. Here was the former residence of Elder Palmer, that excellent and able minister of the Baptist Church, who now sleeps at Center Square, in Switzerland county. David Perine, father of the Rev. Dr. Perine, a gentleman so well and so favorably known, Wm. Vansile, Peter Vansile, Robert Cunningham, and Samuel Alden are the principal old settlers left; all of whom I have long known and long respected. Thomas Clark's son was killed—thrown from a runaway team and wagon. John Osborn was killed by the falling of a tree. A Mr. Barnhart accidentally shot himself, and died soon. Isaac Alden, father of Hon. Alvin J. Alden, ex-representative, while dressing a calf, his knife accidentally plunged into his thigh, severed the femoral artery, and he bled to death in a few moments, and one of his children was scalded to death. Mrs. Alden is a daughter of old Father Morgan, who was drowned in Tanner's creek, as before noticed, is an excellent woman, and enjoys both peace and plenty. Robert Cunningham had a little child scalded to death with the boiling contents of a teapot, which it tipped over into its little bosom. Poor thing. He also lost three children and one grandchild, in a few days. Another little child was scalded to death in a kettle of boiling lard. An old citizen shot his wife, and is now in the penitentiary for it. Joseph Nicely was found dead in an open room. And Wm. H. Brewer, supposed to be murdered, both sons-in-law to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Vanzile. How painful, how tragical their ends. The venerable good old Isaac Colman was found dead in his bed, all alone.

“Found dead—dead and alone,

On a pillow soft, on a snow white sheet,

Nobody heard his last faint moan,

Or knew when his heart had ceased to beat.

No mourner lingers with tears and sighs,
Save the twinkling stars with their brilliant eyes,
And the night wind passed with a wailing sound,
By the dying couch where his form was found.

Found dead and alone—and yet not alone,
Some one was there—some friend stood near,
To claim his spirit as his own—
To hear him sigh and mark his tear;
One, when every friendly human door
Is closed to his children, lone and poor,
And opes the heavenly portal wide,
Ah, yes! God was near when the good man died.”

Samuel Alden, the great fruit and nursery man, was once really charmed with a large blacksnake. The snake got his eye upon a fixed gaze—he stood a moment—everything began to look bewitchingly beautiful. O, he never saw anything so pretty—felt it impossible to keep from approaching, though he knew the power of a charm was upon him, and to approach would be death. Finally move he must, and move he did, and with a mighty effort, closed his eyes, turned his face, and felt released, though chilly and faint. He says he would not encounter the same struggle and feeling again for a thousand dollars. We have shown that men can charm birds, and now, more wonderful still, that snakes can charm men. The snake would have coiled around his neck and choked him to death, as their manner is, had he not, by a mighty mental and physical effort, thrown off “the spell that bound him.”

This is a snake story worth telling, from a man of truth and veracity.

HUBBEL'S CORNER.

John Taylor, Bryant Connely, Esq., Alvin J. Alden, George Anderson, and Thomas Ehler, are about all the early friends left here. Friend Ehler is one of the few

paying friends, whom I have with ministerial duties served at the burial of his dear children, and deserves well to be enrolled upon that list of friends, whom I have found to be,

“Like angel’s visits, few and far between.”

Michael Ehler fell dead on his floor in a minute. His father-in-law, Mr. Schuter, fell from a load of hay and broke his neck. John Hendricks fell from a tree, in pursuit of a swarm of bees, and died in a few hours. A fearful murder and robbery took place in this community, years ago. A man by the name of Hellion, it was supposed, made way with a stranger that put up with him for the night. Hellion fled, and has not since been found, to my knowledge. Friend Taylor is a profound scholar, a faithful and true friend, and has a kind family, to whom I am much indebted. Squire Connelly has killed many wild cats. Bears, wolves, and panthers were thick and troublesome. Reader, I have given you “a lady bear story,” and now for “a lady panther story.” The Squire gives the following, which he had from the lady herself—a lady that I once knew, and just the woman to do it, if any woman could or would. And this is the story: Her husband being from home, her dogs treed something in the night, close by the forest cabin. And it being a convenient tree to climb, and she an expert climber, up she goes, to see what was on hand, and what should it be but a pretty well grown young panther. Mister panther, not liking her near approach, presented his “farewell department,” with a view of mounting up a little higher, out of her way and out of her reach, when she suddenly seized him with one hand, just above his hamstring, and with an iron grip held on, and letting all her weight upon him, commenced her descent. Mister panther, cat fashion, sticking close to the tree “for dear life.” But down, and down went both lady and panther, when stepping out upon the lower limb, with a sudden square off jirk, mister panther lost his hold, fell among the dogs, and was “a used up man,” before he had time to say—“O!

don't." I ask, is that not too good to be lost? I tell you, some of our forest ladies were general-*ines*, who are hard to beat for *daring* adventure and enterprise. That lady was Mrs. Peter Boltz, whom I well knew. What do you say to that, girls? Think you could "come it?" Well there's no necessity for encountering bears and panthers *now*. But there are other duties and dangers for you to meet, in the "active and busy scenes of a more refined life." And happy is he, or she, who shall well perform *their* part upon the great theater of "life's drama," in the day and age in which they may chance to live.

"Then up and at it, one and all,
Nor lose one single minute,
You *all* should make this world the better,
For having just been in it."

MULE TOWN

Is eleven miles from Lawrenceburg, on the Indianapolis State road, and a little over one mile south of my early "forest home," and just in sight of my present cottage residence. It was thus named under the following circumstances. A letter received from California, was post-marked "Mule Town," and our little village having long been annoyed by a span of very mischievous and breech mules, in a playful moment, the village was called "Mule Town." And it passed all around as a laughable *hit*, all in sport at first, but it settled down by common consent into an established christening; and thus it has, and thus it will remain. Well, Mule Town is not to be "grinned at" after all. Let me see—there are two large stores, two shoemaking establishments, a large coopering, a wagon, and buggy, and a good blacksmith, and a tailor shop, a very large and fine steam-flouring and sawmill, a postoffice, a fine church, and, decidedly, one of the very best academies in the State. It is justly considered a model building—with model

teachers,* and has, in constant attendance, more than one hundred pupils, and some of whom are "model pupils," sure. Two boarding-houses, and other buildings to suit. Well, that's *some*. And just in sight, is the fine mansion house of good old Father Noyes, who settled here in 1817, for the purpose of benefiting his young, and rising family. But how uncertain and transitory are all worldly calculations and aspirations. The old gentleman himself, Benjamin, Israel, Sarah, (Mrs. Benj. Sylvester,) Talmai, Eliza, (Mrs. Peter C. Wilcox,) Hugh, Daniel and Charles, his sons and daughters, all "slumber in the dust," and some of them far asunder. A little sweet infant babe he buried in Maine. Mrs. Cotton, Mrs. James P. Milliken, and Mr. Amos Noyes, Esq., the merchant and miller, a worthy, active, business man, is *now* all that survive of twelve children. The venerable good old Lady Noyes still survives, at 85 years, and lives with me and mine, feeble in body, but strong in mind, and longing to "depart, and be with Christ, which is far better.

The other day, in a pensive mood, she threw off quite a lengthy and pretty poem, which commenced thus:

"I'm nearly deaf, and almost blind,
And to my chair I am confined;
And here I sit, day after day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.
But hush, my muse, I'll not complain—
I never can be young again.
In yonder world youth, health, and bliss
I shall enjoy—but not in this."

Now aint that beautiful for an old lady of eighty-five? Surely the Psalmist was right when he said—"If by reason of strength it be four score years, it is labor and sorrow," etc. Yet, like the sainted Job, she says submissively—"All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change

* Professor O. H. Smith, and others.

come." Mother Noyes is an exception among women, and almost alone remains of all her early neighbors in the wilderness. Old Mother Miller, old Father Barton, and Melancthon Wicks, early and good citizens, died with fearful cancers. Old Father and Mother McMullen, old Sister Pardun, Father and Mother Ruble, of precious memory, Father and Mother Freeland, Father and Mother Rich, Father and Mother Mead, and Father and Mother Milliken, Mrs. Platt, and Mrs. Ketcham, Mrs. Horham, old Father Manliff, old Father Ketcham, and Mr. and Mrs. Micajah Dunn, parents of Gersham Dunn, Esq., and brother of the Hon. Judge Isaac Dunn, early and good citizens, have passed from earth away, and most of them rejoicing in hope.

Wm. Barton fell down dead, with a disease of the heart. Sanford Sanders cut his toe a little, took cold in it, suffered a world of woe, and died at last, poor fellow! He preferred that to amputation. W. W. Jordan, one of our very safest merchants, and an excellent man, a kind husband and a fond father, put on a pair of new boots to go to Cincinnati, on mercantile business; they simply blistered his feet, inflammation set in, and no medical skill could save him. He died beloved, bemoaned, and missed. How trivial an affair may wind up our career, after braving the dangers and ills of life! What a lesson, reader! Take heed to it, and "be ye also ready."

Peter C. Wilcox was once thrown from his wagon, a wheel of which ran plumb over his face, smashing his nose and tearing his upper lip almost entirely off. A bunch of hoop-poles, coming between his head and the wheel, is all that saved him from a sudden and fearful death. As it was, it is still a most marvelous escape. He recovered from his wound, a little the worse in his appearance; but, as I said of Squire Anderson, who is a brother-in-law, he still has a very respectable "handle to his face," and as *nice* a little lady as ever was wrapped up in "so much calico," and children that I dearly and fondly love. And

my dear *little* Lizzie, sweet girl, now Mrs. Platt, is "one among a thousand" of my *cherished* pupils. Alfred, son of David and Charity Platt, my early and my kindest "forest friends," was suddenly killed by the falling of a tree, many years ago.

My early and good friends, Silas and Patty Wicks, have been sorely afflicted and bereaved. Their dearly-loved daughter, Ann—Mrs. Joseph Suiter—was happily married, then suddenly died. Charles Noyes, who was drowned in the Whitewater (see ballad), was a son-in-law—husband to Lorinda, now the amiable and accomplished Mrs. George Clark, and their only daughter. They lost three dear, sweet children, in about one week, with the scarlet fever. Another dearly beloved daughter fell from a cherry tree, and was a corpse in a few hours. Their son, Stephen, had graduated, at Philadelphia, with brilliant honors, had entered the practice of law, under circumstances the most flattering, and was a corpse in a single week. He was decidedly the most talented, most eloquent, and best-informed young man in this community. "And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him."—See Acts, viii: 2. How applicable! Taken as a whole, this was a very intelligent and interesting family of children. Platt bids fair to make his *mark* in the world. If this is a little extra notice, it is well deserved.

My ever-cherished friend, John Bennet, as before noticed, removed to Henry county, came back on business, and suddenly died. Mary Noyes, sweet woman, a sister-in-law, widow of Benjamin, married Amasa Sawyer, a most happy union, and died soon and suddenly. Miss Betsey Greenham died of a fearful scald—a painful case. Samuel McMullen lost two dear, sweet little girls within fifteen minutes of each other, and another in the same week. O, what a sad breach! Wm. Tebbetts, Esq., buried his wife and eldest daughter, Mrs. Martin, at one time. Mrs. Wm. Dawson died, at her breakfast-table, with a sudden rupture and hemorrhage of the lungs. Her daughter, Mrs. Bidin-

ger, in laying her pipe upon the window, a coal of fire chanced to drop in an uncorked jug containing two pounds of powder, when a fearful explosion took place, which enveloped her in flames, burned, and wounded her in a fearful and frightful manner, but still she lives with scarce a perceptible scar. A little son of Hon. J. P. and Priscilla Millburn was scalded to death—poor boy! Jonas Martin was kicked by a horse, which ruptured his bowels. He survived a short period in great pain, and then died. Charles Noyes and Ephraim Crouch were drowned in the Whitewater. David Platt, son of old Mr. Platt, and brother to Smith and others, died at Elizabethtown, with the milk sickness, as did Mr. Patterson, father of Judge Patterson, of Ohio county. Daniel Northrop and Dr. Lee had their houses all consumed by fire.

And here, a shivareeing party having been desired and ordered to depart, in vain, the groom, telling them what they might depend upon, discharged his musket, loaded with white beans, many of which entered so deeply into the flesh of a young man, that it required surgical implements and skill to extract them. Rather a hard way to plant or gather beans. O, the folly, the annoyance and the danger of a shivaree! which consists in getting all the young men and boys together, at the time of a wedding or infair, each with his bugle, trumpet, cow-bell, tin pan, or anything else that will make a noise; and if you want to hear anything frightfully or ridiculously laughable, just listen to the discordant, grating sounds of a shivareeing party.

Old Mother Noyes, Mother Manliff, Mother Barton, Mother Ketcham, and Sister Wicks, as she is universally called, and a pious, good sister at that, good old Father Platt, and Father Horham, Wm. Tibbets, Esq., Silas Wicks and lady are all that now survive, of the early forest settlers, here. My exceedingly kind and good friends, Justus H. West, Moses Cook, David McCoy, Joseph Roberts, Witt Fisher, Robert and James Kennedy, Hon. James P. Milli-

ken, so long, so favorably and extensively known, Horace and Jane Brimhall, Mrs. Nancy Noyes, Friend and Sarah Northrop, Addison and Emeline Chandler, and others, all dearly loved and fondly cherished ladies and families, have removed from among us, much to our personal regrets. The best wishes of their numerous friends abide them still. Those noted Christian Pilgrims, old Brother Gearhart, and old Brother Ellingwood, who are "the salt of the earth," on their way to "Canaan," and daily *ripening* for bliss immortal in the skies.

Joseph Whitesell's little son fell through the bridge and killed himself, poor little fellow—a mighty smart and sprightly lad. George Claspell fell from a tree some forty feet, was badly injured, but recovered. Lewis Whitesell lost a hand entirely, by the bursting of his gun. George H., son of Gersham Dunn, Esq., once received the whole bitt of an axe into his head, just back of his ear—a gash so frightful that you could put your whole finger into it—the brains actually flowing out freely, and yet he recovered, without any seeming damage, to the surprise and joy of all. Dr. Harding, his attending physician, reported this case as one of singular occurrence and importance to the medical board. It was a wonderful case, truly.

And now, having said much about everybody and everything in this community, I will say something more about my own self and family. Here was my early forest home. (See Ode, and a night with a panther, for particulars.) There were no springs of water upon the ridge, or in this community, when I first settled here, which accounts for so many of the early locations upon the broken creek lands. I have brought many a bucketful of water from a spring near by Bennet's old mill, now Harmon's switch, on the railroad, a distance of at least two miles. What do you think of that? Why did n't you dig a well? Sure enough, why did n't we? Because one must creep before he can walk. I drew the water for use at the raising of my first cabin, all of five miles, from that famous spring in Con-

ger's or Morris's neighborhood, which was the nearest and the best place that I could then obtain it. Now living springs abound all around me, and within a stone's cast of my door. As the country is cleared up and improved, "living waters" gush forth everywhere; the philosophy of which is simple, but I need not, can not, here explain.

"Wild beasts of prey and game was plenty, though I took but little of it. My neighbors have taken as many as one dozen and a half of wild turkeys out of a turkey-pen, at one time; three were as many as I ever got at one time. Now a turkey-pen was built up of poles or small logs, some ten or twelve feet long, something like a cob-house, three or four feet high, and then covered all over with heavy poles, with a natural or artificial ditch passing under one side and terminating about in the center of the pen; then on the inside it was covered over next to the wall some three feet with bark or clapboards, leaving the opening right in the center. Corn or wheat being thrown into the trench or ditch, the turkeys, following it up, soon find themselves in the pen, and instead of backing out, or going back, to get out, they go round and round at the surface, which will nowhere admit of their escape; and they are safe, though all could get out the way they came in, if they would only look *down* instead of *up*. My reader, you may learn a moral even from a turkey. A *lofty* head leads to ruin, while *humility* secures safety and repose.

Quails were taken in the same way, upon a smaller scale, and sometimes with a kind of basket trap set upon "a figure four," as it is called. But the most successful and speedy manner was with a net, which being set, the quails, by a skillful hand, could be drove into it. While I resided at Elizabethtown, Dr. Brower, who is "master of all that he undertakes"—"a workman that need not be ashamed," took four dozen, *minus* or *plus*, one, (I have forgotten which,) at one single drive or haul. There's a "quail story" for you, worth telling.

A big bear once crossed my path, in the night time, at the mouth of Ketcham's run—frightened both me and my horse, too, made a short pause in the road, just ahead of me, then concluded to let me pass—gave the track, went on about his own business, and I felt much relieved, and much obliged to him. This, boys, is no *stump*, but a *real* "genuine bear story." Benjamin Noyes once met a bear in the woods, and took after him with his ax—afoot and alone. Bravo! Just like Benjamin. Bruin took to a tree, and then Noyes and others took him from it at their leisure. The last one taken in the neighborhood crossed the State road several times close by Mule Town and Upper Manchester, and was taken upon the creek, hard by. Yes, *right* here, at Mule Town. Who could believe it? and who would ever know it but for me? Just on the creek, east of my cabin home, Lewis Whitesell and others once killed a rattlesnake of huge dimensions, which had long been assailed by his dog; and eleven young rattlesnakes, one foot and a half long, each, had sought refuge by running down the throat of their mother, as before noticed, on a similar occasion. There's a *big* snake story for you, and upon good and reliable authority, too, as I well know. My own panther and rattlesnake story will here be remembered, and called to mind again.

Well, in early times, Mrs. Cotton killed two very large copperhead-snakes right in our humble cabin home; she found them coiled up in one corner, under the table, and soon let them know that she was "mistress of the house," and that intruders must take the consequence, and she made them "bite the dust." At another time, as she stepped out in the evening, something seemed to catch hold and jerk her dress. She called me to bring a light, when lo! right at her feet lay the largest kind of a copperhead-snake, which had struck at her just as she stepped off the door-step. His fearful fangs, of course, pierced the skirt of her dress, which by her motion jerked him from his coil, and gave notice that "all was not right." Was that not rather a narrow escape?

Mr. Snakee, however, paid the forfeit of his life for thus presuming, and good enough for him. I once killed a black-snake so large, that he had a big gray squirrel, nearly all swallowed, and there he lay, "taking it fair and easy;" and once on a time I heard a little singular sound, and turning around, I saw a large frog leaping, as "for dear life," down the hillside, and singing it out strangely at every bound, and just behind him came rushing along, "in hot haste," the largest kind of a black-snake. Mister frog reached the creek, plunged into shallow water, and lay as still as death, and seemingly "as flat as a pancake." His snakeship rushed across the creek close by him, lost his trail, "tacked ship," and came back, and took his position right on the bank, just opposite to him, when I interfered, which *snakee* seemed to think was not fair play, and he forthwith put in "leg bail;" and then I too went on about my own business. At another time, a setting hen, out under an old log, just at the evening twilight, raised a flutter and a fuss. Rushing to her rescue, I found her completely enveloped in the coil of a large black-snake, at least six feet long, wrapped or entwined all round her body and her wings, and twice or thrice around her neck, and thus he choked her to death before I could render her any relief; and this being his manner of taking large game, is the reason why I supposed he would have used friend Alden in the same manner, as before stated. I tell you, reader, it was "rather snaky" about those early forest times, and no mistake, surely.

Well, now for something to accommodate myself and the "young folks" of my own particular neighborhood exclusively. I have already incidentally made mention of my interesting little pupil and niece, Miss Elizabeth N. Wilcox; and surely I can not well say too much in praise of one so kind, so studious, and so interesting; and her little *sis* Aldora must not be forgotten or overlooked—a sweet little motherless dear. Then here come Misses Lucinda C., Dorothy C., Sarah Jane, Amanda, Alvira, Augusta, Helen, Mary Frances, Xarissa, Gertrude and Caroline Noyes; and

here, too, Miss Elizabeth Phebe, only child of Charles and Mary Noyes, deceased, a young lady of excellent mind, which she has well improved; amiable and obliging in her disposition, graceful and pleasing in her manners, she has secured the love and good will of all who know her. I extend to her this special notice, because she is "a lone orphan," and richly deserves this meed of honest praise. Misses Martha, Mary, Priscilla and Indiana Milliken were all kind, dear pupils and nieces of mine. Misses Abba, Jennie and Mary Jumper, Mary, Eliza, Phebe and Emily Milliken, Misses Mary, Frances and *sis* West, Miss Isabel Chandler, Miss Mary Jane Morse, Miss Arabella Freeland, Miss Aurilla Crocker, Misses Keturah, Mary Ann and Cassie Bodine, Miss Jennie Eldridge, Miss Mary Sisson, Misses Unadilla and *sis* Crider, Misses Harriet, Geneva and Alice Jordan, Misses Elizabeth and Sarah M. Jackson, Miss Harriet Conger, Misses Betsey, Clema, Mary and *sis* Cook, Misses Ella, Harriet Ann, Isabel, Amanda, Melissa and Nancy McMullen, all the Misses Livingston and Kennedy, a part of whose names are forgotten, and so I name none of them, Misses Alzora and Grace Powell, Misses Mary, Sarah, Betsey, Cynthia and Lydia McCoy, Misses Catharine and Tamaris Fisher, Miss Lydia Roberts, Miss Harriet Layborn, Misses Sarah Jane and Olive Barton, Misses Mary Jane and Melissa Thompson, Miss Geneva Tibbetts, Miss Mary Ellen Sayres, Miss Fanny Cummings, Misses Rebecca and Pruda Fitzgerald, Misses Abigail, Nancy, Lucy and Sarah Rice, Misses Margaret and Martha McCracken, Miss — Morearta, Miss — Whitesell, Misses Keturah and Louisiana Wicks, Misses Hannah, Sarah Jane, Elizabeth and Priscilla Dunn, Miss Sarah Kelley, Misses Sarah Jane and Pruda Platt, Misses Mary, Catharine, Eliza and Fanny Ketcham; all of whom I embalm in the pages of my little book, as dear kind pupils. One or two I have recorded in their family connection, to keep the association. A few also are now married, and a few are dead; but I treasure up their names here as a memento of

them. Miss Margaret McCoy, though never a pupil, is a loved and cherished friend, and I associate her name with her youthful associates, to be preserved together; and it affords me pleasure thus to give evidence of cherished remembrances; and I will here close the list by recording the names of all my dear grandchildren, the most of whom have been dear kind pupils, too; and, of course, their names must appear in grandpa's book. Well here they are:—Lewis and Dorothy, children of my own loved Elizabeth and Richard Platt; Orval W., Estelle C. and Dorothy Victory, children of my only surviving son, Wm. and Priscilla Cotton; Sarah Louisa and Alfred Charles, children of my lamented son, Alfred B. and Jane Cotton, and Phebe Elizabeth by his first wife Phebe, who died when *sis* was only a few days old. She has grown up with us, and appears to be quite our own. The Lord bless them all, is grandpa's prayer, and at last, when life's duties, dangers and conflicts are over, may we form an unbroken circle—"a fond family in heaven."

This being my own neighborhood, is my apology for devoting so much space for the recording of names. But as I do it at my own expense none surely need complain, either here or elsewhere, now or hereafter; see reasons more fully expressed at Manchester, and then say whether I deserve censure or praise for these things.

And now for a bear story, *that is a bear story*, to conclude Mule Town history.

An early forest neighbor of mine, by the name of Bills, known as "Dumb Bills," and "as deaf as a haddock" at that, once caught two little "cub bears," not far from my forest home, took them up carefully, went down to the creek close by—selected a little clear piece of bottom land for his theater of action, looked well to his trusty rifle—and then by pinching, made the little fellows sing it out lustily, to call up old mother bear, and with his keen "hawk's eye," kept a good look out in every direction.

And by-and-by old bear hove in sight, at quite a distance upon the brow of the hill. Now the little ones sung it out lustily again, and mistress bear doubles her speed, and now another sharp outcry, and mistress bear "puts in her best licks," comes waddling along at the top of her speed, hair erect, tongue out, and growling, vengeance upon the captor and the teaser of her young. Yes, here she comes, "might and main," "full tilt," and when within a few yards of the object of her care and her vengeance, "*ker-bang*" goes the rifle, and down drops mistress bear, suddenly in her tracks, and so great was the momentum of her speed, that she actually turned a perfect "summerset," and fell quivering in death, just at the captor's feet. Bills knew the tender spot—knew that he could hit it in a moment, at the right time, reserved his fire, and then with a quick motion, a steady nerve, and a deadly aim, he was "lord of the turf," and "victor of the field." O, what daring intrepidity! what self possession, for "a deaf and dumb man!" Such were some of my early neighbors—the "forest pioneers." Now, boys, aint that single story *about* worth one dollar, and altogether too good, too thrillingly interesting to be lost? And how many such, my little book will rescue from oblivion, to amuse and interest little boys and girls, who shall live *right here* in after years. And personally I *know* that all these things are *substantially* correct and *true*.

So much then, for MULE TOWN, "*my early forest home*."

MANCHESTER,

The first cabin was raised here in 1815, by Robert McCracken, now residing in the eastern end of the county. He informed me, the other day, that he cut his own road clear from Cambridge—that his nearest neighbor was four or five miles distant, and he that much farther west than any other white man, in the depths of an unbroken and interminable wilderness. His Indian and wild beast stories are *some*, and tally with similar reports everywhere. Two years after he settled in the forest, quite "a Yankee colony"

arrived, and he sold out to the Rev. Daniel. His brother, Col. Mark McCracken, retained his portion to the day of his death, and erected that large and spacious mansion-house, now occupied by Wm. H. Baker, who, from a poor boy, has worked his way into that beautiful and valuable possession.

Col. Mark McCracken, at an early day, flung out his temperance banner to the breeze, was a man extensively and favorably known, and may well be said to be one of the leading men in the community. He died in the midst of life, loved, bemoaned, and missed. His sainted mother died a short time before, at the advanced age of 91 years. The venerable old Mr. Plummer, the honored father of the Rev. Daniel and Capt. Luther Plummer, had a leg twice amputated, it being all fearfully fractured by a falling tree in the East—survived many years, and died at a ripe, good old age. Father and mother Freeman, parents of Mrs. Daniel Plummer, fell asleep at about 86 years of age, and all died in the blissful hope of “a better inheritance.” Edward Freeman, my loved and familiar Edward, buried his little granddaughter, and his own sweet daughter, Louisa, Mrs. Turhorn in one day, and died himself the next, I believe. And thus was his most excellent lady, my highly esteemed friend, suddenly and sorely bereaved. Henry Heutis, brother to O. H. Heutis, Esq., and son-in-law of the Rev. Daniel Plummer, was thrown from his wagon, fell upon a log, which produced a rupture in his bowels, suffered a world of woe, and then died. He was a man of genius and of eloquence, dearly loved, and greatly missed. His faithful Almira soon after found repose beside him in “the house of death.” And Mrs. Harding sung a sweet and pensive lay at the death of her fond sister, as she did upon another similar occasion—the death of her dear sister Jane, of whom mention has already been made. Old mother Heutis is very smart and active at the age of 86 years, and a wonderful fine old lady.

My early forest friends, Simon Alexander and lady, died

suddenly, within two weeks of each other. A painful and sore affliction to all their children and their friends. James Matthews, a good, and well deserving son-in-law, also died suddenly, as did John Milliken years before, loved and lamented, and cherished still. A son of Daniel Kersey's was killed in the bark-mill. A son of Moses Roberts was drowned in the tan vat. My worthy friend, James M. Clark, had his thigh broken by a fall, and his daughter, Miss Ann, a dear pupil of mine, suffered the amputation of a fearful tumor from her side the other day, which she endured, and bore "like a general." Old Mother Piles was found dead at her door in a praying posture years ago. My venerable friend, Job Sylvester, Father of Capt. Benjamin Sylvester, now of St. Paul, Minnesota, is over 90 years of age, the oldest man in this community, and a precious good old man at that. He lives with his daughter, Mrs. Capt. Luther Plummer, where he is kindly nursed and cared for. His precious good lady passed to "that better land" several years ago, and soon, no doubt, they'll meet above, to part no more for ever.

Father and Mother Runnels, Judde Clark, and Joseph Plummer, before noticed, are no more. Mrs. Plummer, his widow, precious woman, has been blind for years, but "the eye of her faith" is brilliant and sound. She and good old mother Clark are tenderly nursed and cared for by their dear and dutiful children. Richard Hansel, John B. Clark, Stephen M. Clark, David Runnels, and Edmund Chisman, and their good ladies and families, have removed, blessed and remembered by all their friends. Rev. Benjamin Plummer, a young but accomplished minister of the Gospel, seems to be filling the place of his venerable uncle Daniel. May the mantle of Elisha fall upon him, and the Lord bless him in his "work of faith and labor of love." Good old Rev. Father Eldridge has served his day and generation well and faithfully, and soon will enter into rest.

Miss Mary E. Clark, now the estimable and accomplished Mrs. Dr. Eldridge, years ago, on behalf of the ladies of Man-

chester, made the Bible-presentation Address to the Sons of Temperance. To say that it was beautifully appropriate is to say but little. It was surpassingly so; and mine was the honor to respond. To be eclipsed by so bright an orb, or rather to be lost in its greater brilliancy, like the morning star, was rather a pleasure than a pain; and yet my friends say that I fairly beat myself. The greater compliment, however, is found in this: both of our addresses were subsequently used, east of the mountains, on a similar occasion, word for word and line for line, and so published in the papers, which I read for myself. If a little disreputable to the users, who thus made themselves obnoxious to the charge of plagiarism, it certainly was very complimentary to Miss Clark and myself. Miss Sarah Plummer and Miss Mary Flint were Miss Clark's fair attendants, and must be registered and perpetuated in this connection, as matter of course. That was a proud day for Manchester and the temperance cause; and if the Division has gone down, it wrought a great and good work in its day. It, however, never should have gone down—there was no earthly cause for it; but I can not dwell, although I could write a full volume, and weep over the necessity. My association with Miss Clark, now the modest, amiable, and intelligent Mrs. Dr. Eldridge, makes her name and her memory dear to my heart. The doctor and his brother Albert, now in Illinois, and Dr. Sayres, have claims upon my gratitude for kind and generous personal and professional services.

Dr. Terrel has recently located in our midst, and comes with the fame of an excellent man and a good physician, without which he could stand no possible chance with our other excellent physicians. My venerable and kind friends, Brother Samuel Roberts and lady, Brother Whitcomb and lady, Brothers Amos and Jonathan Ross and ladies, Brother Elias Schooley and lady, Captain Luther Plummer and lady, James Walso and lady, and Salmon T. Warren, and good old Aunt Esther Freeman, are about all of the

old settlers left. And none, surely, will take it amiss, when I say, what everybody else says, that Captain Plummer, for moral excellence and worth, has *few* equals, and *no* superiors *anywhere*. Mr. Walso also deserves a little *special* notice. He commenced the world a poor orphan boy, unpromising, penniless, and friendless, except the encouragement and good counsel of the Rev. Daniel Plummer, with whom he lived for several years. Now he owns and occupies the beautiful farm and splendid mansion house formerly owned by Captain Benjamin Sylvester. He also owns another valuable farm. We associate his name and example with those of friend Randall and Baker, before noticed; to which we might add those of Oliver H. and Elias Heustis, George M. Lozier, Jeremiah Hower-ton, Ralph Collier, John B. and James M. Clark, Samuel S. Conger, James Garrigus, Smith Platt, Peter C. Wilcox, Alden H. Jumper, and the Hon. James P. Milliken, and others right in our midst, here, who started out in the world empty-handed, but whose wealth now is computed by thousands, and most of them all, too, have held high official stations among men. Thus securing to themselves wealth, honor, and fame by their own personal efforts of industry, economy, and moral worth. What a lesson to ponder upon and to apply!

My reading and observation go to show, that *poor* boys often die rich men, and *rich* boys often die poor men, and the reason is as obvious as the nose on a man's face. How much better, then, it would be for men of wealth to dispose of their means themselves, as they go along through life, to charitable and benevolent purposes, than to hoard it up for their children to quarrel about, perchance, after they are dead and gone; and, instead of thanking you for what you have left, a thousand chances to one, they will complain because you did not leave them more. Such things but too often occur. Had a fortune been left to me, I, perchance, should have done little good in the world, either to myself or to anybody else; and surely never

should have come out author—never should have published this little book, which, I trust, will accomplish some little good at least, and afford pleasing and profitable entertainment to its readers, when “life’s duties are o’er” with me. Without a single dime, yes, a *single* dime, I commenced the world, and have “worked my way; and the reflection is gratifying to my heart. Perhaps the celebrated Dr. Arnold never uttered a more truthful and wise sentiment than when he said—“Many an unwise parent labors hard, and lives sparingly all his life, for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children ‘a start in the world,’ as it is called.”

Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his parents or relatives, is like tying bladders under the arms of one who can not swim, and then thrust him out from the shore—ten chances to one, he will lose the bladders and go to the bottom and perish. Teach him to swim, and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a good example, and a sound physical training in some manual calling, and you have done enough for him upon that score. Then see to it, that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern men, and you have given him that which will be of more real value to him than the wealth of the Indies.

To be thrown upon one’s own resources, is, in truth, to be cast into the very lap of good fortune, for our faculties then undergo a development, and display an energy that works miracles and comprehends wonders.

Now, this saying that “I am able to raise my sons and my daughters without compelling them to labor,” is only another method of saying, I am able to raise them drones, loafers, criminals, and convicts. I repeat, how many hearts could be made glad, homes of poverty and affliction happy and cheerful, how much good to the church and to the world, if men of means would well apply and appropriate them to charitable and good purposes as they go along

through the world. Such men would be rich indeed. "Rich in faith and good works," which is the only *true* riches. My dear reader, if you have no respect for my opinion, my advice and my own history, surely you will not set at naught the council and the advice of the "world famed" Dr. Arnold, as quoted above. Read it over again and profit by it, will you—*everybody*?

Before I conclude, I must say here is the residence of Freeman Plummer, the patentee of the "Corn Planter," before noticed; and here, too, is the residence of Dr. Gardner, youngest son and child of the Rev. Daniel Plummer, and brother to Freeman. I have known the doctor all the days of his life, and a young man of a *purser*, better moral character I never knew anywhere. He is certainly a young man of mind, well read in the science of medicine, and age and experience will do the balance for him, and secure both "wealth and fame."

And here I record a few more precious names, to close up my school list: Miss Harriet True, Miss Susan Condale, Misses Antoinette and Alzora Ross, Miss Ann Roberts, Miss Lydia Plummer, Misses Aurilla and Augusta Sylvester, Miss Ann, Maria, Jane, Ellen, Louisa, Sarah, Alice, and little *sis* Clark, Miss Sarah Schooley, Miss ——— Baldridge, Miss ——— Crider, Miss Sarah Wilson, Miss Ellen Freeman, the little Misses True, Miss Celia Ann, (of precious memory,) Mary Jane, Sarah, Caroline, Mary Ann, Sarah Jane, and Harriet Hansell, Miss Adaline and Jane Ellingwood, Miss Sarah Walters, Miss Isadore and little *sis* Plummer, Miss Perry, Miss Elizabeth and little *sis* Murdock, and all the Misses Stevensons, the most of whom are pupils, that I fondly cherish and embalm in the pages of my little book, with a right hearty good will. Some few names are recorded out of *pure* friendship, to keep up the family and the neighborhood association, as said upon a former occasion. This to some may appear a small business for an author. But don't you know that my pupils, seeing their own names in my book, will prize it the higher

on that account—will think of me and the advice I have given them, as they may chance to read these pages over, long after I shall have passed from earth away. My object, then, in recording the names of my pupils, is to show that even in affliction and old age, they are not forgotten, and that I feel the same solicitude to “serve and please” them that I did “in years ago.” That and that put together, is my apology, which, it is hoped, will be satisfactory, *too*, more especially as I do it at my own expense, purely, and none need read unless they choose to. These suggestions are intended to cover the whole ground, and I pass.

I have purposely withheld a NOTICE of the Rev. Daniel Plummer until the last, because I really think that both the church and the community here are more deeply indebted to him than to any other man or minister in our midst. He led a colony of enterprizing men who settled here, and made Manchester mainly what it now is. As a minister, he has been at the beck and call of every body, by night and by day. And forty years of able, eloquent, and efficient ministerial services, as a gratuity, is no small item. Then Elder Plummer has paid a liberal quarterage both for himself and family, during all this time. His house, too, has been thronged as “a free Methodist tavern,” as his good lady can well testify of a *truth*. Added to this, the beautiful brick church here is almost an entire gratuity at his hands. Who, then, has done as much for naught? Taking sermons, orations, temperance lectures, and Sabbath school addresses all together, I suppose my public addresses would rather outnumber his or any other man’s hereabouts. But otherwise Elder Plummer stands head and shoulders above all around him. And taken all in all together, there is no one like him. Through his ministry I was awakened, though converted under the labors of another. By him I was baptized and received into the church. By his ministration I was married to my good lady, forty years ago. I have sat under his ministry all that time, both with pleasure and profit. And surely,

but for my venerable good mother, I should have inscribed my little book to him. And this acknowledgement of it here amounts to about the same thing. Elder Plummer has been a man of great physical and mental energies—is now somewhat advanced in years, and frail and feeble—a mere shadow of his former self. But could a painter, with a skillful hand, sketch his life, in his most vigorous, palmiest days, it would be a picture “worth dimes,” and “worth beholding.”

He has “served his day and generation” well and faithfully, and, in all human probability, will soon “hear from on high,” “It is enough—come up hither.” “Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” This is no vain, *fulsome* compliment, but the grateful tribute of an old friend—of an honest heart.

And this concludes my journal and history, except to say, that the largest rattle-snake I ever heard any thing about, was killed forty years ago, upon the creek not far from the old county poor-house, hailing from a den, a rocky cavern, in the steep hillside. It was about seven feet long, and at least one foot and a half round, and sported thirty-two monstrous rattles. I have it upon the honor of my friend, Benjamin Tibbetts, who says he helped kill and measure it; and if any body doubts his veracity, they can satisfy themselves by calling upon Oliver H. Heustis, Esq., or upon the Miller Johnsons. Now is that not a “mighty big snake story” to quit on? And that, too, right here in Manchester, where my little book is written, to be sent abroad with that story in it. What will the little boys think, who live here forty years hence, when they chance to read this story—being residents of the very community where it originated? What will they? I pause for a reply, and proceed.

TWO WOLVES.

It will be remembered that I have given one very inhuman wolf story, with name and place. I have reserved two others, which I choose not to locate.

A man whom I well knew, many years ago, caught a poor wolf in his trap, and calling to his aid two other persons, he proceeded to take singular vengeance upon her; tied her mouth with a cord, ran a gambrel through her hamstrings, hung her up over a beam in his kitchen, and then actually skinned her alive, and turned her loose. She ran about forty rods, fell over, struggled long and fearfully, and at last died. I ate, or at least tried to eat, a most excellent dinner in that very same kitchen not long since; but was sick at heart, and shuddered at the recital of the barbarous and cruel act. The good lady of the house said she wished that she had never known it; that it troubled her every time she thought of it; and that she could scarcely keep it out of mind for a single day, and often lay awake, and thought about it, when she fain would be asleep; and that is no marvel—surely not.

The cruel actors have been dead for years, but are never thought of without a sigh or a shudder. It will *stick* to their memories like “the shirt of Nessus.” O, my young readers, don’t so afflict your surviving friends, nor *curse* your own memories, by such acts of cruelty and crime. O don’t—*never!*

And now for another. A venerable old pioneer, among other things of early times, informed me, that he and some three or four young men once came across a wolf pen, with a wolf in it. It was suggested that now was the time to have some rare sport in taking sanguinary vengeance upon poor mister wolf. There was some misgiving and parleying, but the thing took, and at it they went, and skinned the poor wolf alive—growling and groaning at every breath; then the file-leader cut his hamstrings; then thrust his knife into each eye; and then left him to struggle and die in that fearful plight.

“My friend,” said I, “I am sorry that you told me *that*; the sooner that is forgotten the better.” “Ah!” said the old man, “would that I *could* forget it. It has *haunted* me for more than fifty years, by night and by

day. I don't know how it was that I consented to it. I was opposed to it, but the boys some how got me in, and I have deeply regretted of it all my days." Now had he *real true* moral courage—a fixed purpose to do right—had he obeyed that sacred injunction, "if sinners entice thee to sin, consent thou not"—he would have saved himself a lifetime of regrets and unavailing woe. I reluctantly record these barbarities and cruelties, but I do it for the moral it imparts. As I said before, be careful to do nothing in youth that shall *curse* your memories—nothing that you fain would, but *can not*, forget. Remember this, will you? We take the Indian's buffalo, moose, elk, deer, and even his lands, and then talk about savage torture and cruelty. When for the loss of a single lamb, now and then, to satisfy the cravings of animal life, according to nature, the *white* man outrivals his brother in torturing *his* poor captive. O shame! My informant has sorely repented, and is *now* a pious, good old man.

Now, I suppose that, in the nature and fitness of things, it is right to destroy all animals that disturb or annoy us; but then it should be done with the least possible pain to the poor animal that has fallen a captive into our hands. Such barbarities and cruelties as I here record, upon the most reliable authority, are a *burning* shame upon our race—an outrage upon common humanity, that sends a blush to the cheek, and a pang to the heart.

THE FUGITIVES.

Don't be alarmed, reader, at the heading. I only propose to "agitate" your risible faculties a little for your own gratification and amusement. If there be "a time to laugh;" I think that time is now. I have had my laugh, and now you may have yours, if you are in a laughing mood, but don't hurt yourselves if you can help it.

As an offset to these wolf stories, I will now give you two fugitive stories, which I gathered up from some of the parties interested therein, that have a more pleasing out-

come. Pro or con, you must laugh, if there is laugh in you. I give them not to agitate the "political question," but to enjoy the *spice* of them.

In a pretty village in old Dearborn, just at early twilight, two colored men, with slouched hats and tattered garments, and both barefoot at that, were seen shying their way along, at the outskirts of the village. They evidently were run-aways. The hue and cry was raised, and all set off in hot pursuit, but lost sight of them in turning a corner; but no matter; they could soon overhaul them. But not so; they had strangely and suddenly concealed themselves. All the village was soon up and after them in hot haste; every nook, and corner, and stump, and haystack, and stable was thoroughly searched, to no purpose. "Jim, get my horse—quick," said one. "Well, which horse, Jack?" "The fastest horse, to be sure." "Shall I saddle him?" "No, you fool you; the niggers will get clear out of reach of us. We must head them soon." And directly on he mounted, bareback, and plied whip right manfully, as did others. One rode to one crossing, and another to another. "If you see them, halloo 'shoot him!' but *don't* do it." O, it was a wonderfully exciting time. "What could have become of them?" says one; "perhaps you were mistaken; they might not have been negroes." "Yes, they were; I saw their legs clear up to the knees. I *know* they were runaway negroes." And all broke out again in hot pursuit, and kept it up till near midnight, when the knowing ones could hold in no longer, and three young men broke out in an uproarious laugh—"April Fool!"

It was John and Jim here that you were after, and I was to start after them, and you all, like April fools, followed me, said one. And then such another ha, ha, and screaming, and biting of lips, and cursing, and imprecations, were seldom mixed up together. Some, like Gilpin of old, were so galled in the seat, that they could hardly stand or walk for a week. All this happened on the eve of the first day of April, 183-. The boys that started it,

suddenly divested themselves of their wearing apparel, and joined in the pursuit. Now, aint that rich? I conceal the parties, lest it should offend. Boys, don't betray yourselves, if you can help it. It is the richest "April-fool" story I ever heard, and no mistake.

And now for another: Two men were making shingles in the woods, when what should they espy creeping along through the bushes but a poor tattered runaway negro. Supposing that negro-catching would be much more profitable and *patriotic* than making shingles, they "left all, and followed him;" occasionally getting glimpses of him, and then he would come up missing. Baffled in their attempt to take him alone, they gave the alarm, as the prize was evidently too great to be lost, and a "half loaf being better than no bread." But while the pursuers were in hot haste after him, others took every favorable position to afford him aid; went out with plates full of victuals, if possible, to feed the poor fugitive. At last he hove in sight, was kindly addressed, assured that they would befriend him, showed him the tempting refreshment, and timorously he approached, and the hearts of his friends leaped within them for joy and pity. But no, the poor negro paused, said something about betrayal, and off he dashed in mad dismay, in spite of all the kind assurances of his sympathizing friends—this state of things was often renewed, the chase continuing for hours. At last, the poor negro surrounded and exhausted, yielded up to his fate, and fell down, and soon was in the hands of his pursuers, who, with a kind of triumphant shout, let all the pursuers know, "We've got him! we've got him!" while the lookers on sighed in sympathy and commiseration for the poor fellow! And then turning him over to see what he looked like, his captors were shocked to hear an uproarious laugh, with "*you darn'd fools,*" I knew you wanted to chase a negro, and none happening along, I thought I'd let you chase *me*. And who should it be but a stout athletic young man, whom they had taunted with being "a friend of nig-

gers." Here I drop the curtain, and don't laugh, if you can help it.

A KISS.

Don't *blush* or be alarmed, reader, at the caption. Read what I have written, before you render judgment against me; and then render a verdict "according to law and evidence," which is all I ask.

At the conclusion of one of my addresses, a very fine-looking lady approached me at the altar, with an extended hand, and a good, sensible, warm pressure thereof, saying: "I suppose you do not know me." When I was a little girl, you used to preach at my father's house, and I remember to have sat in your lap many and many a time, though 26 years have rolled away, since I last saw you. Do you recollect little E——R——? Bless my life! is this my little sweet *pet* E——? And at the recognition and the remembrance of past scenes, and buried friends, we both soon found ourselves bathed in tears of joy and sorrow. To be short, I called upon my fair friend, found her happily situated—had one of the very kindest and best of husbands—surrounded with beautiful children, and all the comforts and conveniences of life—had a most precious and agreeable interview, and, as I arose to depart, she accompanied me to the door, with such endearing fondness, that I could hardly tear myself away from her; she seemed so much more like a child than a friend. Well, I suppose I *must* go, said I, at last, and my dear E——, when you were a little girl, I used to greet you often, and know of no good reason why I should not treat myself to that *innocent* luxury *now*. And, so saying, imprinted upon her pure lips, love's fondest, purest, sweetest, holiest seal of affection and love, which she returned with such affectionate fondness, that I seem to have enjoyed it all the time ever since. It must have been just such a sweet greeting as the immortal bard, Tennyson, once received, and of which he said:

"With one fond, sweet kiss she drew
My whole soul through my lips;
As sunlight drinks the dew."

Why should friends be denied this innocent luxury? Why? Nor am I singular in this. All our most celebrated poets have sung a lay, to the sweet and innocent bliss of a fond and pure greeting. See the following:

"Ae fond kiss and then we sever,
Ae farewell—alas! for ever."—BURNS.

"You kissed me—my heart and my will
In delirious joy for the moment stood still
Your lips clung to mine, till I prayed in my bliss,
They might never unclasp from that rapturous kiss."
S. J. HUNT.

"Still would I steep my lip in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss."—BYRON.

A celebrated and beautiful writer says, that "kissing may well be coupled with poetry, indeed we are not sure that one word ought not to express both—for what is a kiss but a poem—a lyric of love, condensed into one blissful expression," and then adds:

"If any one can, just please tell me this,
Why love greets its friends with a sweet modest kiss?
Because love is so strong, and language so weak,
We express by a kiss what the language can't speak."

Now I will only add, that I do *religiously* believe, that when *real* and *intimate* friends meet, and part under circumstances that would justify shaking hands, and saying, "how do you do"—or "good-by," they should be permitted to express their pleasure or their regrets, by pure and fond greeting—not clandestinely, but openly, and above board. I confess, that I never thus met, and parted with a *fair friend* of mine, when I would not have regarded

such a privilege a luxury. But an intimation to that effect, would generally be looked upon with suspicion, and, therefore, it must be suppressed, as "the times and seasons" now are.

The circumstances which have led me into these remarks are my apology for introducing them here. Early usages and Scripture authority abundantly sustain me in all I ask, all that I have said, and all that I would advocate or do in the premises. More I might say, but enough for the present—perhaps too much.

REFLECTIONS.

Well, my kind friends, you have now read my book pretty nearly through, and, perchance, your name has not once been repeated; but you are not to suppose that it is because you are not loved, or because you are forgotten. I could not name everybody, and so I have made such selections as I deemed most appropriate and expedient. Perhaps, at this very moment, you are in my mind's eye, wherever you are, and fond remembrances endear you to my heart. I should have been glad to make special mention of you, as of all my other friends in Ohio, Switzerland, Ripley, Decatur, Franklin, and Hamilton counties, which surround old Dearborn, as also of many cherished names in my native State—Maine. But that pleasure I must forego, and my unnamed friends must excuse me. It is already such a book of names as never before was published by anybody, anywhere. Again, judging from my book, you will conclude that I have been long and intimately acquainted with everybody and everything in old Dearborn. Well, why not? I have resided here forty years, have preached and lectured all over it, long and often. I have many times been a candidate, and for more than twelve years a judge of the court, which brought me in contact with everybody; and if I don't know everybody in the county, and every nook and corner in it, who should? And, as a consequence, who is better qualified to

write out its history? But, then, say you, Are there no sinners, no corrupt, wicked men in the range of your acquaintance? Yes; but then I do not find so many of that character as some people do. And who ever knew me to retail scandal, or to speak evil of my neighbors, except under great provocation. One of the earliest precepts ever taught me was this—"Deal gently with all, speak evil of none," for

"How oft unknowingly the tongue
Touches a chord so keenly aching,
That just *one* word, or *accent* wrong,
Pains the heart almost to breaking."

Beside, I would not pain *my* friends, by speaking unkindly of *theirs*, in a "Keepsake" like this.

I will, right here, treat you to a little composition of Miss Elizabeth Ann Hansell, one of my dearly-cherished pupils, because I can write nothing better, and because my fair pupil will thus aid me in writing out my little book, as others have done before her. And more than all that, the composition is too good to be lost, and I record it here for preservation. Ye pure in heart, read it, and then tell me if it is not beautiful, and beautifully appropriate here.

"KIND WORDS.

"The most costly gem, that ever decked the monarch's brow, is not more highly prized than is kindness by the afflicted. To such a few kind words are of infinite value; and may we not ask—What are kind words? To the weary and wounded heart they are a healing balm; they give new vigor to the soul overwhelmed with grief and sorrow, and when hope's brightest prospects are withered, they are a fertile spot in life's desert. Kind words to the erring! for they will exert a great influence, and make a deep impression toward winning them back to the paths of virtue and truth.

"Kind words to the orphan! He is in a cold and unfeeling world, without a mother's watchful care or a father's

loving counsel. He surely must feel lonely, but if we can, by our kindness, in the least alleviate his sorrows, let us strew the path of life with fairest flowers.

“Kind words to the aged! They have endured enough of life’s ills; they will not linger long with us; they will soon plunge into the cold stream of death; but while it is in our power, let us endeavor to spread light and fragrance around their paths.

“Kind words around the fireside! Oh! must it be that the peace and joy of home’s hallowed shrine must be broken up by harsh words and cold and bitter strifes? By loving words and gentle actions, let us ever keep sacred the ties that bind kindred hearts together.

“Kind words to our teachers! They have endured much on our account. Often, too often, we think and speak unjustly of them, when they have tried, in every possible way, to act in a manner that would secure our highest interest and welfare. Let not our voices, then, be raised against our teachers, but let us rather act better our part in the future, that they may not have so much anxious care in our behalf.

“Kind words to our schoolmates! They may be scornful and treat us disrespectfully, but shall we be likely to gain respect if we treat them so? Far from it; but be kind, and they will soon become ashamed of their conduct. Kindness will accomplish more than all the harsh words ever uttered.

“Kind words to all! for they cost nothing but what they bountifully repay; they shed beauty around; they nourish the beautiful flowers of love and friendship, causing them to grow and expand their foliage, imparting their fragrance to all around, till transplanted to a heavenly clime, where they will bloom in all their vigor and unfading beauty for ever.

“‘LIB’ HANSELL.”

Now, aint that beautiful?

But our officers in high places do wrong! Well, what if they do? They are our officers, and as such, should be

honored and respected. If they do wrong, expose the wrong, but assail not the motive, which alone is known to them and to God. Keep the *offices* of the county honored, and let the small still voice of "the ballot-box" remove or continue the *officers*, as duty and right may require. I am heartily sick—I am ashamed—I fear for my country, when I see, that not only officers, but all the offices of the county are sinking into such general disrepute! My readers, my countrymen, "these things ought not so to be." I *can* speak out as *sharply* as any other man, when it is imperatively demanded, as *some*, at least, can testify.

Some that I could name, have dealt very unkindly and illiberally with me, in this little book enterprise. I once asked quite a wealthy neighbor, if he felt free to patronize my book undertaking; but "it was no go," although I had preached the funeral sermons for two of his brothers, and numerous other friends, at the expense of, at least, one day each. And, then, I was so feeble and emaciated, that I could scarcely stand up to ask him. Another, whom I had ministerially served in the same manner, and as abundantly able, when my prospectus was presented to him by a neighboring merchant, said: "If you don't want to drive your customers away, don't show that again;" nor could he be prevailed upon to "cast in his mite" to a public donation that was gotten up for me.

Another, whom I once caused to be announced in the papers as a candidate, and paid a dollar for it myself—voted for him often and always—but my book had no attractions, my services no claims upon him, though often generally asked to subscribe, but no—he sold out, moved away with thousands, but he had not one dollar for my book. Now, five dollars each was the very least that each one of these should have forked over, and that *right* cheerfully. Now, while it is their right to do as they choose, with their money, it is my right to place my own estimate upon the *value* of *such friends*. In my book, however, I have spoken as kindly of them and theirs, as though they

had acted a more liberal and generous part by me. As an offset to this, many have rallied to my support, that I did not anticipate. A single case, and I pass. Going from one appointment to another, I was accosted thus—"Halloo! Judge!—don't know where your friends live, I reckon—come in, come in." And there was just enough of the Irish brogue in it to make it "rich as cream." "Well, I did not know that you lived here, and have but a slight acquaintance with you, anyhow," said I. "And sure that's true, but I have known you *long* and *well*. I could not get out at your meeting, last night. I hope you did well, though. I'm in for your book, and I'm going to pay you for it, too." "I don't ask any pay *now*, I am only trying to see if I can get subscribers enough to justify me in the publication. *Never* mind the publication; here's the *money*, book or no book. If you succeed, send me a book, if not, keep the money in welcome. Nor is this all. I intend to see my neighbors, and get them to take it, too; every body should take one of your books." And then covering me all over with blessings, and wishing how well I might succeed, I was permitted to depart, and "went on my way rejoicing," thinking, perhaps, that "I was *somebody* after all." And if I could, I would record the name of WM. WITHERED in my book, in characters of living light, as *large*, and as *fair* as the moon—that I would.

PROGRESS.

We have already stated that the first white settler in old Dearborn was about 1794; and fifty-six years brings it up to 1850, and 56 being a number of peculiar significance to the American people, and to the world, the 56 of '76 being the heaviest 56 ever known to mankind, so *heavy* that all Europe could not lift it, we shall show the progress and improvement of the first fifty-six years. The census returns of 1850, which is now before me, foots up at 3549 dwellings, 4602 families, 20166 inhabitants, and 1520 improved farms, and 72 productive establishments. She has also

many miles of turnpikes, railroads, telegraphs, and canals.	
The Assessor's Report foots up the real estate at \$3,689,380	
Personal,.....	1,906,850
Corporation,.....	1,043,300
Total,.....	<u>\$6,639,230</u>

The *real* value of which, even in 1850, would have been at least 50 per cent. above these estimates; so say good judges. Then it would all foot up thus—\$9,958,845. There is in the county, 308 sections, or 190,969 acres, averaging a little over fifty-two dollars per acre—creeks and all other waters included. All the wealth in 1794, was just the naked territory, worth perhaps not more than 25 cents per acre, and from twenty-five cents to fifty-two dollars is an advancement that perfectly bewilders the imagination, and enough to astonish the universe, and that in the brief space of fifty-six years. And from one to 20,166 citizens in the same time, is positively incredulous—is overwhelming—yet so it is—a demonstrated fact, clearly shown by “figures which will not lie.” What a fruitful theme for contemplation, for gratitude, and for praise. And what a high and brilliant destiny yet awaits old Dearborn, if she be true to herself, as her general policy of improvements, her schoolhouses, her colleges, and her churches, indicate that she will. Even so let it be.

For the sake of convenience we will suppose that the real wealth of the county, personal, real and mixed, is just 10,000,000 of dollars, which can not be far out of the way. Now ten millions is very easily read or pronounced. But when we come to think closely about it we are perfectly bewildered and lost in the vortex of numbers. How shall we justly appreciate or comprehend it. We will suppose it all to be in silver, and that each dollar weighs an ounce, which is exact enough for my present computation—then \$10,000,000 will equal 625,000 lbs., or 312½ tuns. At 1½ tuns per wagon, it would load 208½; and at four horses per wagon, it would require more than 832 horses to haul

it. And allow four rods to each team, and we have a solid line of four horse teams, and four rods a part, that would be a little over two and a half miles long. Put it into sacks of \$2,000, each 125 lbs., and it would require just 5,000 men to pack it—place them in single file, two paces apart, and they would form a solid column nearly five miles and a half long. Count one dollar per second, without a single miss, and ten full hours per day, and it would take one man 278 days, nearly, to count them. Millions, when you come to handle, measure, or weigh them, are no playthings. And such is the overwhelming value of old Dearborn, in dollars and cents, the result of honest toil and enterprise, for a single half century, in whole numbers. Wonderful!—wonderful! So much, then, for the progress and improvement—for the real and substantial wealth and resources of old Dearborn. And where can a parallel be found? Echo answers—where?

REVIEW.

I have christened the “historical” part of my work a Panorama. Now, I will give the wheel a few *turns*, and let the reader look on, or rather remember, and I will report what I see for them. Now I see a little shanty in the unbroken forest, which is occupied by the first white family upon these shores—savage beasts, and savage men, and all kinds of wild game, in profuse abundance, all around them, and they solitary and alone in the dense, unbroken forest. Now I see the sturdy axman, making his first little clearing,

“Where, stroke on stroke,
The walnut and the sturdy oak,
Fall headlong.”

Now scores of trees have fallen, and crushed and killed scores of men. I see them thus in every direction. Mercy! mercy on me! And now I see men and boys falling from trees like leaves in autumn, mangled in death, or crippled

for life. Dear me, what a sight! Now I see runaway horses and carriages, dashing their riders or occupants into death and ruin, in a most fearful manner. Bless me, what a fearful sight! And now the rifle and musket are doing a sad work every where. Bang! bang! they go, and down falls a bleeding victim, gasping and struggling in death. O me! Now scores are drowning every where, in cisterns, wells, ponds, lakes, rivers, and oceans. Now men and women are committing suicide by drowning or shooting themselves, or cutting their own throats; now they are shooting or cutting the throats of their neighbors; now they are being sent to jail, or the penitentiary; now they are being hung upon the scaffold, and thousands witness the sad spectacle. But I have not time to show you all; take the panorama and look into it at your leisure. Such then is "the picture of human life," as it really is—full of danger, and full of death, full of temptation, and full of crime—no, not full, but too full.

MORAL.—As we know not, when we go out, *how* or *when* we shall come in, we should always keep our affairs, and especially our hearts and minds, in a state of constant preparation, either for life or death, since "we know not what a day or an hour may bring forth."

Was ever such a picture of real life before drawn by pen or pencil? But, perhaps, some will say that I have overdrawn it; that strangers will think that Dearborn is an unusual place for murders and suicides—for accidents and sudden deaths. Not at all, friends. What is true of her, is true of almost every place, as a similar report would show. Look around you and see; call up to mind what you have forgotten; then just travel back with me a single moment into Maine, "the land of steady habits," and read a small portion of her history. My poor brother that perished at sea, was once taken up for dead, by the falling of a tree, escaped by the skin of his teeth, and was injured for life. My dear sister threw her ankle square out of joint, by stepping upon a rolling stone; has

suffered a world of woe; and never has fully recovered from it; and I well-nigh perished "under a sled." Israel Noyes, before he left Maine, was thrown from his horse, which trod upon his forehead, and smashed his skull in just over the eye. He was taken up for a corpse; many pieces of bone were taken out; and he carried the scar into his grave. Hugh Noyes, also, fell forty feet from a tree; fractured his skull; was taken up for dead; pieces of bone were extracted; and he, too, carried the scar into his grave. Alfred C. York, a young man of hope and promise, who was named for me, accidentally shot himself with a fowling-piece, and fell a mangled and bleeding corpse. Poor fellow! His name is fondly cherished still. Mrs. Isaac Cushman cut her throat with a razor, and perished in her own gore. Mrs. Isaac Allen cut her throat in a fearful manner, but was arrested and saved. Mrs. Nehemiah Allen hung herself, and subsequently a daughter, a woman grown, hung herself. These things all occurred right in my youthful neighborhood. Then Drew murdered a man, and was hung at Portland; and O, what a sad day that was to me! Pote killed his wife with a shovel; and Purington killed his wife and seven children, and then *cut his own throat from ear to ear*; all were found in the morning, ghastly, bloody, and stiff, and cold in death. All this took place not far from my father's residence. There is a picture of *horror* for you.

And such things occurring in actual life, it may be well occasionally to "behold them as in a glass;" and hence it is that I have drawn *my* picture; and surely it is *such* an one as no author ever before attempted. I have omitted some tragical deaths, because friends have desired me so to do; and I have also omitted some infanticides, because of the delicacy of the subject.

And O, what "a temperance picture" I could draw, were it admissible here. Many of the crimes, and tragedies, and accidents, and calamities, are clearly chargeable to "the ardent." "Rum and ruin," "one and inseparable." I

said, in the outset, that the principal merit of my book would consist in its originality, its oddity, its variety, and its truthfulness; and I have the assurance to ask, if upon these points I have not faithfully redeemed my pledge. All my stories, I believe, are *substantially* true, though not in all the minor particulars; as, for instance, the story about Judge Dunn and that Indian massacre. I gave that in short hand, for convenience, intending to publish the judge's thrilling narrative, as presented to the Pioneer Association of Cincinnati, in an appendix, to which the reader was referred. But I find I must dispense with my appendix altogether, and I regret it sorely. The judge's own version, however, fully endorses all that I said, simply changing the words and circumstances a little. He also confirms all the marvellous Indian and wild beast stories, and even the "nettle-weed" apparel. My book is emphatically and essentially "a book of truth," spiced with anecdote and variety, in order to make it the more pleasingly profitable and acceptable. I might have footed up all my stories of a certain character, but I have thought it best to let the reader do that himself, as a little pleasant pastime.

And now, as I have only one surviving child, a son, I will here give a few extracts of his published California letters, as well for *their* preservation as for "a memorial of him;" and will only say, that he left home in *feeble health*, very feeble, and that, after two years absence, he returned, all safe and sound, with his health much improved, and with twelve hundred of "the yellow boys" in his pockets, or at his command. I am well pleased with the moral tone of his letters, under all the circumstances, and think them well worthy of preservation and general perusal, on that account, as well as for the reliable general and historical information they contain. But here are the extracts; read them, and judge for yourselves.

CALIFORNIA LETTERS.

“The following are the substance of late California letters from W. N. COTTON, to his parents and friends in Manchester.”

FORT LARAMIE, June 15.

We are well and getting on without any serious difficulty, our horses little worse for the wear, but we shall make the trip, I think, very safely. A thousand teams, at least, have passed this place enroute for Oregon and the Gold Diggings; and there is a vast train in our rear. We have passed as many as one hundred and fifty a day, and we can now see them thick for miles. This is a delightful region of country. Laramie, Scott's Bluffs, and the surrounding scenery is romantically grand and beautiful, and irresistibly calls forth the wonder and admiration of the entranced beholder. All I know from our region of country are well—except we all occasionally have slight attacks of home sickness.

WM. N. COTTON.

I sit me down again to inform you how it goes with me in this far off land of song and gold, which, when you have read, you will say is poorly enough indeed. But having pledged you upon honor that I would at all times, and under all circumstances, give you a fair and true statement of my health and my success, I will *now*, as on all former occasions, unbosom myself fully and freely to you.

My health remaining so poor, and the mining prospects so dull, I have concluded to abandon all farther operations therein, and shall set out early to-morrow morning, for Sacramento City, and try, if possible, to get work at my trade. How I shall succeed remains yet to be seen. My anticipations are not very high, for I know too well that this country, healthy and beautiful as it is, is full of people *begging* business. But, having incurred the expense and encountered the toil and dangers of the outward trip, I am fully and firmly resolved, in spite of affliction and dis-

heartening failures, to hope on and stay on, and make something out of it, if there is anything here for me. If not, after a patient, a fair and a thorough trial, I shall take the back track, as best I may—on that you may safely rely.

The contents of this letter, I know and feel, will grieve and afflict you much, but how much more so would it, to learn that I had abandoned myself to utter despair—to dissipation, and all the wicked abomination of this far-famed land of “the shining ore.” But, no, friends, no, but rather like an afflicted one of old, “my integrity I hold fast, and will not let it go.”

I have just stepped out a moment to take my last survey of the surrounding scenery, seven miles from Shasty City, which is rather rich and romantic than otherwise. The golden blazing sun appears to be about two rods above the towering peaks of the western mountains, and all around on either hand, the mountain summits are capped with fleecy snow—their sides are variegated and beautified by bold precipices and nodding evergreens, among which and along the ravines, the miners may be seen at their laborious and various callings. The sighing of the tall tree tops in the breeze—the mournful murmurings of the limpid streams, as they rush headlong to the mighty ocean, and the pensive musings of my own heart, all conspire to make it both impressive and imposing. But I must turn away from all, scarcely knowing whither I should go, or what will become of me. But duty and necessity prompts, and I tear myself away from all these things and my kind friends here, with a bold and manly heart. The “die is cast,” and the struggle o’er.

If any of my friends have symptoms of the California fever, I would just prescribe for them: “Let them arise bright and early some morning, rain or shine, no matter; let them *fancy* that they are *in* California. Shoulder their spades and grubbing hoes—march straight into some creek, or out upon some steep hillside—toil hard all day—have

little to eat, and, when nightfall comes upon them, weary and faint, let them fancy again that they have scraped together the precious dust to the full value of ——25 cents, and are out at least one dollar for board, scanty and poor as it was, and finally let them fancy themselves in my condition, (and thousands are worse off,) without health, without money, and in debt, and some 3500 miles from home, and if that do n't cure them, let them come on and try it for themselves. Perchance they may do better—perchance not. But my paper is out and I must hold up. I will write you again from Sacramento, whether for better or worse. In the mean time, do n't fail to address me there. Oh, if you knew the pleasure your letters impart, you would, as I trust you do, take pleasure in writing. All the Dearborn boys, so far as I know, are well, and *some* are doing well. My love to all inquiring friends. Farewell, farewell!

WM. N. COTTON.

BUCKSPORT, CAL., Jan. 31st, 1853.

Having at last found a resting-place and a leisure moment, I seize my pen to redeem my last pledge. I found Sacramento a perfect mud-hole, owing to the recent inundations; Lawrenceburgh was never a patching to it. I could get into no business, and can hardly say that I wanted to. I then pressed my way to San Francisco, but to no better purpose. Everything was full to overflowing. I then directed my course to Humboldt bay, two hundred and fifty miles above, on the coast, where I arrived safe and sound, but faint and weary. Here I found employment, getting out lumber at one hundred dollars per month, and I shall commence operations in the morning. My health has improved since I have inhaled the breezes from the broad and beautiful Pacific.

Whether I shall be able to work, or whether I have fallen into honest hands, remains yet to be seen. I am most emphatically "a stranger in a strange land." There

is no human soul about me that I have ever seen or heard of before. But I keep a stiff upper lip, as the saying is, and am cheered and animated with hope that a better day has dawned upon me. The bay will supply us with an abundance of fish, ducks, and geese, and the forest abounds with deer, elks, antelopes, wolves, California lions, grizzly bears, and Indians in any quantity. So then I shall have plenty of company, such as it is. If my health improves, and my employer be honest, I shall be abundantly satisfied. Well, I am at last fairly at the "jumping-off place," on the shore of the famed Pacific. I will write to you again soon. My love to all my old friends. Farewell.

WM. N. COTTON.

BUCKSPORT, CAL., March 28, 1853.

DEAR PARENTS:—I am still with Mr. Dean, on the bay, and find both him and his family very kind and agreeable. My health continues greatly to improve. Indeed, I feel that I am well—can toil hard all day, and scarcely feel the least fatigued when night calls me to my repose. And that I have not been able to say before for years. The sea breezes are so invigorating and bracing, that I almost feel as though I were in a new and enchanted world. From a well known principle in natural philosophy, these sea breezes are warm and delightful in winter, and cool and refreshing in summer. All that I have ever read and heard about them I find more than realized in their rich enjoyment. When I arrived here, about two months ago, my weight was just one hundred and twenty-seven pounds—to-day it stands at one hundred and forty-six pounds, which is a little more than I ever weighed before—so much about my health—and my increased cheerfulness keeps even pace with it. I am full of hope, and feel that a brighter day has indeed dawned upon me. But, oh, what have I mentally and physically suffered since I left home, no language can express, no inexperienced mind can conceive!

I am now receiving one hundred dollars per month, chopping and hauling lumber a short distance to the bay, and then we raft it down a short distance to the mill, where it is soon sawed up and disposed of to good account. And such timber, too, is a sight to behold, or would be, I guess, if you could see the whole of it at once. We have pines here that are three hundred feet high, whose summits seem to pierce the very clouds. Well, that will do for hight, I guess, and tax your credulity at that. We have trees, called red wood, eighteen or twenty feet through, which I have seen; there is one of the kind in the neighborhood, I am informed, measures twenty-three yards in circumference, or twenty-two feet through. A gentleman, here, sawed off a cut, from one of these trees, eighteen inches long, which is over twenty feet through, and is going to ship it whole round to New York for the World's Fair. You will, perhaps, say that this is rather a big story, and so it is; but then, you see, I had mighty big timber to make it out of.

I long to see you all very much, and suppose that I could now do so this fall, but as I am here in good health, well pleased, and doing well, I can not think of returning before one year from this fall. It is a long time to look ahead, I hardly dare think about it, but as my trip has been alike hard upon me and my family, I am resolved to make something out of it, before I leave, if there is anything here for me.

Your letters are ever thankfully received, and I hope you will continue to send them often—would that you were all here yourselves with me, standing on its borders, and looking out upon the broad waters of the Pacific—inhaling its reviving atmosphere, and then turning you around, fifty miles in your rear, or from the coast, over a beautiful plain, you will see mountains in every direction peering up into the clouds. O, it is delightful! It is beholding “nature in her grandest—in her sublimest moods!”

I must now hold up, but will write to you again soon;

my warmest expressions of love to you, to my doubly dear wife and babes, and to my friends generally. Farewell, dear father and mother, farewell. Good night.

WM. N. COTTON.

BUCKSPORT, HUMBOLT BAY, Cal., Sept. 5.

DEAR PARENTS:—Yours of June 29th was duly received, and it made my heart leap for joy to learn that you and yours and *mine* were all still alive and well as usual. You manifest great solicitude for my health and happiness while here and for my safe return “in due time.” As I am your only surviving child, I trust that I duly appreciate your anxiety about me, and shall hope to act, at all times, and under all circumstances, even in this far off land, worthy both of myself and you. You also manifest not a little solicitude lest I be led astray from the path of virtue and peace. True, there are many allurements to vice; but then you should also remember that I stand on firmer, safer ground in this particular than I should were I “a drunken, gambling, pilfering chap,” like too many in this “land of gold.” But I am very careful what company I keep. I recollect the story of “Poor Tray,” and try to profit by it. A man who is correct in his morals, keeps only good company, is industrious, “minds his own business,” can get along as safely and be as much respected here as at any other place “on this green and beautiful earth.”

I keep a sharp look out for “breakers ahead,” and hitherto have got along smoothly and happily, so far as these things are concerned, ever since I left home, and trust that I shall until I return thither again. Ah! that to *me*, as well as to *you* and *mine*, will be a joyful day, but how soon I can not *now* say. I am here in good health, and “doing a *fair* business,” and I do not wish to leave too soon, and shall endeavor to avoid the other error, that of staying here too long, (which would *never* be if my family

and friends were here.) "The broad, beautiful Pacific," "the romantic scenery" around me, and, above all, the mild and healthy climate, has charms for me that I have nowhere else found. And if I, in the end, fail in the dimes, I have gained *thousands* in health, and with that I shall be content, and abundantly compensated for my trip. The gentlemen for whom I have been laboring are *now* behind with me more than \$200, so I have concluded to hold up a little—*may* resume soon. I have this day been offered \$75 per month to work on a farm, which is much easier and less dangerous than "rafting logs down the bay." We get many good "sousings," but none as yet have been drowned. I think I can get \$80 per month if I would say the word, and I may, as it is right here close by my land. I shall be at something soon, I can not be idle here. If at nothing else, I shall make further improvements on my land, it will all tell by and by to good account, and "no mistake." I shall write to you as usual, quite often, and hope you will continue to do so too. "A letter from home!" O what a treat! let me enjoy it often. If mine continue to miscarry, do n't be alarmed, but console yourselves with the thought that I am somewhere in this busy world doing well, and always "right side up, with care." All my friends here are well, and doing well. My love to all my old friends. Adieu, adieu.

WM. N. COTTON.

CONCLUSION.

HAVING studied human nature long and well, and being thus "posted up," in the "whims and caprices," the diversified tastes and opinions, the "likes and dislikes" of mankind, I have not the vanity to suppose that *every* one will like my little book, even as a *whole*—much less, that any *one* should like ALL that is in it. It was not so anticipated, not so intended. Like "mine host," I have catered for *many* tastes, and not for *one* only. If you find any thing that don't suit your taste, just "*leff it be*," as you would at a well-spread table. If you find enough "savory and palatable" before you for "a full and rich repast," with that you should be content. And from the ample provision and the great variety I have served up for you, you can not appropriate and enjoy the full value of the "bill of fare," all I have to say is that you must be very *penurious*, or very hard to please, or, perchance, both. And some *few* such readers, no doubt, I shall have after all. For I have long been more than convinced by observation and experience, that no man can make a speech or write an article, or do his whole duty faithfully and fully, in any particular, and "please *everybody*." The thing just "*can't be did*," so it can't. You might just as well undertake to "jump Jim Crow," in a tar bucket—gather up a bushel of fleas turned loose in a stubble patch—climb to the moon on a honey locust—dam up the Mississippi with a thimble full of sand—capsize the Andes with a knitting needle—empty the ocean with a teaspoon—sail to the north pole on a shingle—raise a mighty tornado with a fanning mill—scull up the falls of Niagara in a potash kettle with a crowbar—quench the fires of *Ætna* with a single dew drop—or blow out the sun with a hand-bellows. And that, as a lawyer would say, is "making out a pretty strong case," and no mistake.

If my little book shall prove to be "an acceptable offering" to my friends and patrons *generally*; if editors

extend to it a favorable notice—"the thing will take," and I and mine are amply provided for until "the duties and the conflicts of life are over," and that is all I ask—all I desire. If otherwise, "the thing is out," and the drama will close with "myself a used up author." But there is no *real* terror even in *that*. Many of earth's greatest benefactors have died in poorhouses and in prisons; and of some it is written that—

"They begged their daily bread
Through lands their valor won."

Considering the vast amount and variety of the matter—the materials and the workmanship of my little offering, its price should at least be one dollar and a half instead of one dollar, at which it is offered. I would, however, realize from the sale of many thousands, "the *little* I stand in need of sooner than to realize the same amount from a few, because it would give to it a wider circulation, and be much more accessible to "the humble poor." Consequently, if I can possibly "double the cape," at the present price, no alteration will hereafter be made. Ten cents upon two books equals twenty upon one—just as good for the vender and so much better for the purchaser.

Reader, if you think my book possesses merit worthy of your countenance and support—that it really is "a bargain," at one dollar, say so to your neighbors and friends, and it will help the thing along. If you think otherwise, admonish them, that they may not be *bitten* too.

In reading "the proofs" from the plates, I was transported with delight to see how near to *perfection* my book will appear—the result of intense care and application on my part, and the taste and skill of those who have had charge of its mechanical execution. A few slight errors—*very slight*—are to be found in its pages, but even those are "like angel's visits, few and far between."

My dear reader, if your time and patience are not altogether exhausted, please follow me *through* my closing

remarks, and then I will "dismiss you in due form," both with my thanks and my benediction. My intended "Advice to parents and teachers," in the peaceful and happy management of families and schools, and my arithmetical illustrations for beginners, in the science of numbers, I find I must omit, with many other things deeply interesting, and deeply as I regret it. And here I would remark—an old adage says that, "it is useless to cry over spilt milk"—over those which can not be remedied or avoided. Well, I now discover that in my little book enterprise, I have committed two egregious errors, for which there is no remedy, except to "grin and bear it." First, I should have undertaken to publish my Poems only—then I could have used a fuller type—saved what I have been compelled to cast aside, which would have formed a volume sufficiently large for the patience of the reader, perhaps, and quite as large as could well be gotten up for one dollar. Then my Autobiography and History would have filled another volume of a similar size, equally convenient, and interesting. In attempting to crowd two volumes into one, I have, in some sense, spoiled both, although the volume I here present must be more valuable and interesting than either of those separately, because it contains much more matter, and a more pleasing variety. It is myself, then, after all, that is the principal loser.

Secondly, I committed an error in not fixing up a larger page—an octavo instead of a duodecimo—then I could still have used larger type, and still have kept my book in due shape and proportion, and to secure which, I have been compelled to use smaller type than I intended or desired. But, every thing considered, I am vain enough to believe that I shall treat my friends to a *very* nice, pretty, interesting little book, quite superior to any thing that I promised them, or that they had any good reason to expect at my inexperienced hands. And if they shall think so, too, it will all be right, for one of their "think so's" will be worth many of mine.

Well, "live and learn" is another maxim, *true to the life*. I thought, with all the materials I had on hand, that it would be "a perfect play spell," "a most agreeable pastime," to "write out a book," and "come out an author." But never "*in all the born days of my life*," did I ever assume a task so laborious, both to body and mind; so full of care, so delicate, the subject of such deep solicitude and restlessness, and sleepless anxiety, as the task of "preparing a work for the press." And the abundance of matter has been no small part of the annoyance to me. What to select and what to reject has taxed my ingenuity and my judgment to its utmost tension, and still, no doubt, I have often erred at last. I have, however, in my soundest discretion, and coolest deliberation, done my best, my *very* best, my DEATH best, all things considered, and with the result I *must* and *will* be content.

My manuscripts have undergone no revision, no correction, by any living mortal. As I said in the preface, I have chosen to keep it *purely* and exclusively my own; and thus I send it abroad, with all its errors, upon its "mission of love." And in writing it out for the press, I have endeavored to make it increase in interest as it has increased in size, instead of "tapering off," as many books do; and to the best of my judgment, all things considered, I have "kept the *very best* of the wine for the last of the feast," and well indeed if it shall so appear to the reader, and without which it will prove a failure.

My dear, kind readers, my book is now written; is now in your hands; and although a much larger book, and I think, too, every way, a much prettier, and more-interesting book than I promised, or that you had good reason to expect, as stated before, yet nevertheless I fear, *I greatly fear*, that your "anticipations" will not be fully realized. But if you will only take into the account my protracted illness, my great debility, I think you *must* and *will* admit that I have performed wonders. At any rate, I have astonished *myself*, if nobody else. Hardly able to sit at my desk, so

faint and feeble, yet "little by little," I have at last completed my voluminous manuscripts; and which, in connection with superintending the publication, "correcting proofs," etc., has been nearly the death of me. I have actually fainted away in the office, and there had to lie down and be revived before I could finish my morning task, and once was so faint, and dizzy, and blind, and feeble, that I was compelled to leave my task undone, and to seek repose and quiet in my bed. And I am so faint and dizzy *now*, that I can scarcely sit at my desk, or wield my pen; for my "Conclusion" I have omitted until now, that I might the better know *how* to conclude.

The printers are after me, and so I must furnish them the balance of the copy, and I trust I shall be able to "worry through it," and so "I stick and hang on." But I am quite sure that neither the love of fame, of honor, or wealth, could have held me to the task under all the forbidding and almost insurmountable discouragements and difficulties I have had to encounter and overcome. I should rather have sought repose in the bosom of my family, and upon my bed, than to earn wealth, honor, or fame, at so dear a price. A desire to "serve and please" my friends; to snatch from oblivion the "thrilling incidents" in a forest life, and of life generally, *as it is*; to leave a memorial of myself, something that shall do good after I am gone, and something to sustain and maintain myself and lady under the infirmities of affliction and old age (for I would not be burdensome to any; no, not for a single day)—has *nerved* my heart and *held* me to my task, until FINIS is about written to my book—and I feel, too, that it is about written to my life's history. Well, be it so. God, in answer to prayer, and in his own wise providence, has "lengthened out the brittle chord of life," until my delicate and laborious assumption is accomplished. And, adoring him for his grace, I can, I *think*, understandingly say, with one of old, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." I thank God for my existence, and cheerfully surrender it up at his call. I have found more sweets

than bitters, more pleasures than pains, on the great theater of "life's busy and changing scenes." I early learned to look upon the *bright* side, and to "take every thing by the *smooth* handle;" have dwelt with gratitude upon the *blessings*, instead of brooding over the *ills* of life, with murmuring and complaints. And hence it is that mine has been a very pleasant voyage "o'er life's tempestuous sea," and Mrs. Bolton never sang a sweeter, a truer lay than the following. Read it, and profit by it, *everybody*.

"THE SWEETS AND ILLS OF LIFE.

"We bid the *joyous* moments haste,
And then forget their *glitter*;
We take 'the cup of life,' but *taste*
No portion but the *bitter* :

"But we should *teach* our hearts to deem
The *sweetest* drops the *strongest*,
And *pleasant* hours should *always* seem
To *linger* round us *longest*.

"As life is sometimes '*bright and fair*,'
And sometimes '*dark and lonely*,'
Let us forget its '*toil and care*,'
And note its BRIGHT hours *only*."

This is a gem of rare beauty which I have noted and emphasized, in order to impress its truthfulness and beauty upon the reader. I know it to be true, by a blessed and happy experience.

And here I would again, most humbly and most gratefully acknowledge, that to Divine Providence, I am deeply and lastingly indebted, for the gift of life, and all its rich pleasures and pure enjoyments. And I have full faith and confidence to hope and believe that the same divine goodness will still be exercised toward me, either in prolonging the duration of my life and pleasure, or by giving me grace and fortitude to sustain me under any sad reverses that may befall or overtake me. I confidently rely upon the

promise which has never yet once failed me, "all along the journey of life." "As thy days are, so shall thy strength be." The *past* is told—the *future* is known only to HIM "in whom we live, and move, and have our being," and into whose hands I *now* commit my *all*, "soul, body, and spirit;" all that I am, all that I have, and all that I hope for, in life, and in death; in time, and in eternity. Yes, I now commit *all* to Him, "in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator."

And when I lay my spirit down,
Thy servant, Lord attend,
And O! my life of mercy crown
With a triumphant end.

But before I close my book, or go hence to be no more, I feel impelled to say that I should do violence to my own feelings, to my sense of right and justice, to my bounden duty, not to acknowledge my *pure heartfelt* gratitude to my kind neighbors, and friends, and fellow citizens in general, (not universally by *any* means) but *generally*, for the very liberal and cheerful patronage, and other helps, they have extended toward me in my book enterprise. Dearborn, alone, put me up about one thousand subscribers, many of whom took several copies, and voluntarily paid in advance, "book or no book." And all the money I was out in getting up that list, was *one single half dime* for ferriage. All passed me free, sent me on my way with their horses and buggies, and the general strife seemed to be to see who could best *nurse*, and entertain, and do the most for me. And I know that *all* did it with "a right hearty good will," because it was done so cheerfully, and the money often refused. Nor have my good friends in Cincinnati been less liberal and kind. Here I have been two months and a half superintending the printing and publishing of my little book, and not the first friend has charged or taken a single "red cent," and over and above passing me "scot free," they have treated me to a fine new

hat, coat and vest in the bargain. Taken all together, the like surely was never known, and I have learned that wealth in the pockets of my *friends* is quite as safe and available in "the time of need," as though it were in my own. If I am not rich in dollars and cents, I *am* in the affections and good-will, of all those, *generally*, most intimately acquainted with me, the demonstrating proofs of which I have abundantly received, and, with which I am abundantly satisfied, and feel that I have not lived in vain. Prominent among my kind friends in the city, are Capt. Hugh Scott and lady, and their amiable daughter, Miss Susan, and Miss Mary Dinsmore, Mathew Hall and lady, James Carson, Esq., and his good venerable mother, Charles Angervine and lady, and good old Mother Davenport, Adolphus Kirsher and lady, Thomas and Joseph Hall and ladies, Rev. George B. Rogers and lady, James Owry, Esq., and lady, David Guion and lady, and my ever-cherished Caroline, of whom honorable mention has already been made, and Edward B. Cummings and others. O! these friends have been exceedingly kind and liberal toward me, as I find them *everywhere*. Nor can I pass unnoticed the editorial corps, friend Bookwalter, of the Register, friend Martin, of the Banner, friend Goodwin, of the American, friend Waldo, of the Reveille, and friend Gregg of the Tribune, for favorable and complimentary notices, and others, whose journals have not "come to hand," may have equal claims upon my "gratitude and love." O! I am "overcome with obligations."

And still *obligations* of "gratitude and love" come crowding in upon me, and I can not pass without saying that "the publishers," Applegate & Co., friends C. F. O'Driscoll & Co., of the Franklin Foundry, and Messrs. Henry, Whelpley, and Giddings, foremen in the office, and all the compositors and stereotypers, have been exceedingly kind, obliging, and agreeable in their dealings with me. I repeat, I am overcome with obligations of gratitude and love to God himself—to all my friends—if not to this "beautiful green earth," which I quite soon must leave.

APPLEGATE & Co., are deserving of all praise and a liberal patronage, which is being accorded to them. Kind and obliging in their intercourse, they put their work up "in first rate order," as will be seen. But enough.

Finally, I would just say, for the gratification and information of my readers and friends generally, that four years ago I went on a visit to my venerable mother and friends, descended the lakes and the St. Lawrence, as far north and east as Montreal, in Canada, crossed over into Maine, enjoyed a most delightful season, got "as hearty and fat as a bear," and returned home, invigorated both in mind and body, but arriving there in the midst of that exceedingly hot August, the change of temperature being so great, and the transition so sudden, I melted down, "like a candle in the sun." It appeared as though I could not breathe, that I must suffocate. I became restless and nervous, lost my rest and my appetite, took what is called the "water-brash," in its worst form, and gradually wasted away, or ran down from two hundred and twenty pounds to just one hundred and twenty-six—a mere skeleton—hardly enough left to "keep soul and body together." I thought my time had come, and made all my arrangements to close up the affairs of life, and really thought once I was dying, and was happy in the hope of "a better inheritance above." But contrary to my own expectations, or the expectations of my family and my friends, it has pleased God to continue my stay upon the earth until the present day. From one hundred and twenty-six pounds, I gradually ran up again to just one hundred and fifty. But for several months past, I have been running down again—have just stepped off the scales, and find I hardly balance one hundred and thirty-five pounds, and still the inclination is downward, and I begin to feel again that I am about at the foot of the hill. Well, be it so. I am both happy and content, now that my book is finished and complete. Peradventure, God has spared me alone for that purpose. I repeat, I am both happy and content in view of my approaching dissolution—of death and the

grave. And although life is still sweet, and friendship dear, and earth's inviting charms still court my stay, yet upon the whole, I rather *court* than *dread* "the repose of the grave." Indeed I do, through mercy *rich*, and *full*, and *free*.

"O, 't is better to depart,
'T is better far, to die."

Die! did I say? Oh, no!

"THE GOOD MAN NEVER DIES."—*B. S. Baxter.*

"'The good man never dies,' though threescore years and ten
May have passed unheeded by in the busy marts of men;
In fertile field or shady grove, on mountain, sea, or shore,
'His works of faith and love' are blessings evermore.

As the circlet of the sea at the pebble's tiny fall,
As the wavelet of the air from the mountain hunter's call,
As the streaming of the light, so, mid weariness and strife,
Do his 'words of gentleness' fill 'the infinite of life.'

They live while he is *wasting*, they breathe when *he* is gone,
Immortal in their freshness is every *good* deed done;
Immortal in their blessings, and on—immortal still—
To *wither* and to *blacken* alone are '*deeds of ill*.'

These thoughts cheer and animate my heart, now that the labors and duties of life, with me, are apparently about wound to a close. What the purposes of God, toward me, are, I can not say, nor am I overly anxious to know. The will of God be done, whether it be "life or death." It is confidently anticipated by most of my friends, now that my book is off my hands, that mental and physical repose in the bosom of my family, and light open-air exercise will resuscitate and revive me, and that I may yet live to number my "three score years and ten." But I feel as though I were about

"Freed from the cares of earth, life's journey o'er,
And gladly hail thee, thou *bright* sunny shore!
From all my toils and cares removed by death,
Peacefully, joyfully, I yield my breath.

I see the fair trees, on the banks of the stream,
All waving in glory, and brightly they gleam;
O! rich are the clusters of fruit which they bear,
Bending right near me, and *urging* me there.

Friends may lament—they see not the sight
Which *now* is so filling my soul with delight;
Angels are beckoning—my Savior says *come*—
O, why should I tarry when '*almost at home*.'

And if I only had the assurance that I should "sleep my last long sleep, that knows no waking," in some delightful cemetery like Mount Auburn, near Boston, Greenwood, New York, Laurel Hill, Philadelphia, or Spring Grove, near Cincinnati, it would tend much to "loosen the bands of death," and make death itself a welcome messenger; for I do confess, that the idea of being buried in some fence-corner or dilapidated family burying-ground, all grown over with "briars and brambles," is, to me, rather a chilling and forbidding contemplation. But in these tasty, neat, and beautiful cemeteries, one almost feels that it would be a luxury to "lie down and die."

"How sweet to lay our precious dead
In such a spot to sleep,
Where waving trees their branches spread,
And stars their vigils keep;
While angels watch with wakeful eyes,
To guard the dust we so much prize.
Where wildwood flowers their pale leaves shed,
And 'pinks and roses' wave,
Where bud on bud bows down its head
Above each cherished grave:
Here lambs are gathered to his breast;
The sad find joy—the weary rest."

But I shall be content to slumber in the "Zion burying-ground," at Wright's Corner, beside my loved and cherished friend, Edward Freeman, or the Rev. Brother Griffith, or

wherever it shall be deemed most expedient and convenient by my friends. It is, upon the whole, matter of little consequence where I repose in death—since

God, my redeemer lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down and *watches* all my dust
Till he shall bid it rise.

The evening shades are now upon me, and feeble and faint I must hasten to my repose, with the prayer and the “parting word” my good mamma early taught me, and which I have repeated a thousand times, and love to repeat it still:—

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

“Good night, reader—good night, friends—good night, *all*.” And all is said.

A. J. COTTON.

CINCINNATI, *June 5, 1858.*

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